

OCTOBER

1940

BIG SHOT COMICS



NO. 6



10c

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

In every issue:



THE SKYMAN



ROCKY RYAN

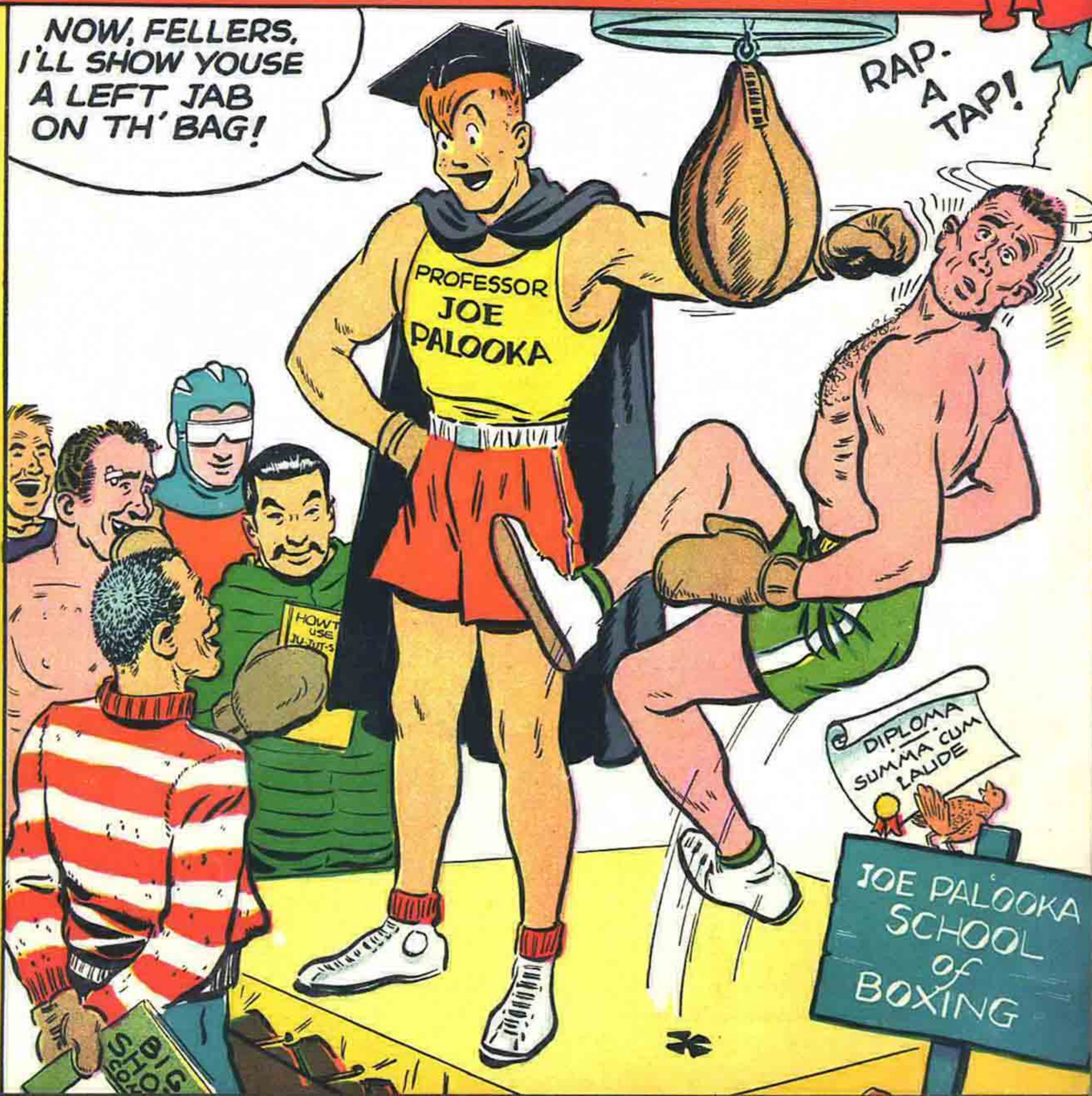


CHARLIE CHAN

and
THE FACE
SPY CHIEF
MARVELO
JIBBY JONES
JOE PALOOKA

NOW, FELLERS,
I'LL SHOW YOUSE
A LEFT JAB
ON TH' BAG!

RAP.
A
TAP!





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Boys--Girls! Solve the Puzzle!

It's Fun---Try It!

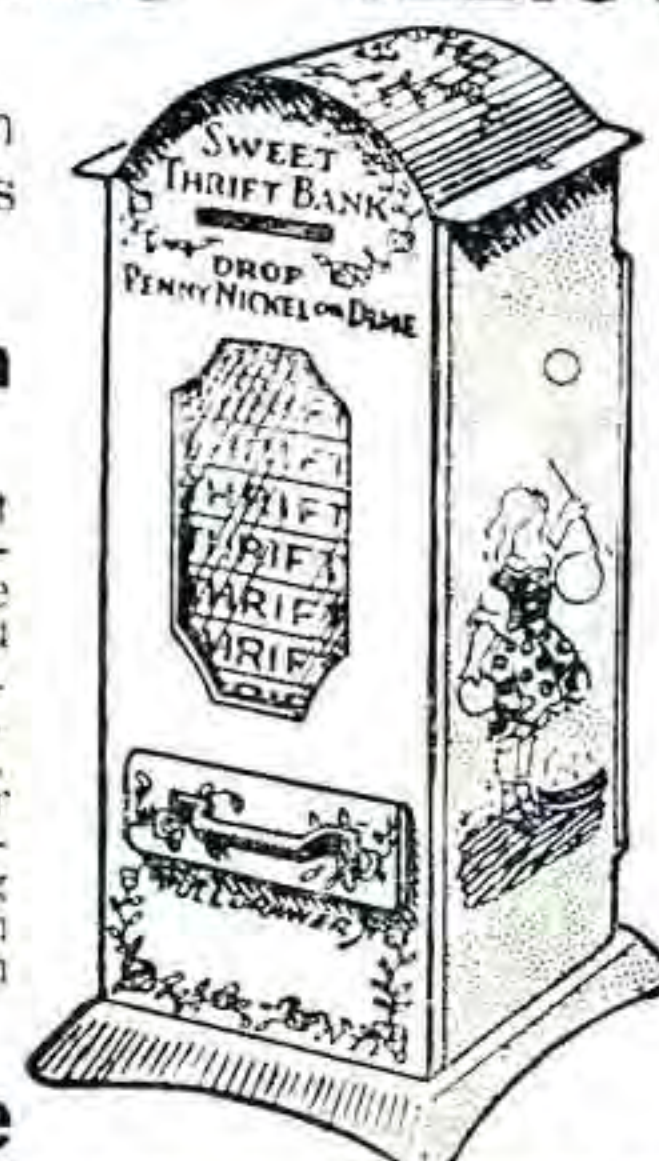
In this picture are several Fairyland Characters, and just below are the names of each. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the story book folks. For example, the letters "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in right order spell

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOH
5. CAKJ NAD ILLJ

"PETER PAN." You see him in the picture with his pipes playing a jolly tune.

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

If you can give me the correct name of each one in this happy family and you become a member of the Junior Sales Club, I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank Free. This Bank is full of chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can then pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you. A key comes with each bank so that you can refill it with chocolate bars when empty.



When You Solve the Puzzle

Try to be the first one to send in the correct answer. Start working the puzzle this very minute. See if you can solve it. Write the names of the Fairyland Characters on a penny post card or a sheet of paper, then sign your own name and address, and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the correct answer to this puzzle and joins my Junior Sales Club will have an opportunity to get this Bank FREE. Send your correct answer to:

BILLY WADE, JUNIOR SALES CLUB 108, TOPEKA, KANSAS

America's No. 1 "BEST SELLER"!



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COMIC MAGAZINE
WITH THE
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YOU CAN'T MISS IT!



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VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

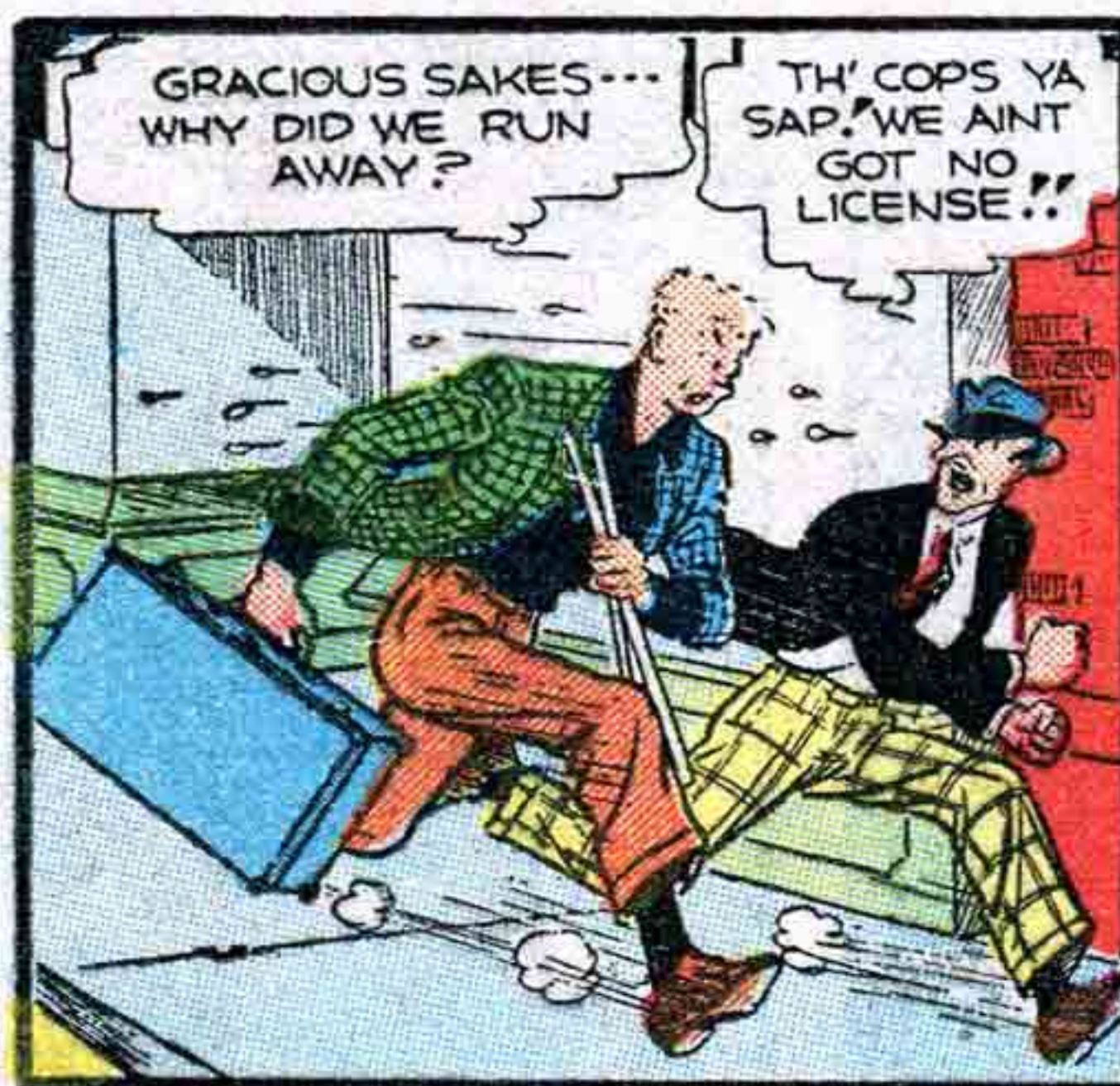
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JOE PALOOKA

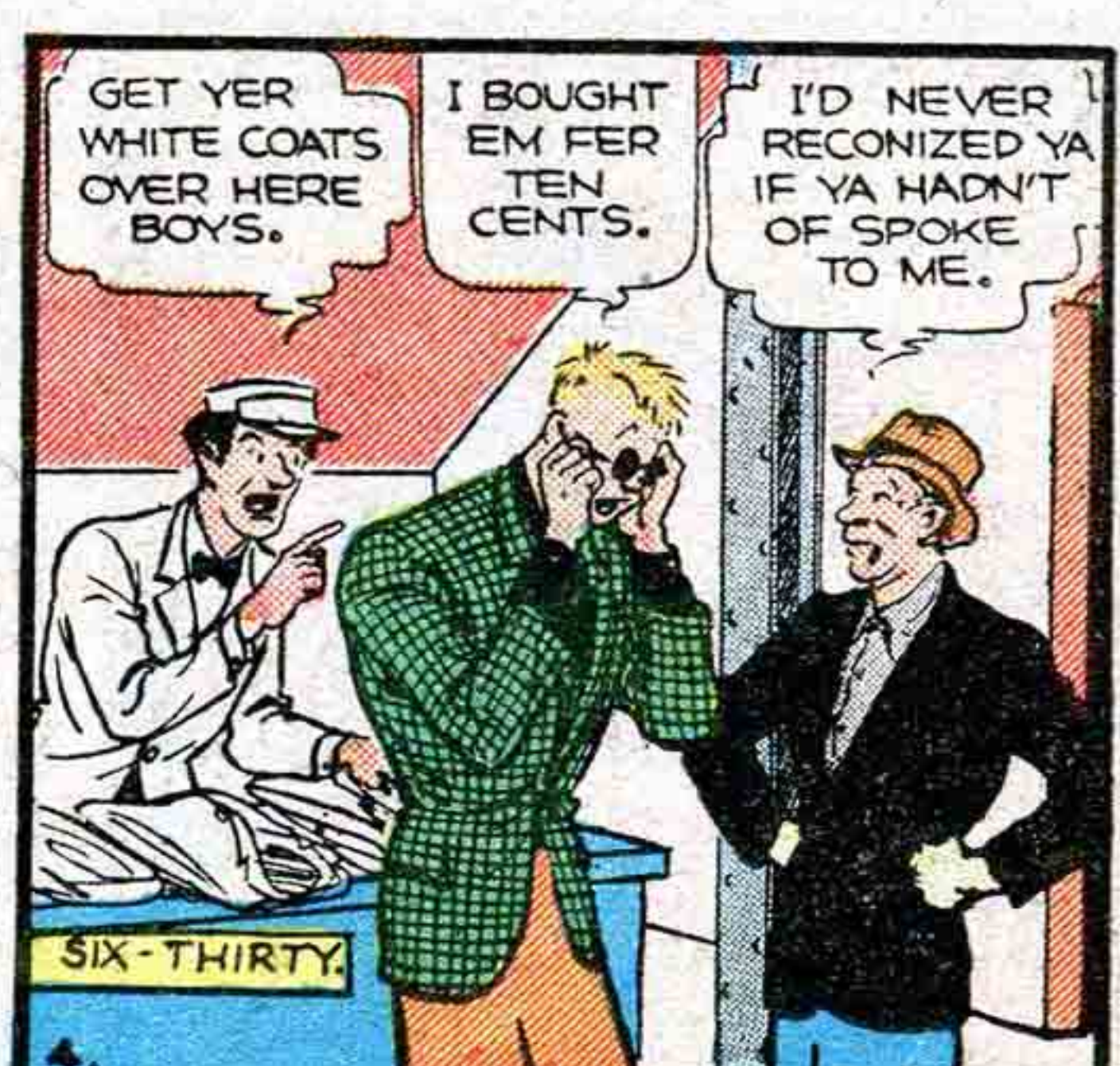
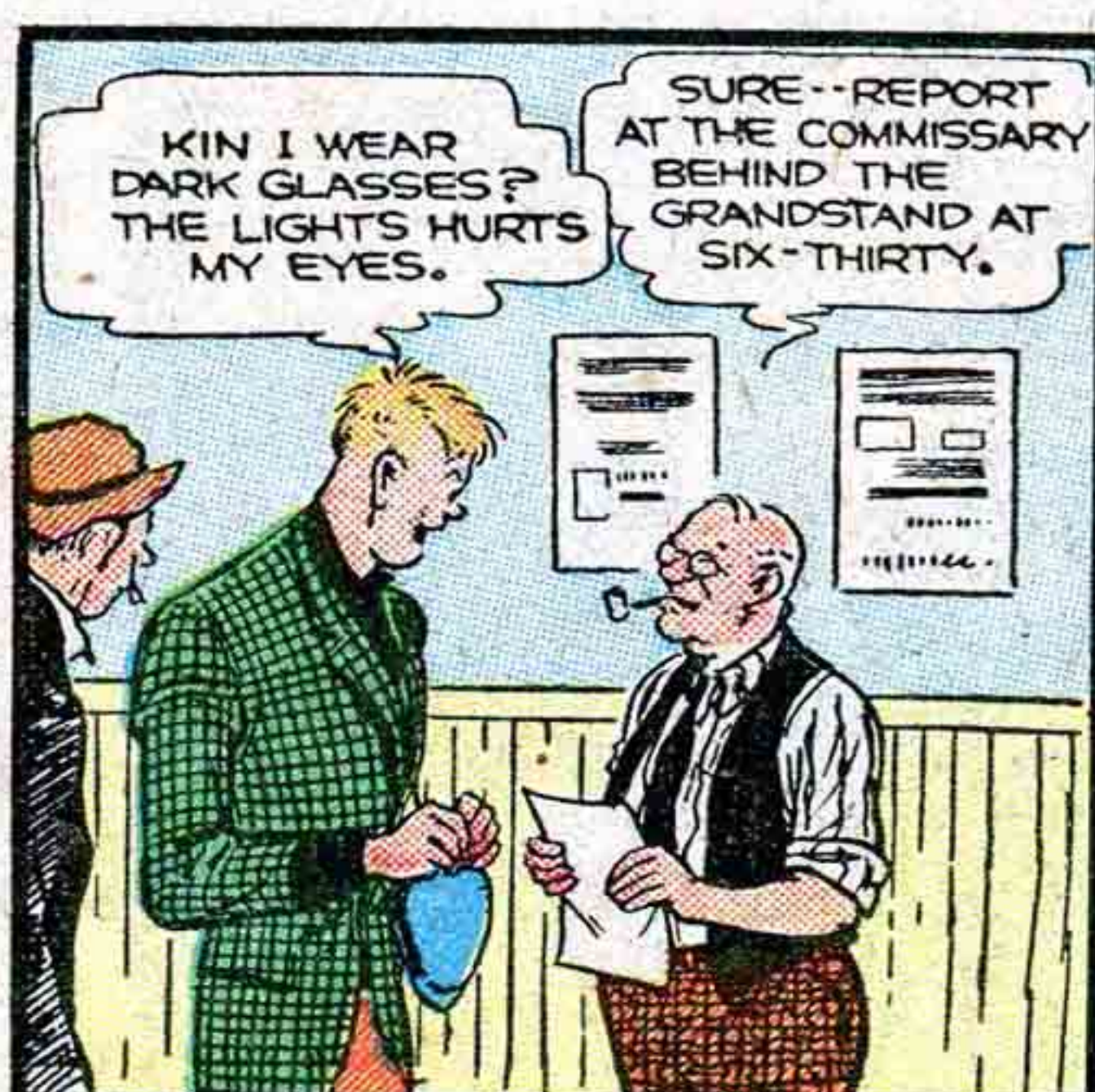
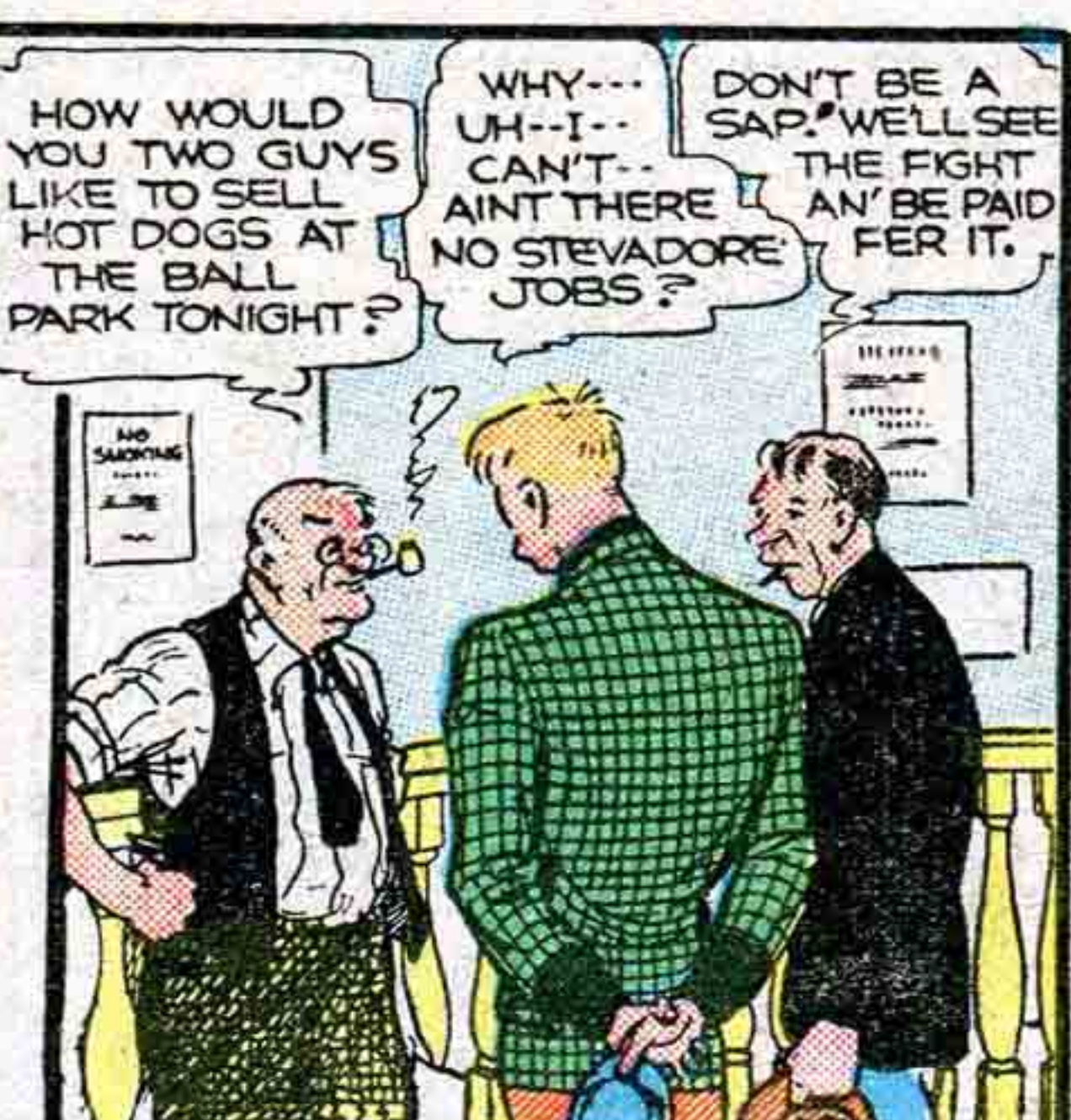
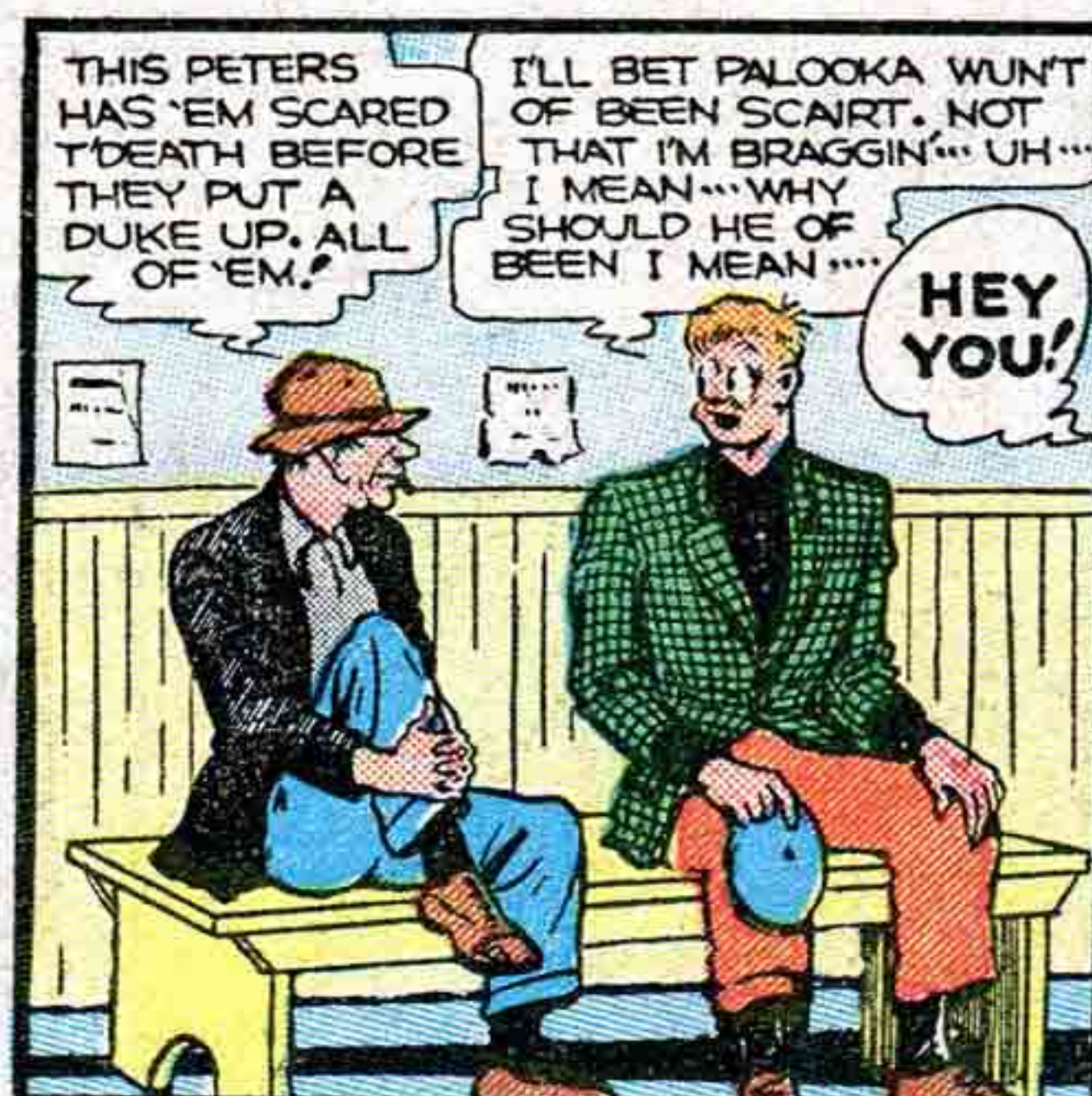
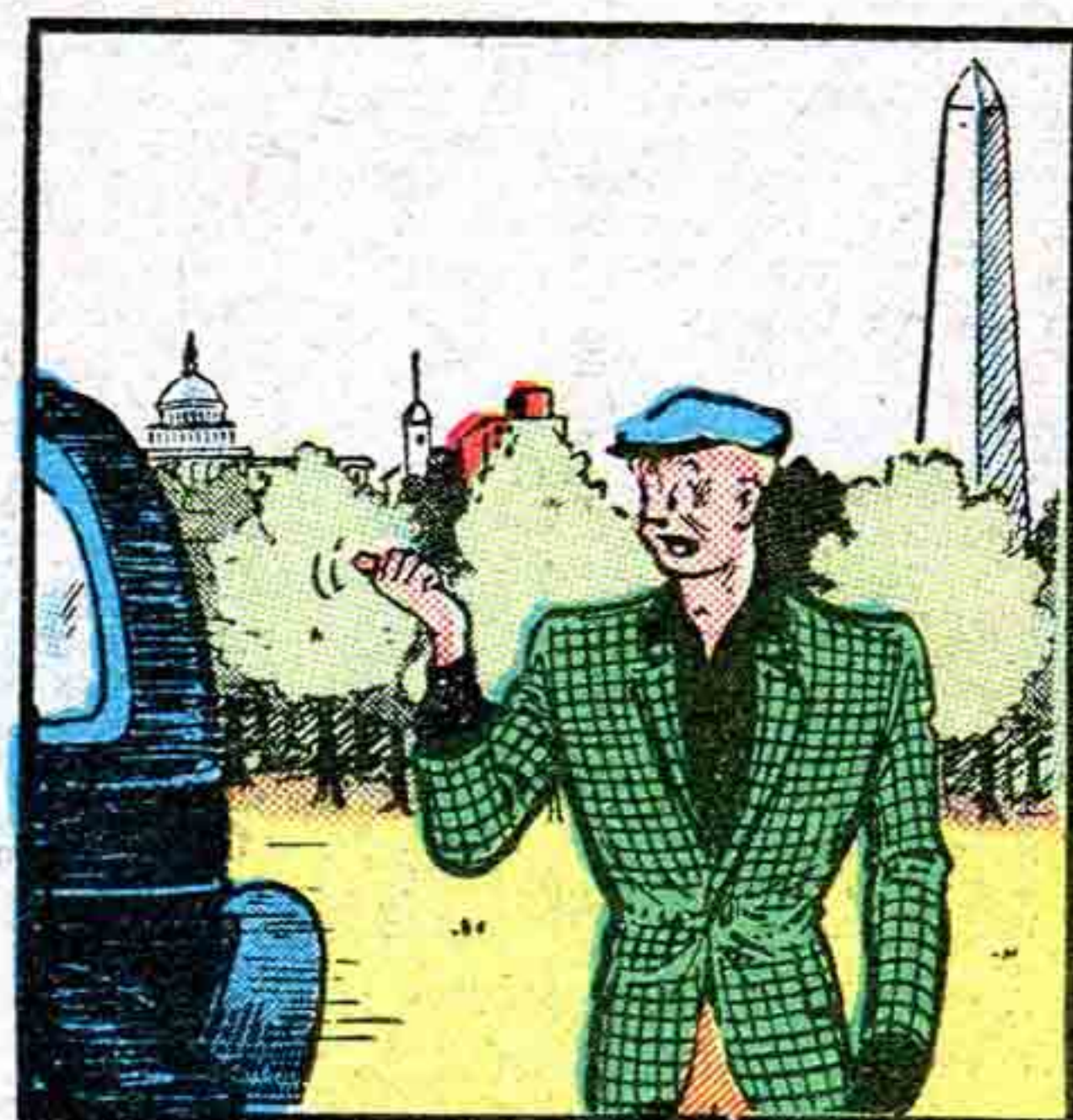
HUNGRY AND LOOKING FOR WORK, JOE MEETS A STRANGER WHO STAKES HIM TO A MEAL AND OFFERS HIM A JOB.....

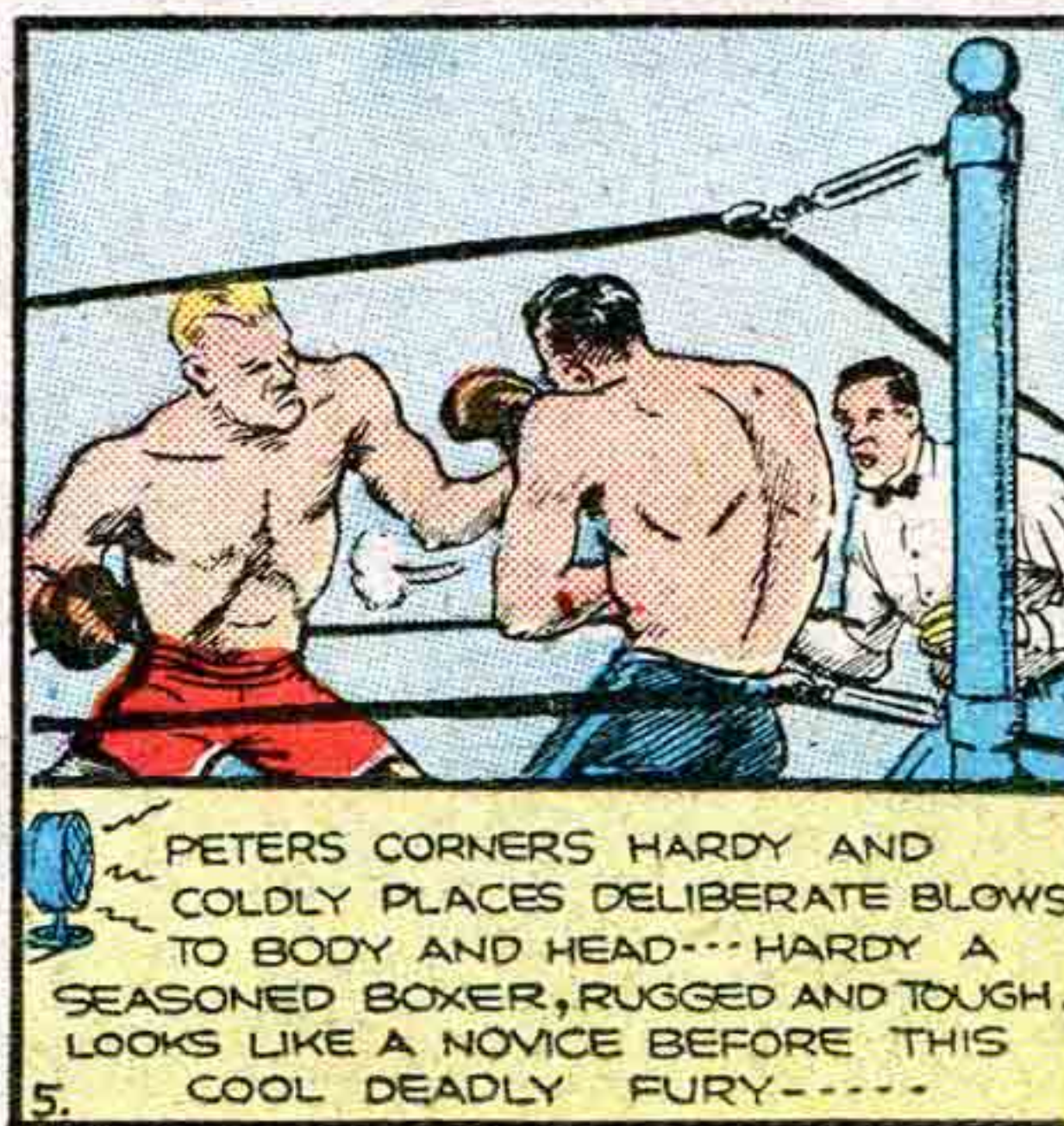
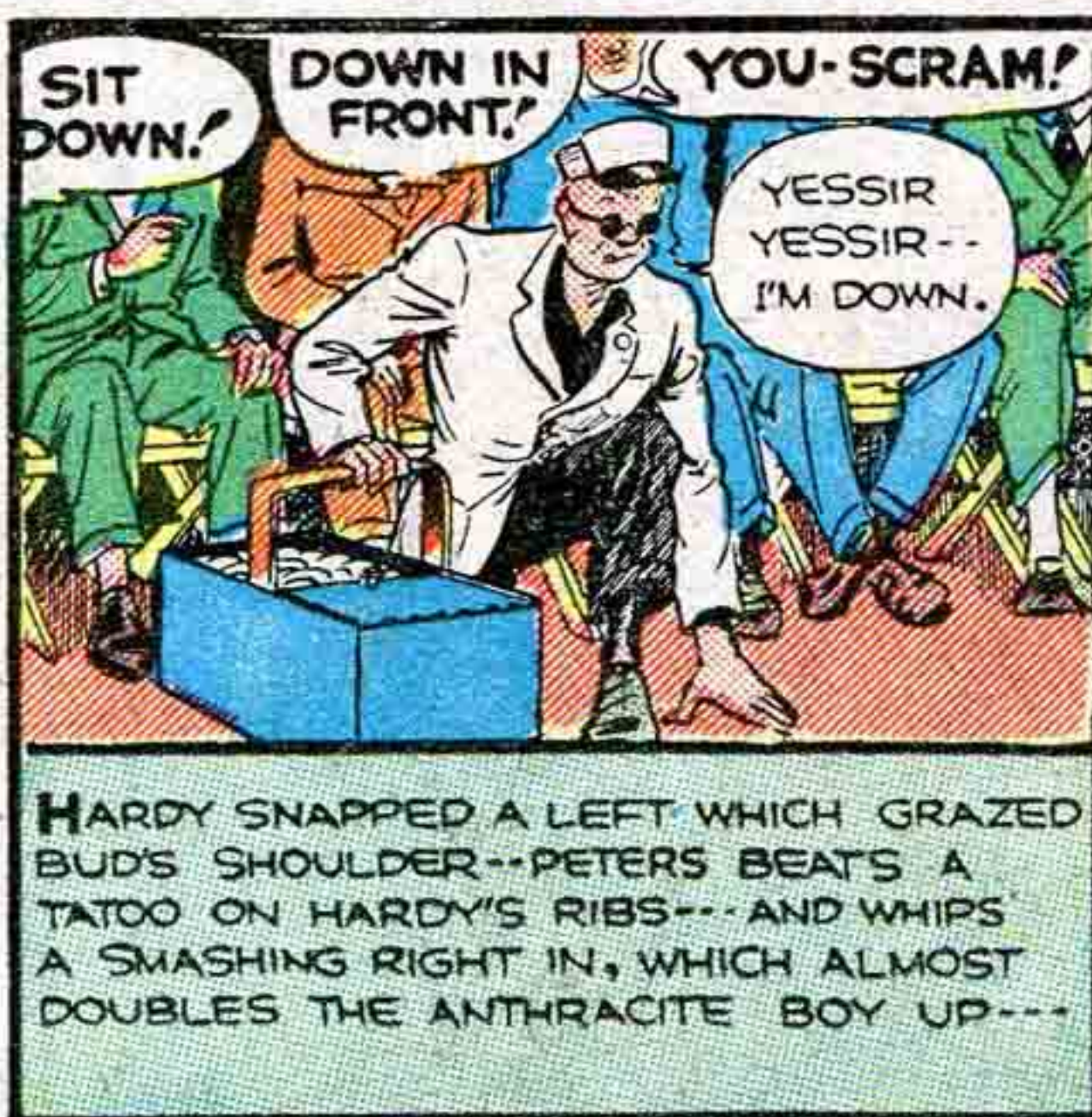
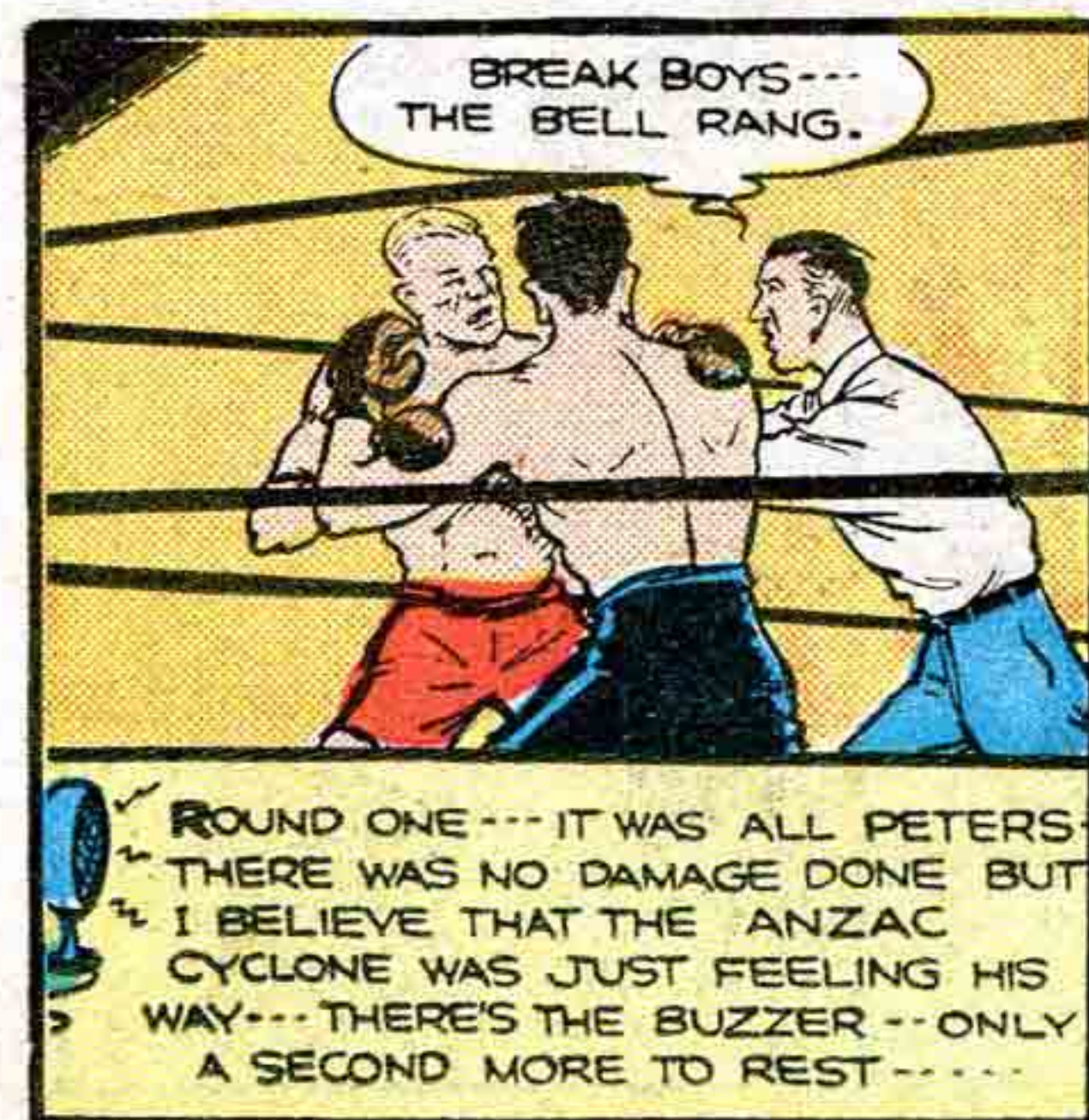
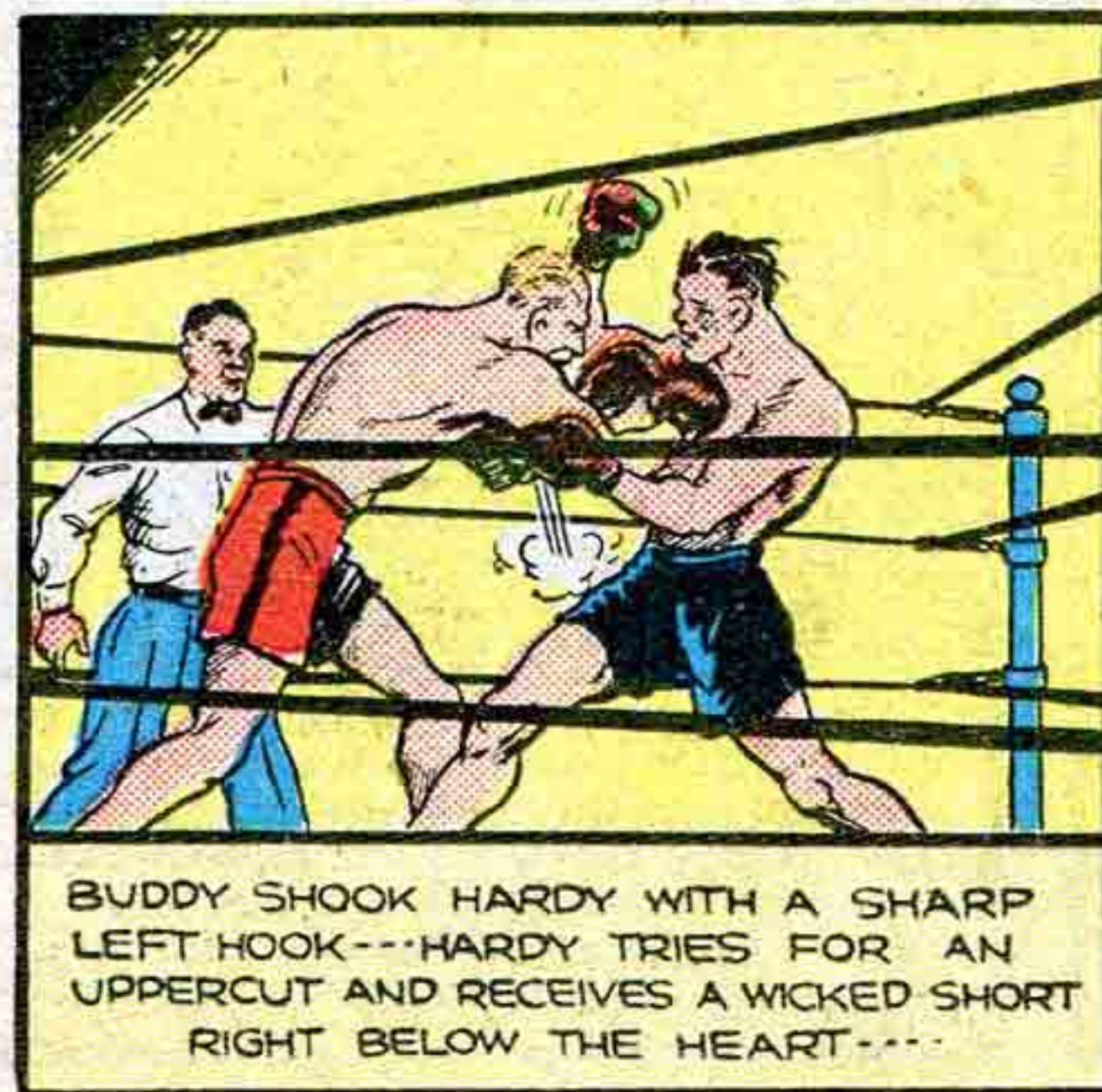
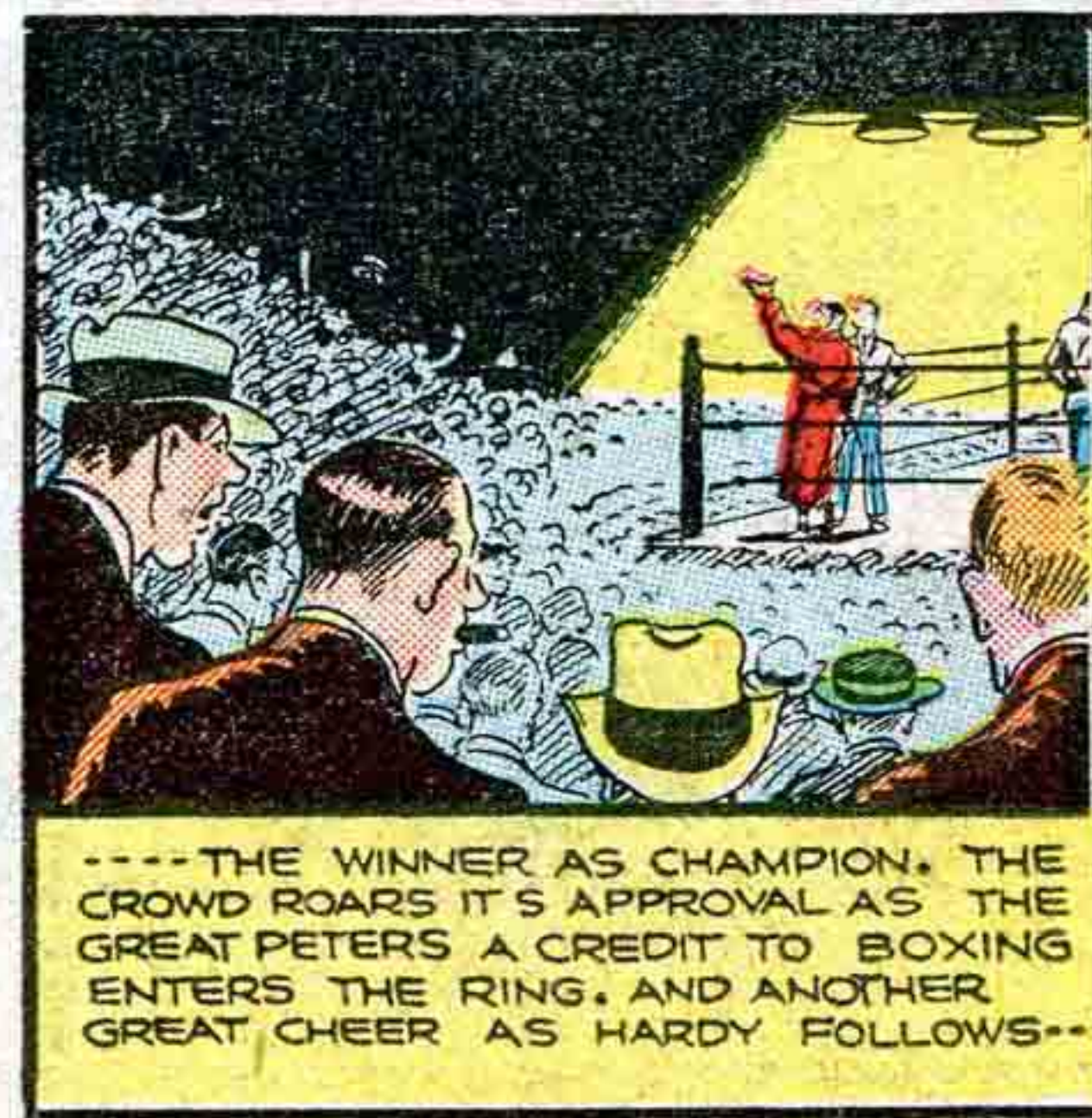
By HAM FISHER

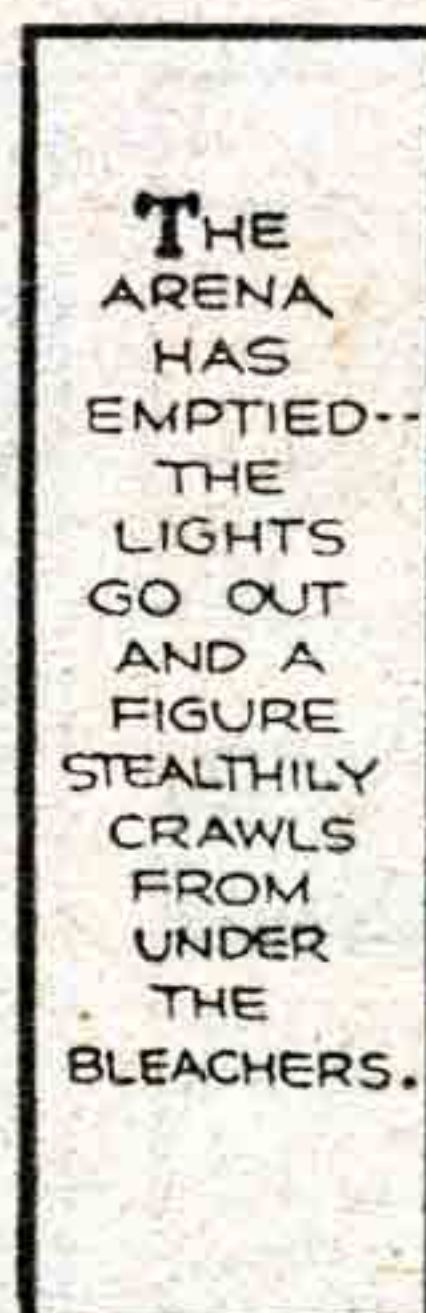
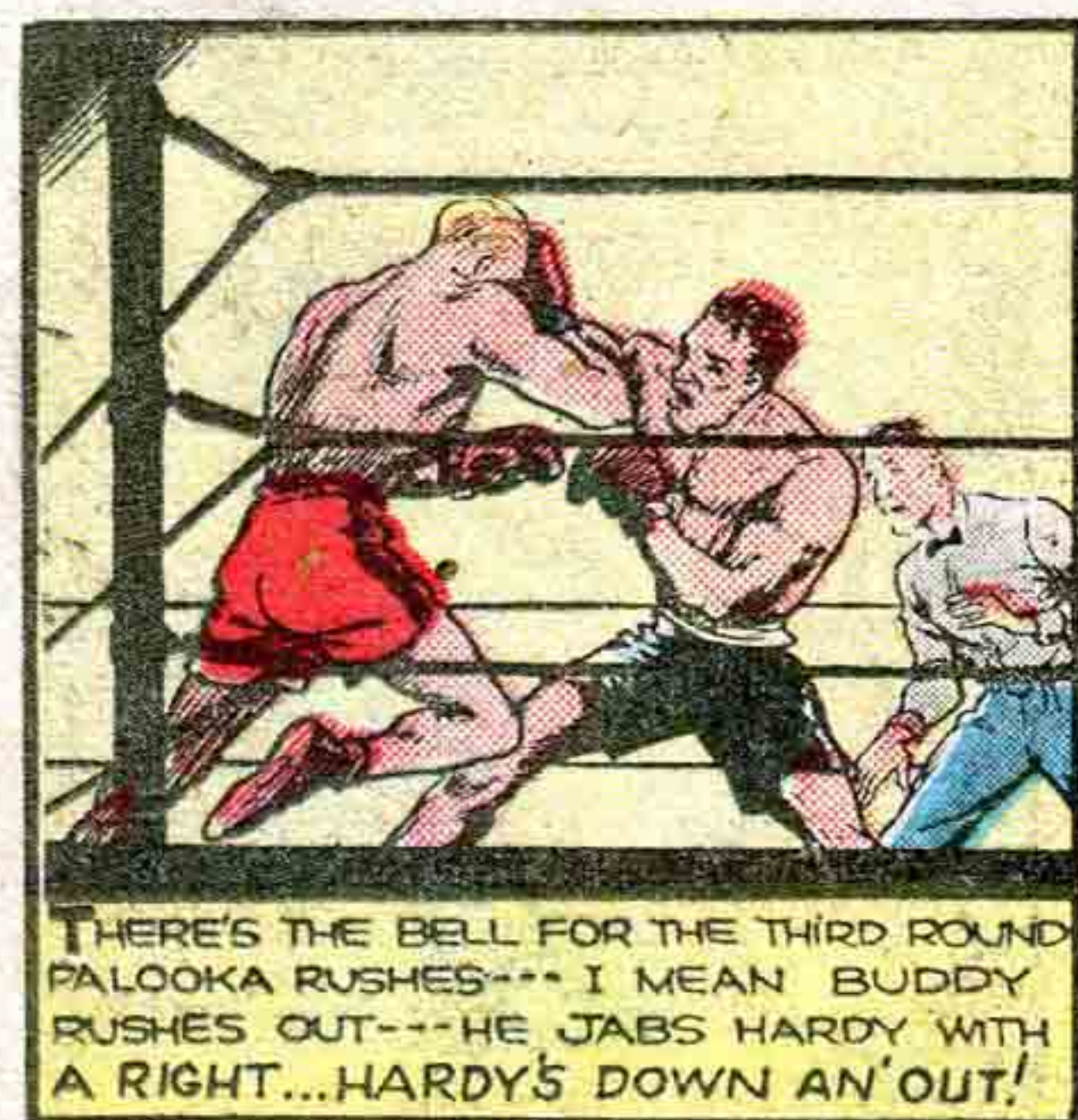
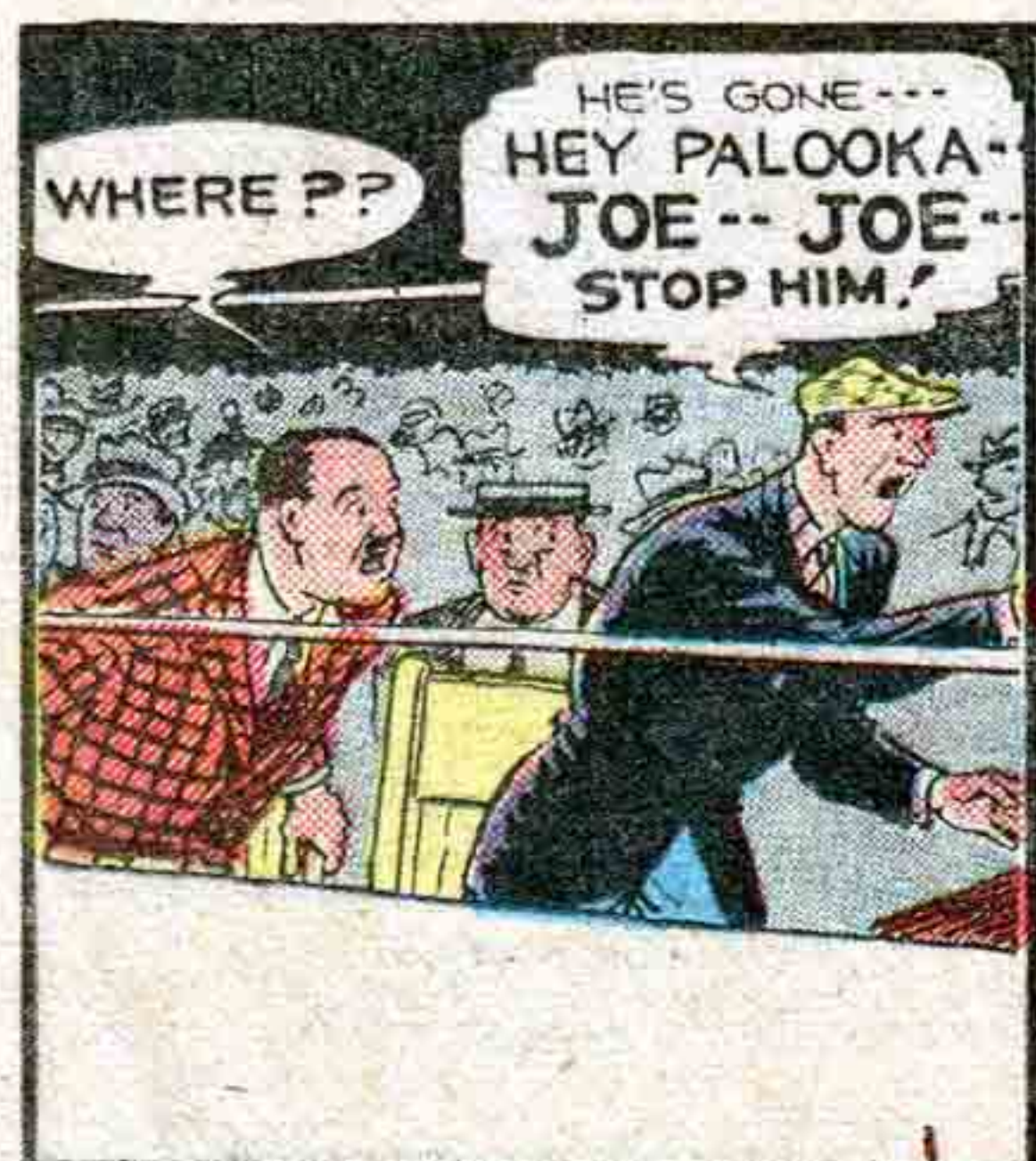
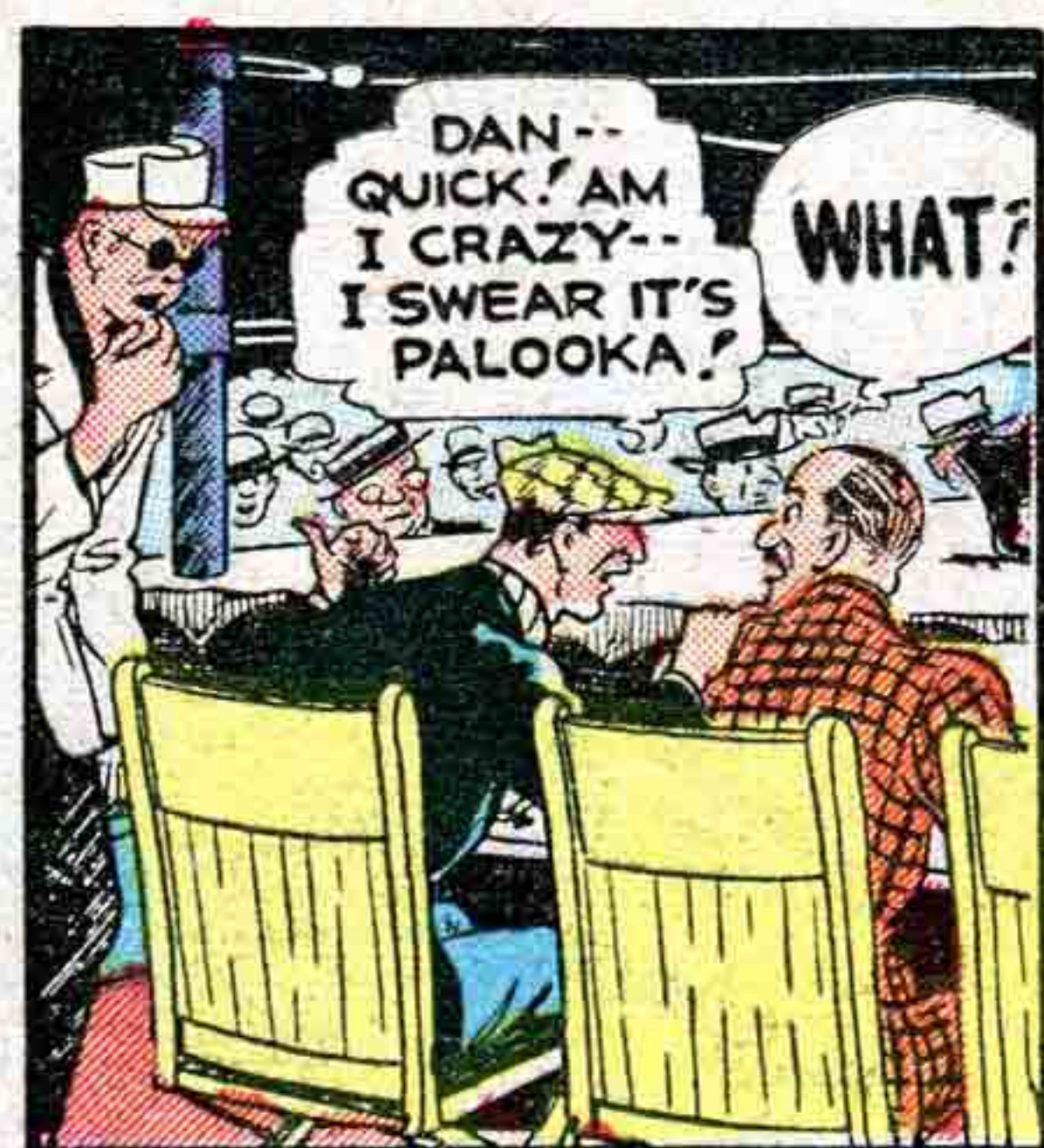
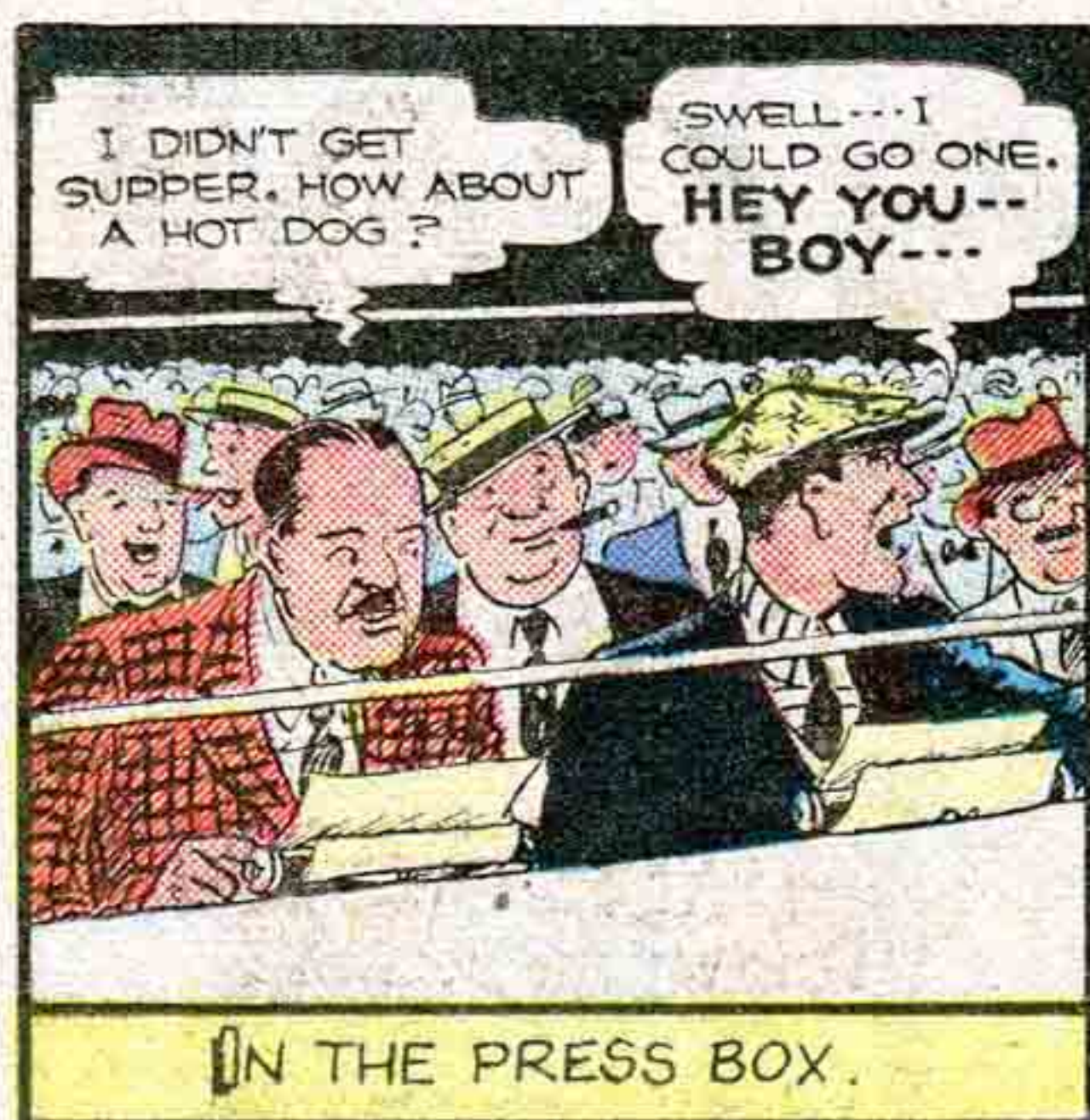




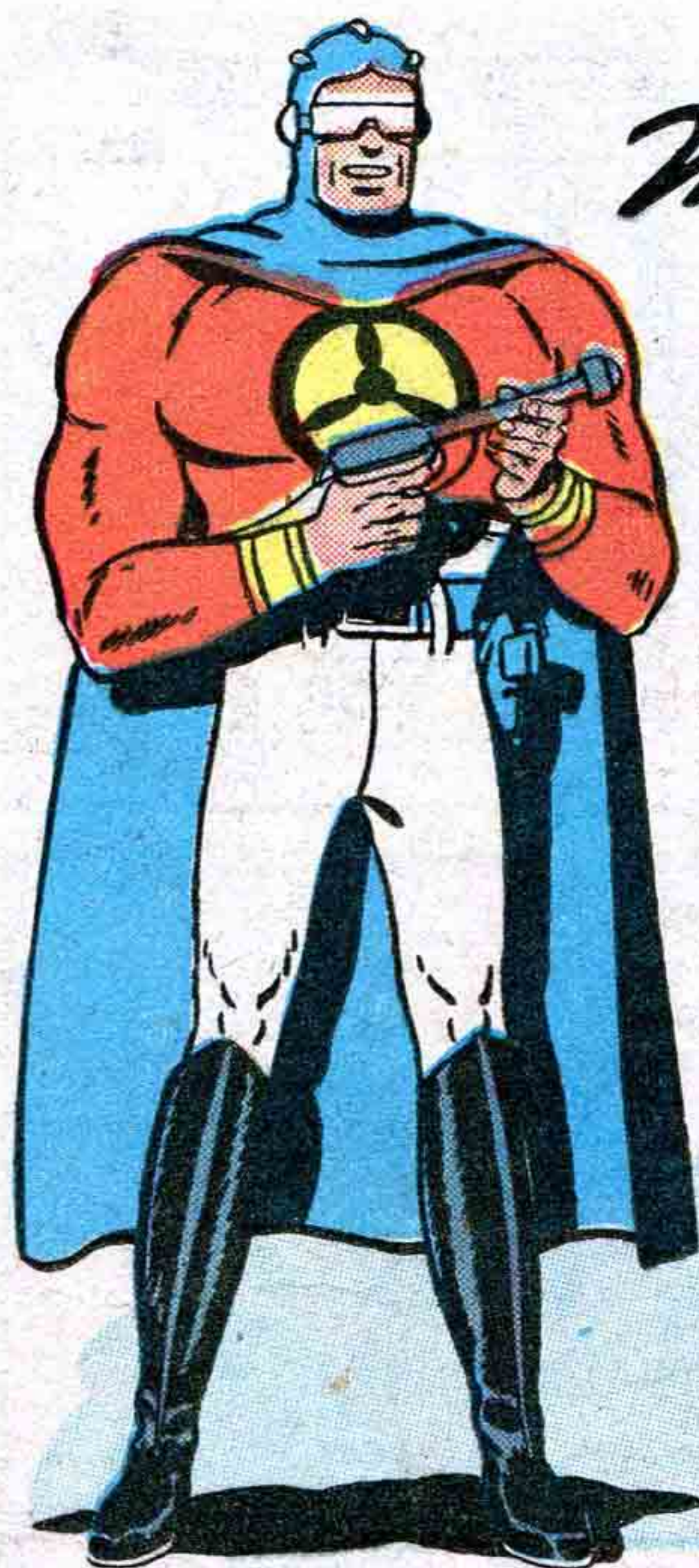






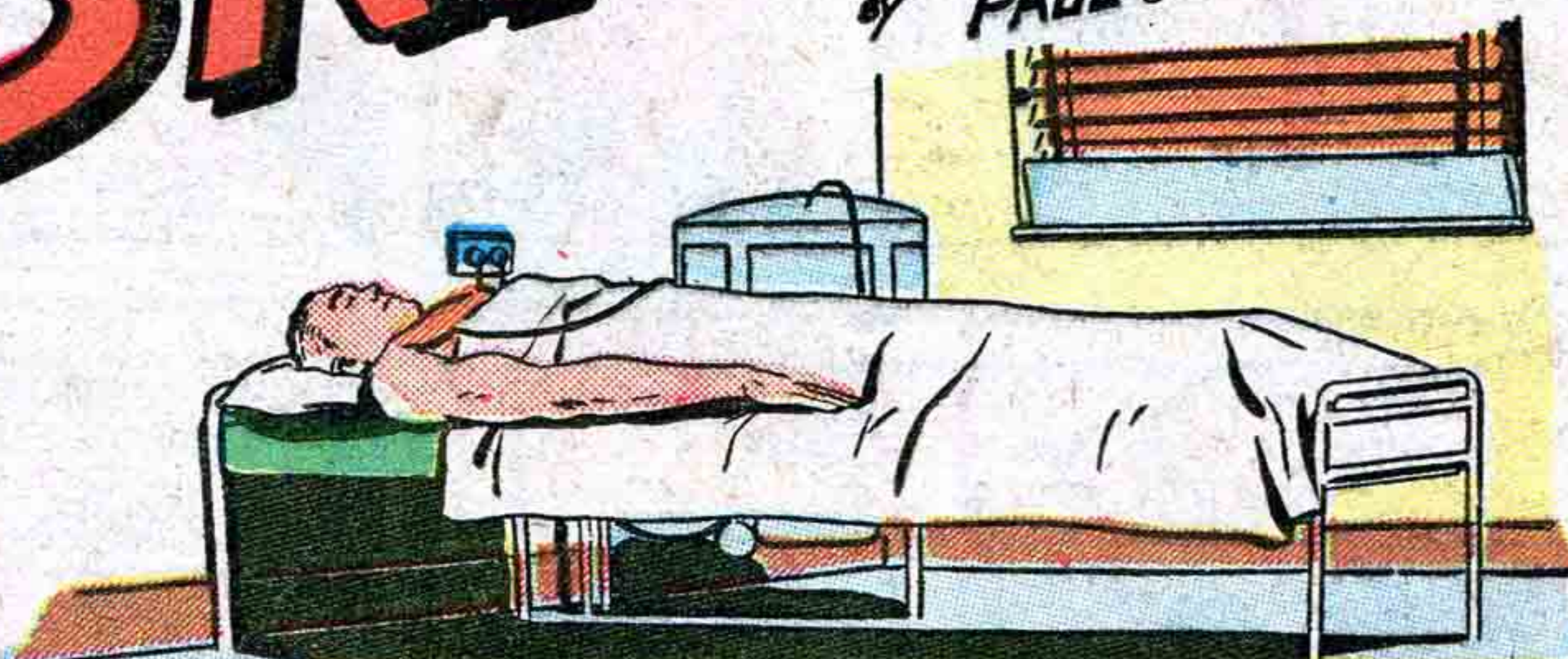


JOE PALOOKA, big shot of the comic characters, appears each and every month!

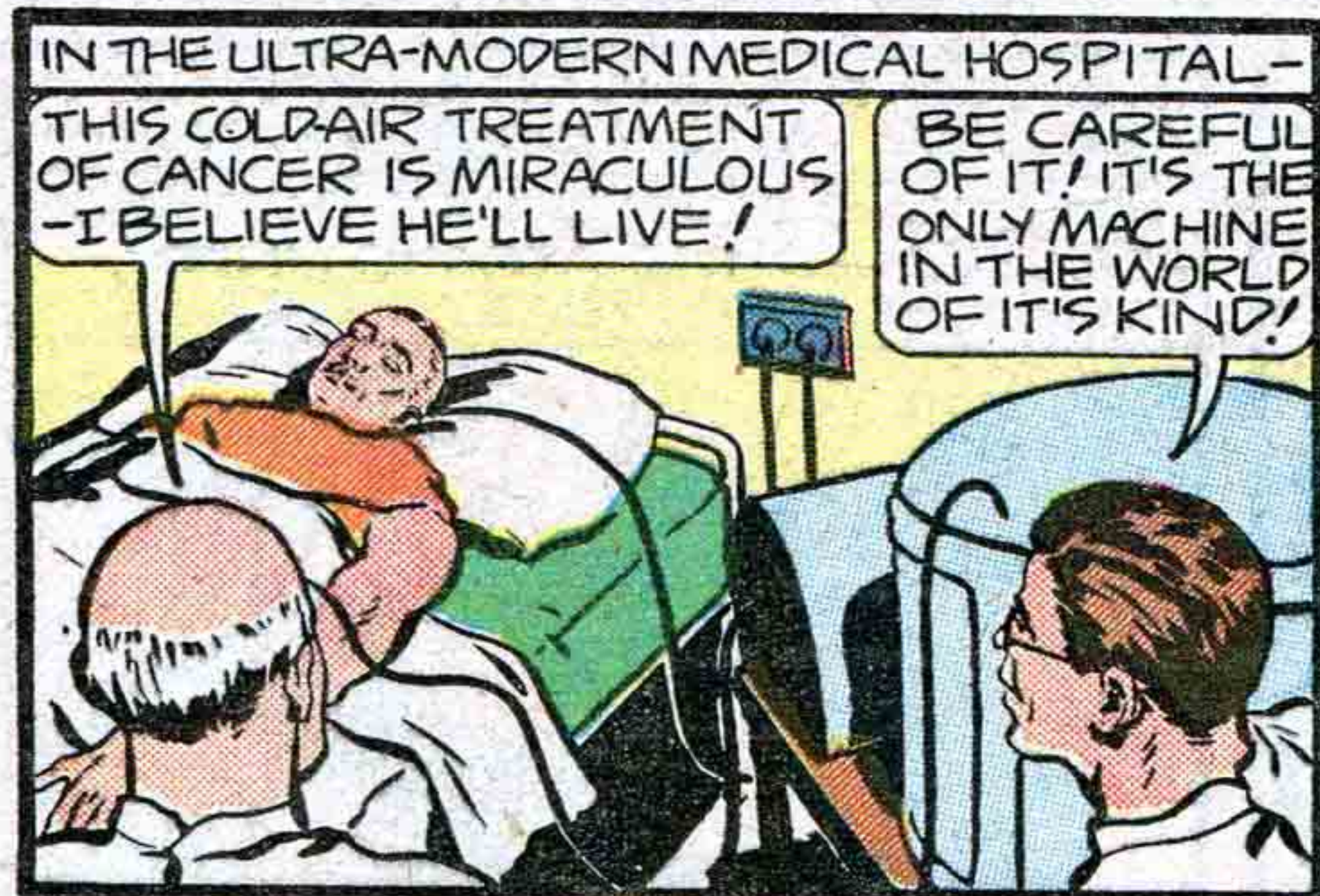


The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN



KNOWN ONLY TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD AS ALLAN TURNER, A WEALTHY IDLER, THE YOUNG SCIENTIFIC WIZARD WHO BATTLES CRIME AND EVIL—IS REALLY THE SKYMAN—HIS NEW INVENTIONS BAFFLE MIGHTY SCIENTISTS, HIS DEEDS OF DARING WORRY CRIMINALS AND AMAZE THE POLICE - - -



IN THE ULTRA-MODERN MEDICAL HOSPITAL—THIS COLD AIR TREATMENT OF CANCER IS MIRACULOUS—I BELIEVE HE'LL LIVE!

BE CAREFUL OF IT! IT'S THE ONLY MACHINE IN THE WORLD OF ITS KIND!



GET 'EM UP! AND NO LIP OUTTA YOU!

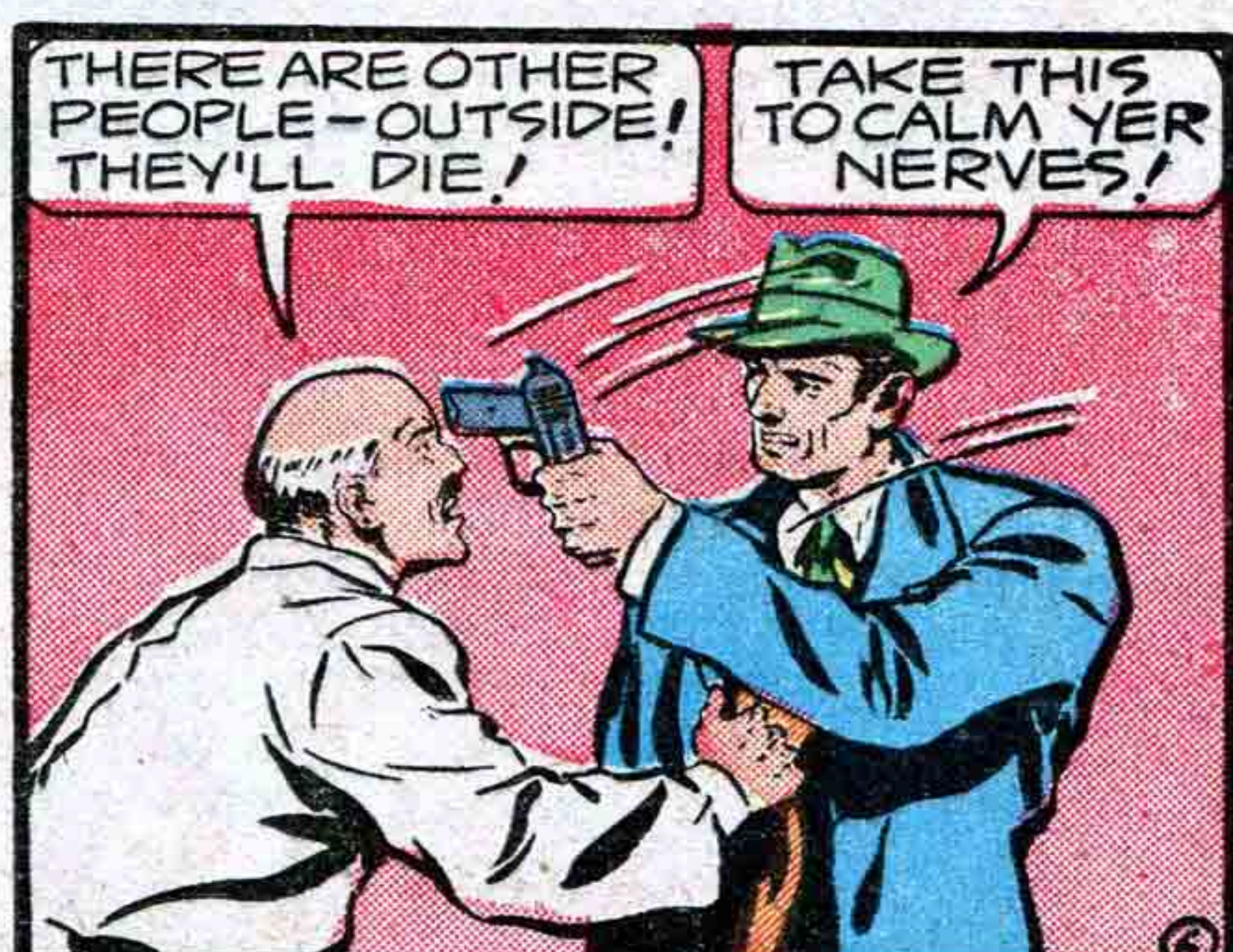
WHAT—?



THE MEN RUTHLESSLY TEAR THE "CANCER CURE" MACHINE FROM THE PATIENT—

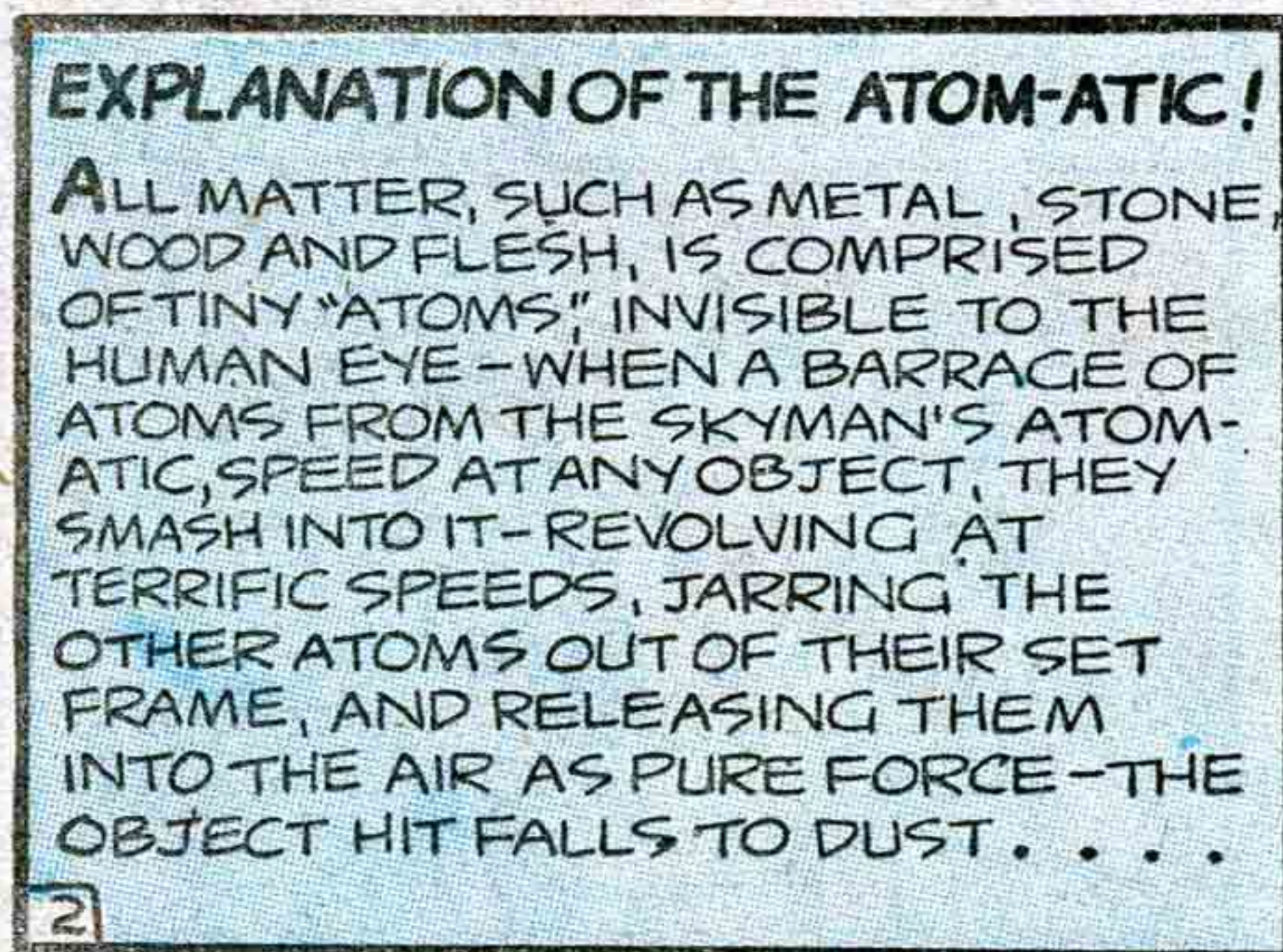
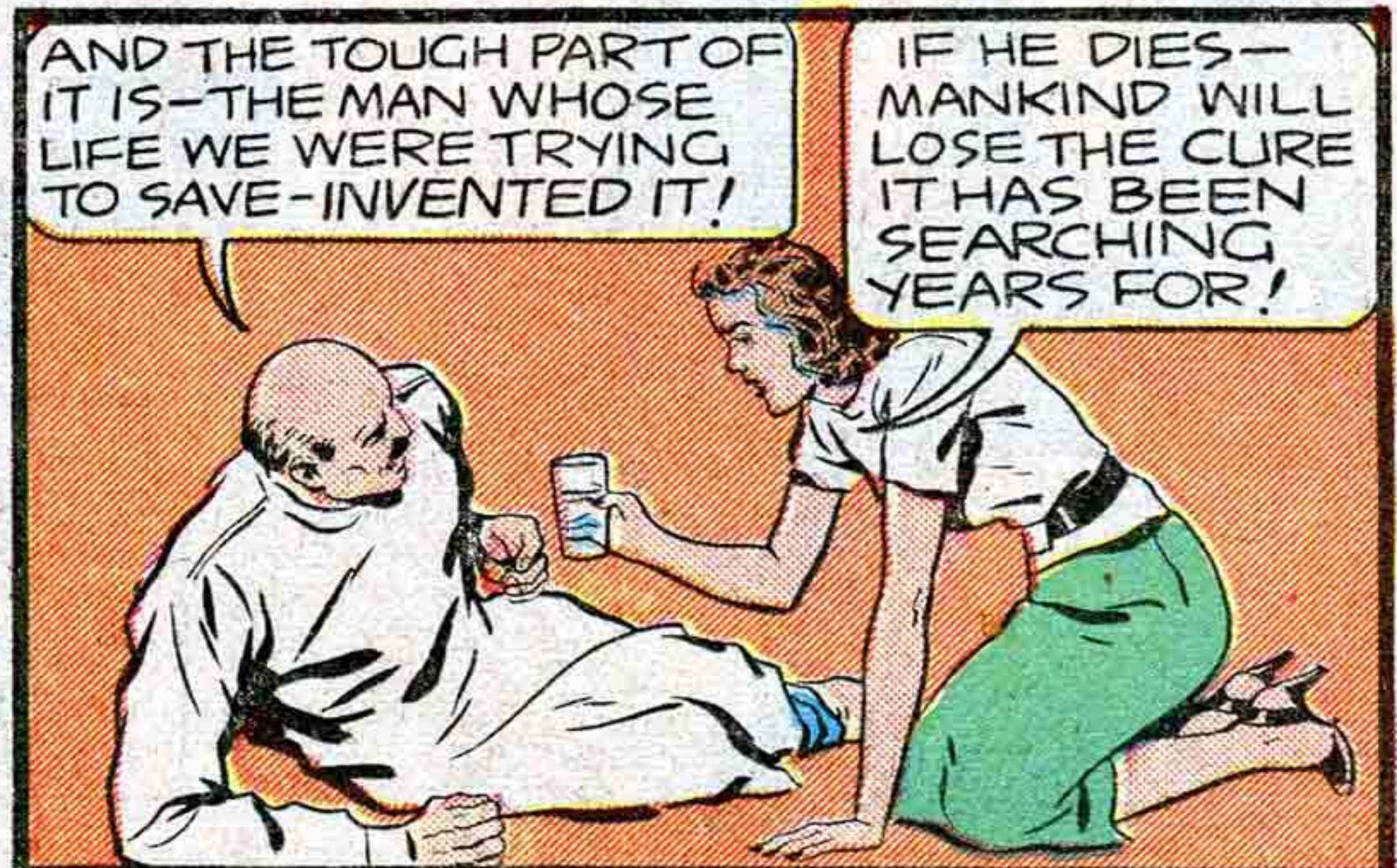
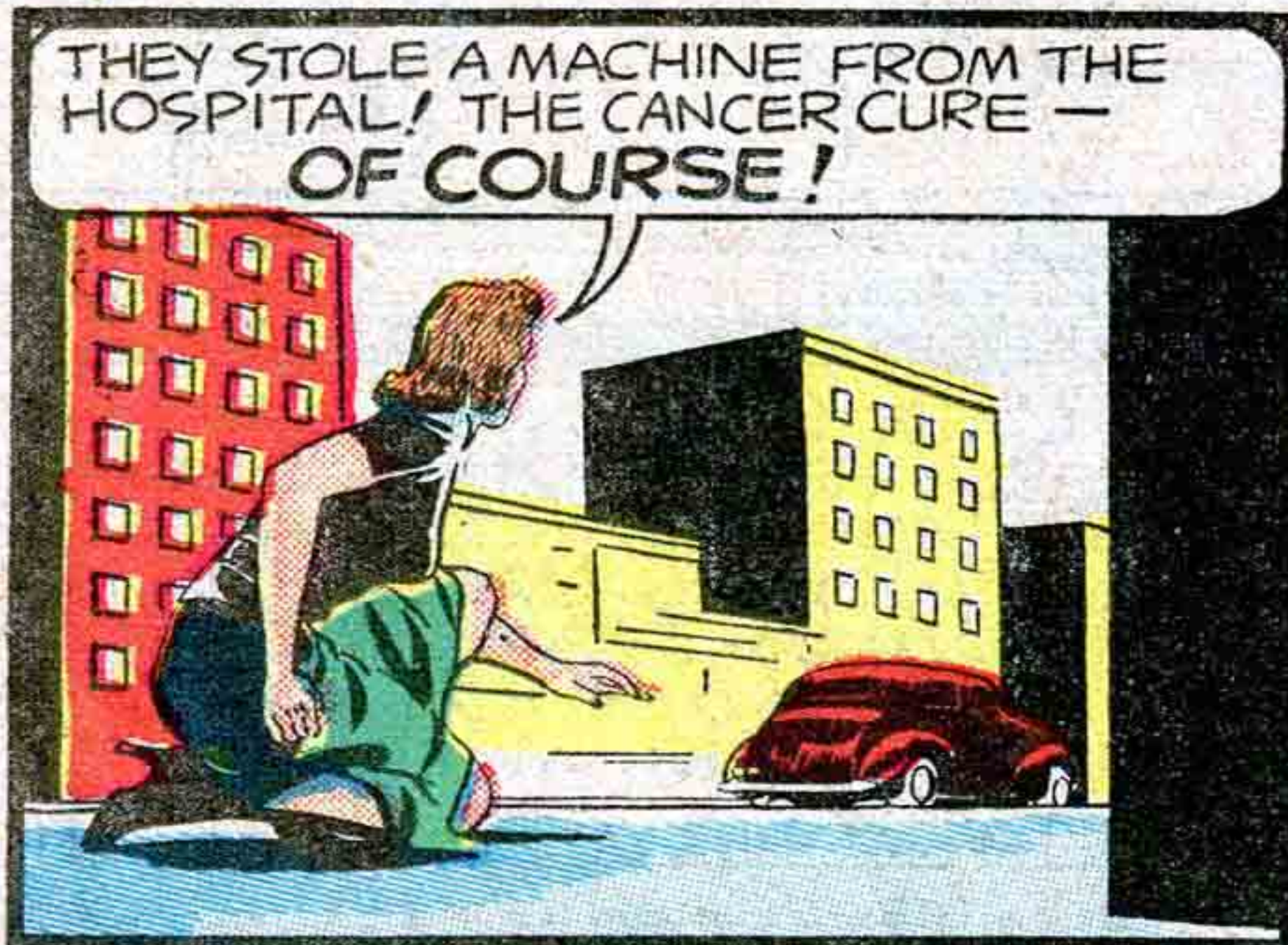
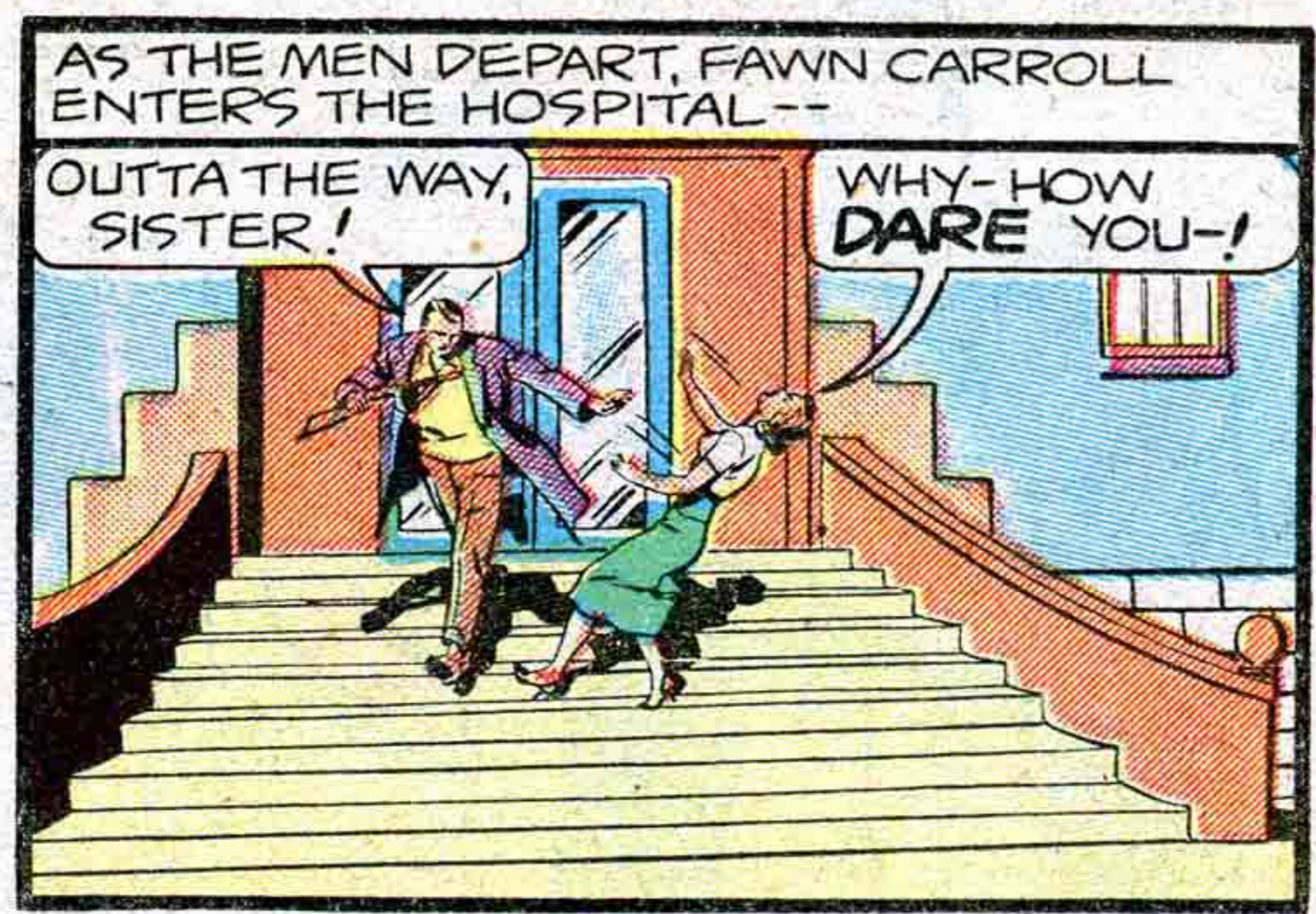
YOU CAN'T DO THAT—THE MAN'LL DIE!

KEEP YOUR TRAP CLOSED—WE'RE DOIN' IT, SEE?



THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE—OUTSIDE! THEY'LL DIE!

TAKE THIS TO CALM YER NERVES!



THE WING RACES TOWARD THE CITY---

THINK I'LL SEE IF I CAN SCARE HER!



GOOD! HER WINDOW'S OPEN!



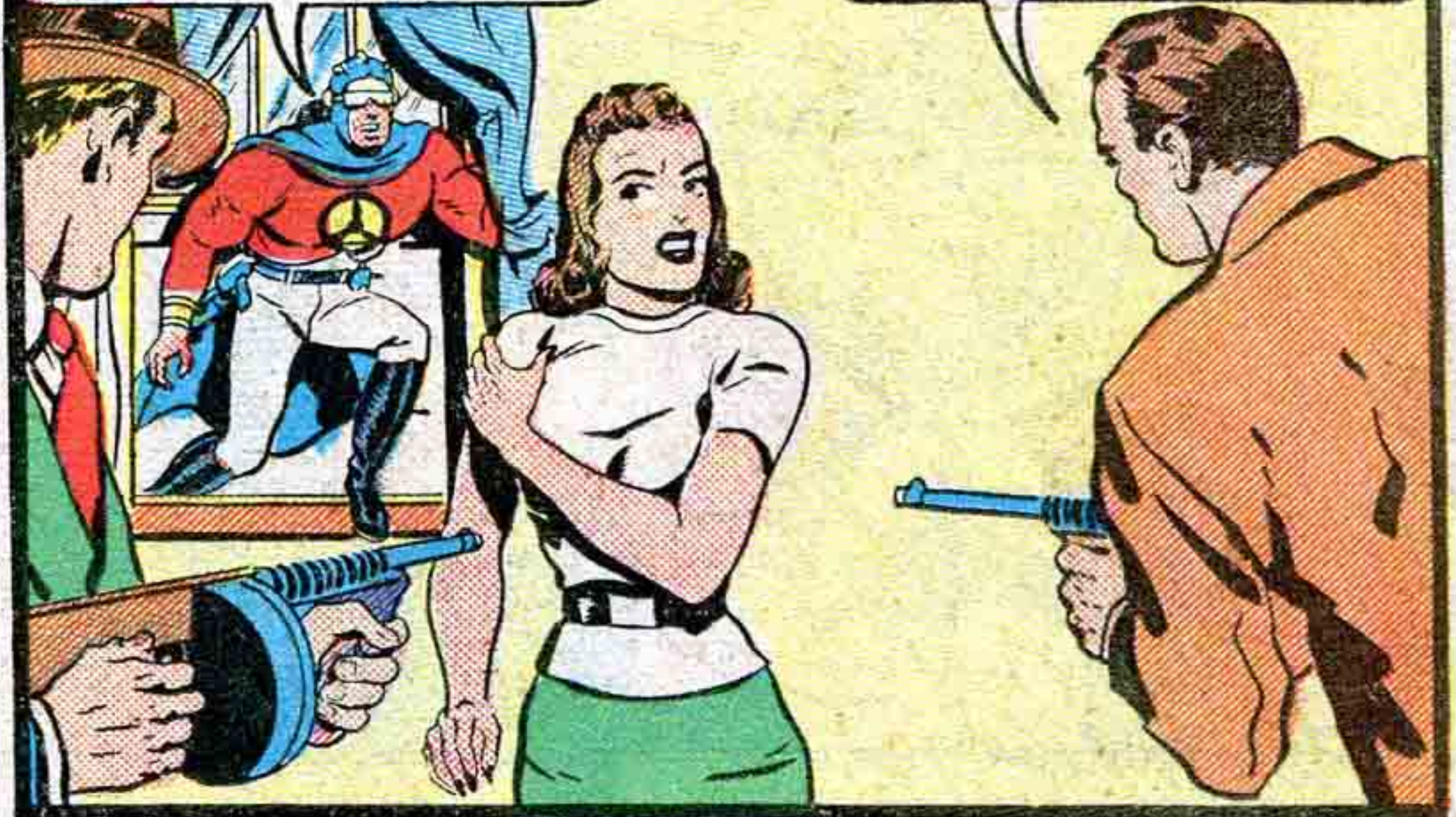
DROPPING STRAIGHT THROUGH THE AIR—HE HURTLES AT THE OPEN WINDOW—

GOOD THING THE WING'LL STAY UP THERE UNTIL I'M READY FOR IT!



OH-COMPANY, EH!

WHO'RE YOU?



NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE MILD EXERCISE!

OW-

SKYMAN!



OUT YOU GO!

THE DOOR AIN'T OPEN—



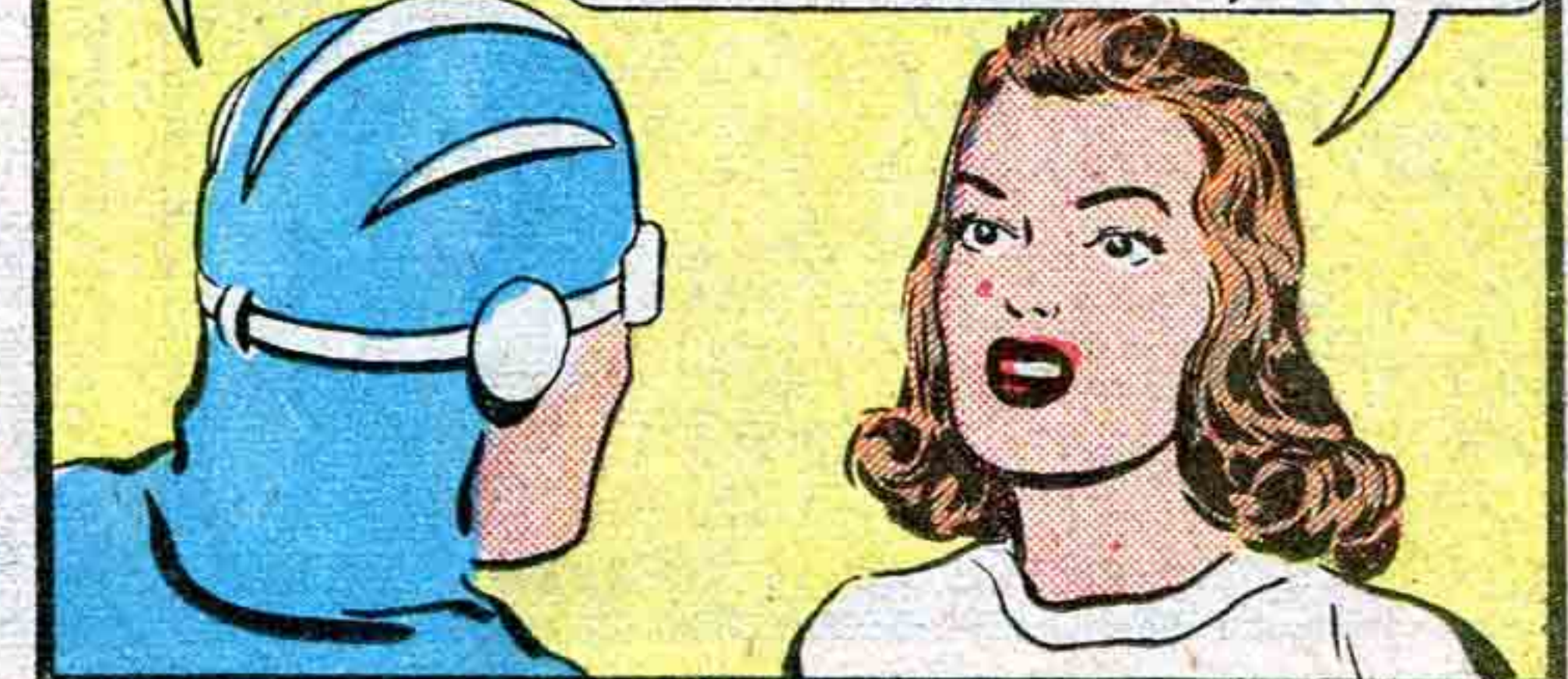
YOU TOO, BUDDY! I CAN'T PLAY ANY FAVORITES!

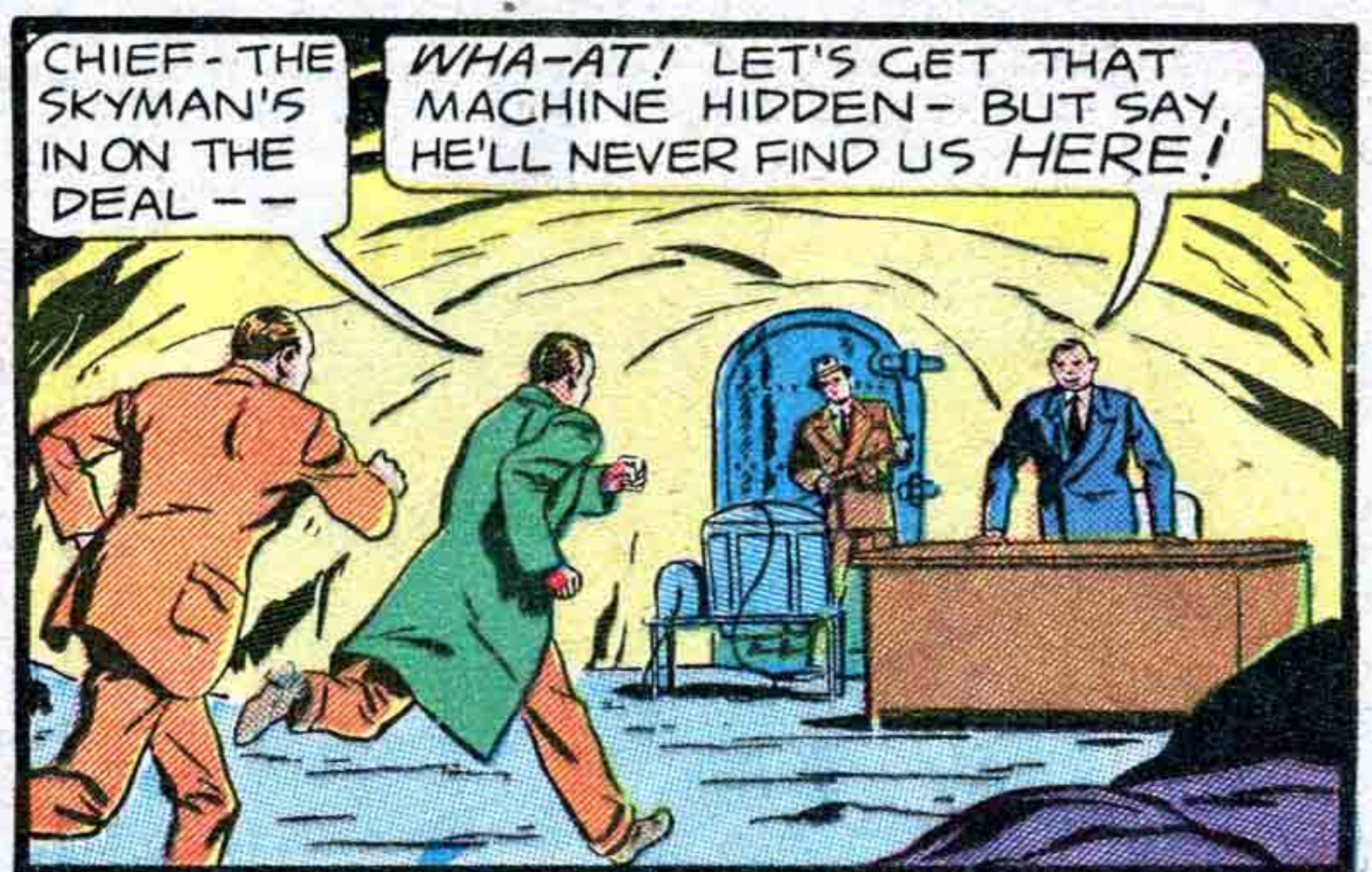
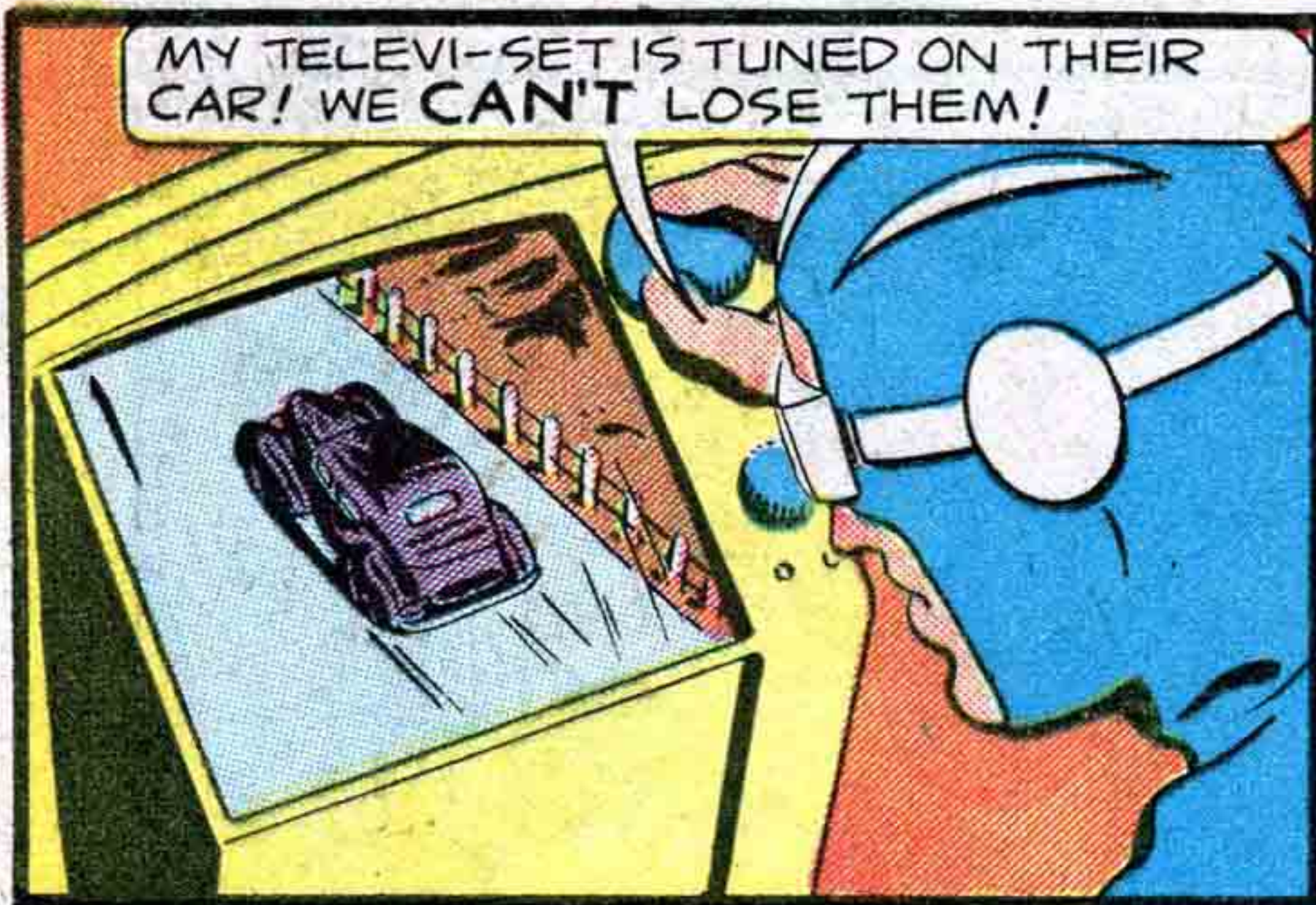
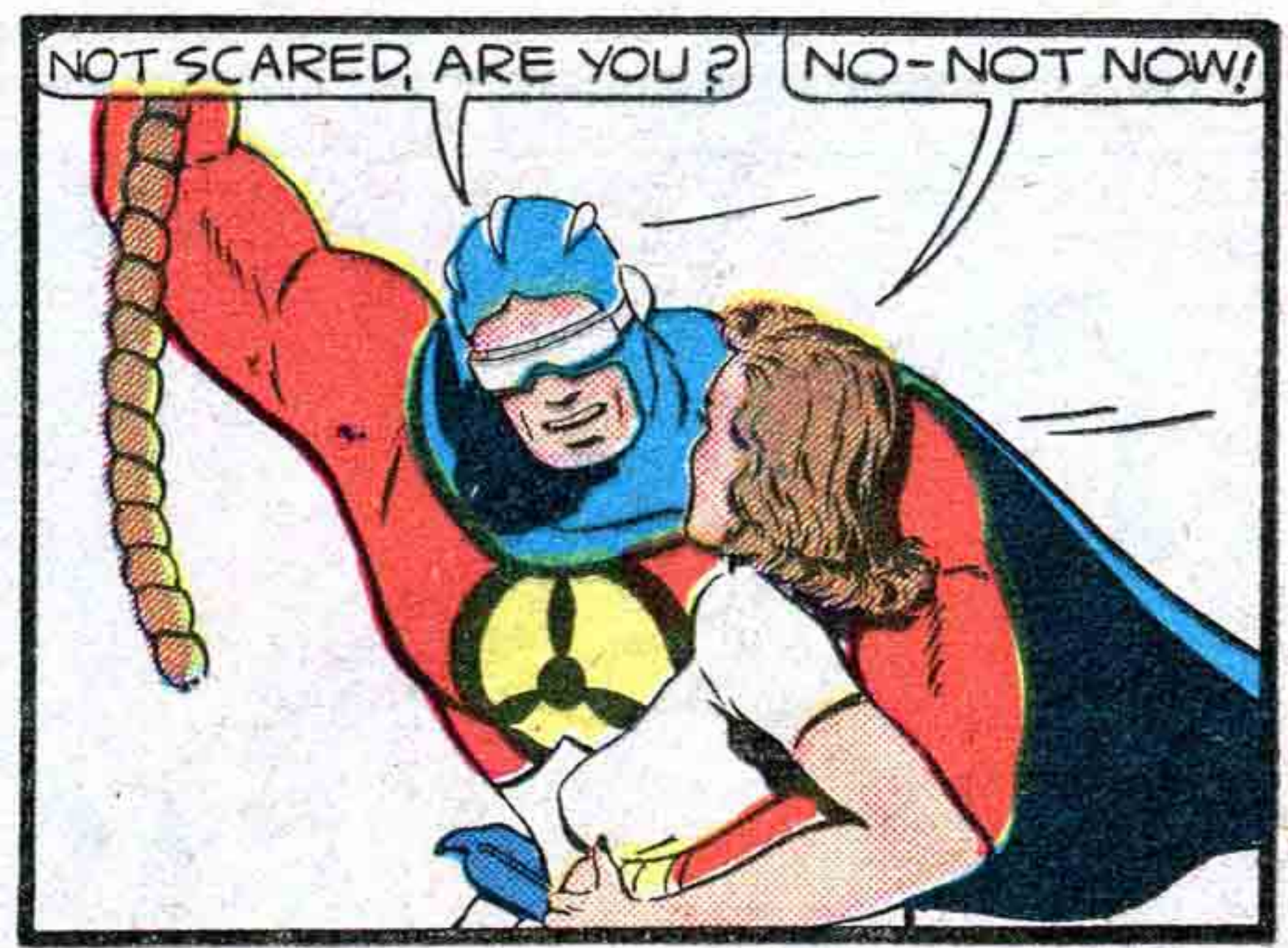
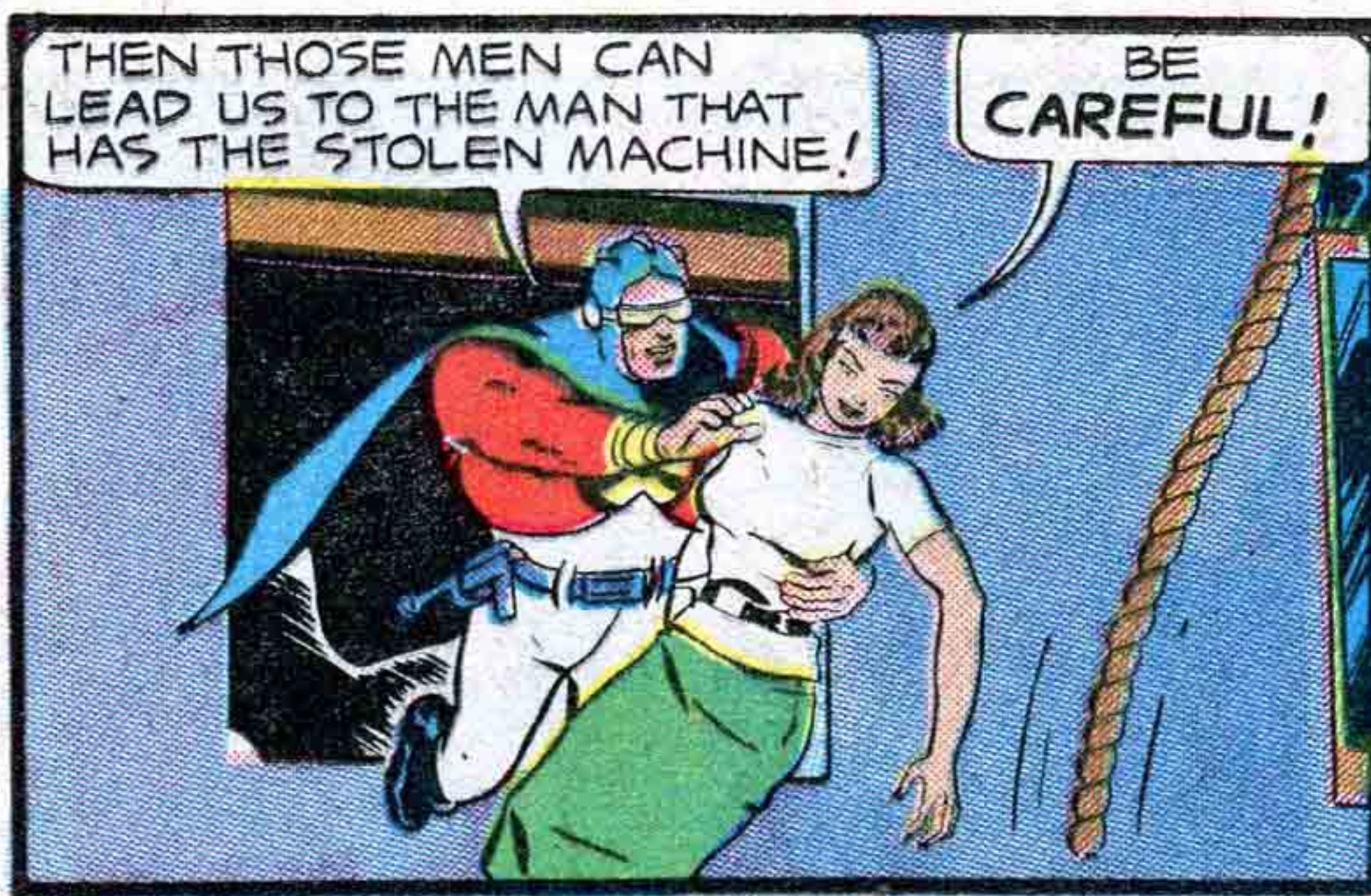
MY NECK! OOOOWW---

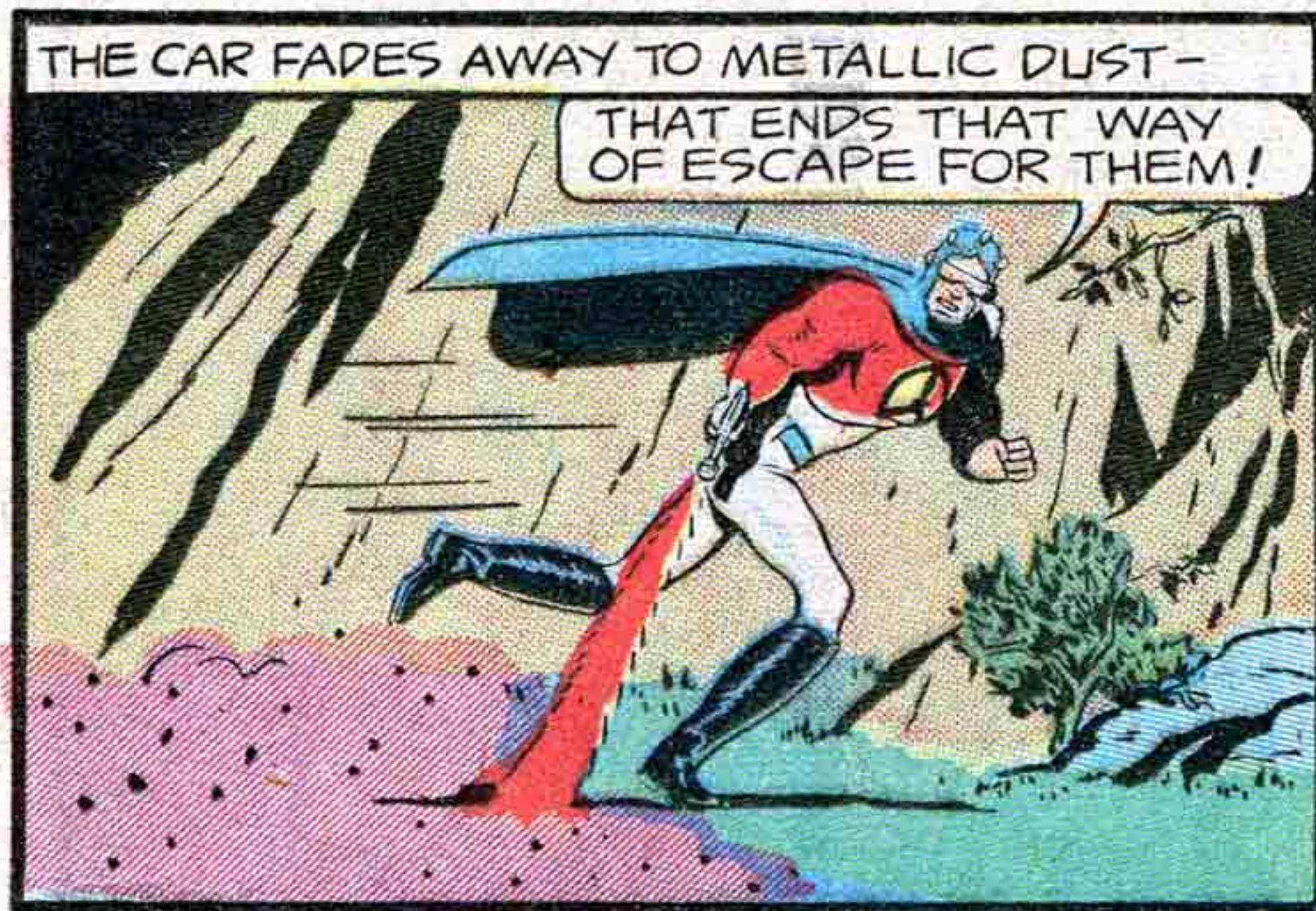


NOW TELL ME—WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

THE CANCER CURE WAS STOLEN—THE MAN WHO INVENTED IT, IS DYING! I SAW IT STOLEN—AND THOSE MEN WERE GOING TO KEEP ME QUIET—BY KILLING ME!



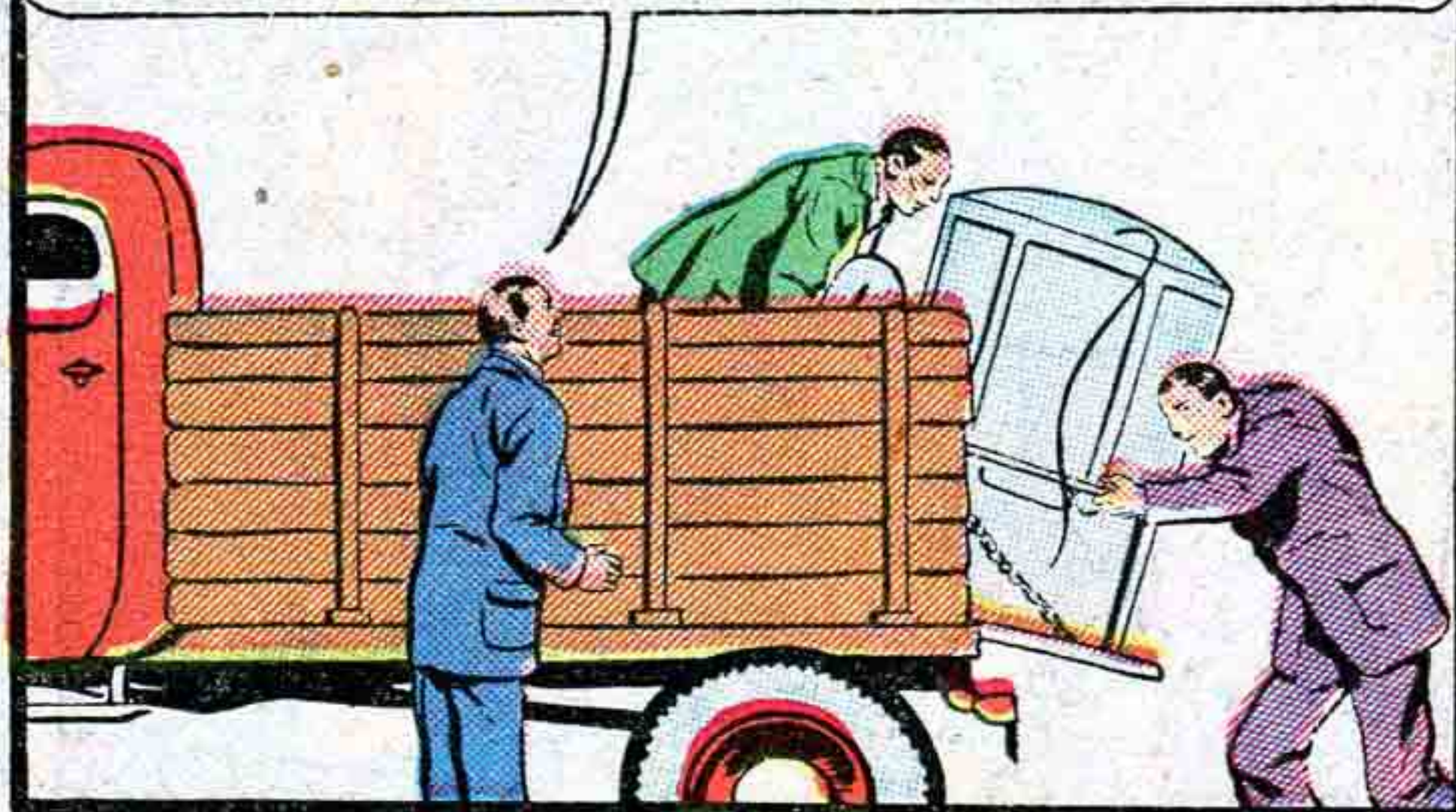




THIS SEALS THE ENTRANCE - AND THE EXIT! THEY'LL ALL STIFLE TO DEATH - WHILE I MAKE MY GETAWAY!

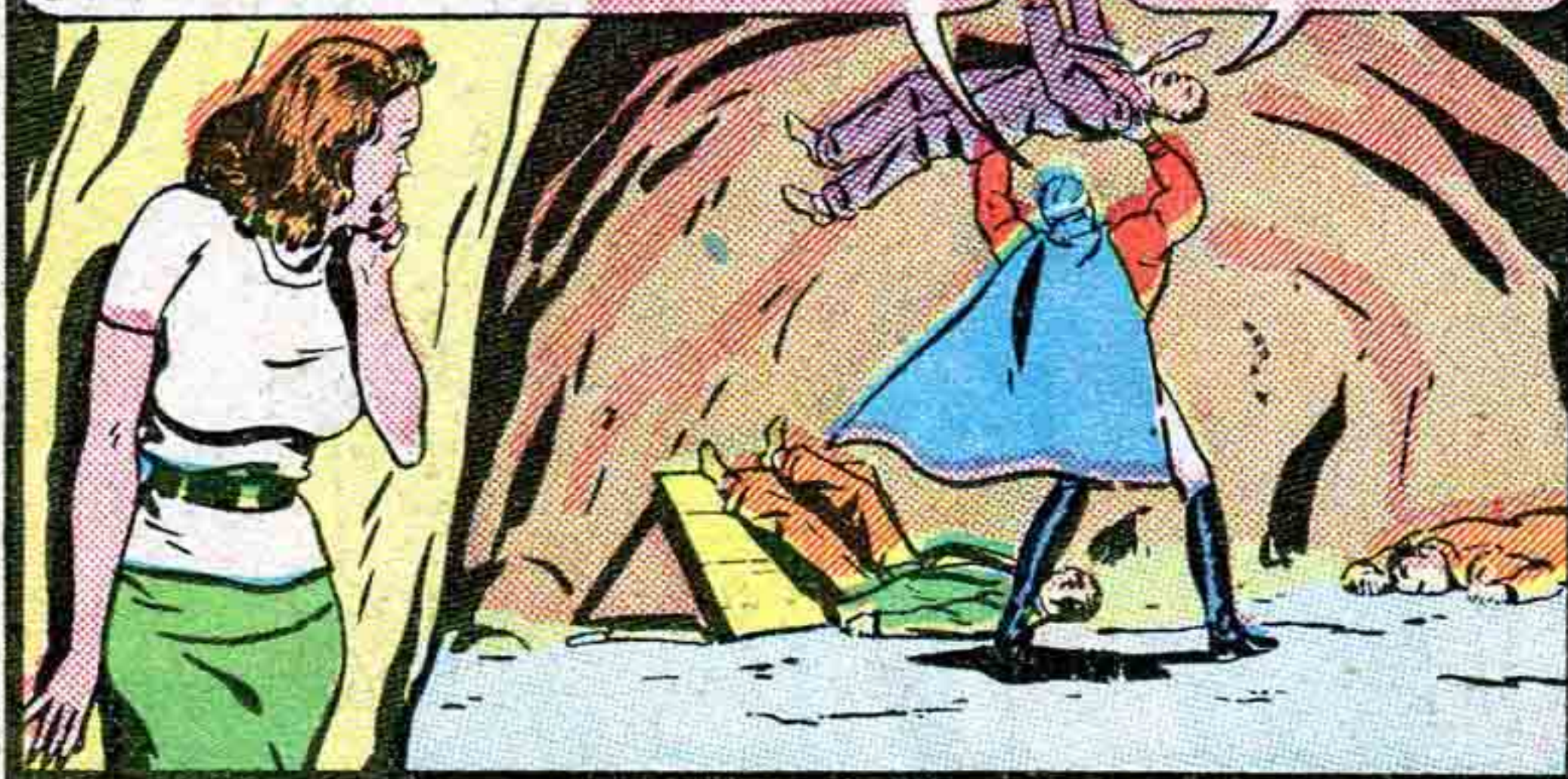


NOBODY, EXCEPT US, KNOWS THAT THERE ARE TWO ENTRANCES TO THAT CAVE! THIS IS THE OTHER ONE!



THE SKYMAN BATTLES LIKE A DEMONIAIC MADMAN - TRICK ME, EH? WELL, IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU FELLOWS!

LET'S US BE PALS!



THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP OUT OF THIS?

I-I FOLLOWED YOU IN - AND HERE WE ARE - LOCKED IN A CAVE!



WE'LL SUFFOCATE! THE AIR WILL GIVE OUT!

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT!



SOLID IRON! NO WAY OUT THERE!



THIS STONE CAN'T BE BUDGED!

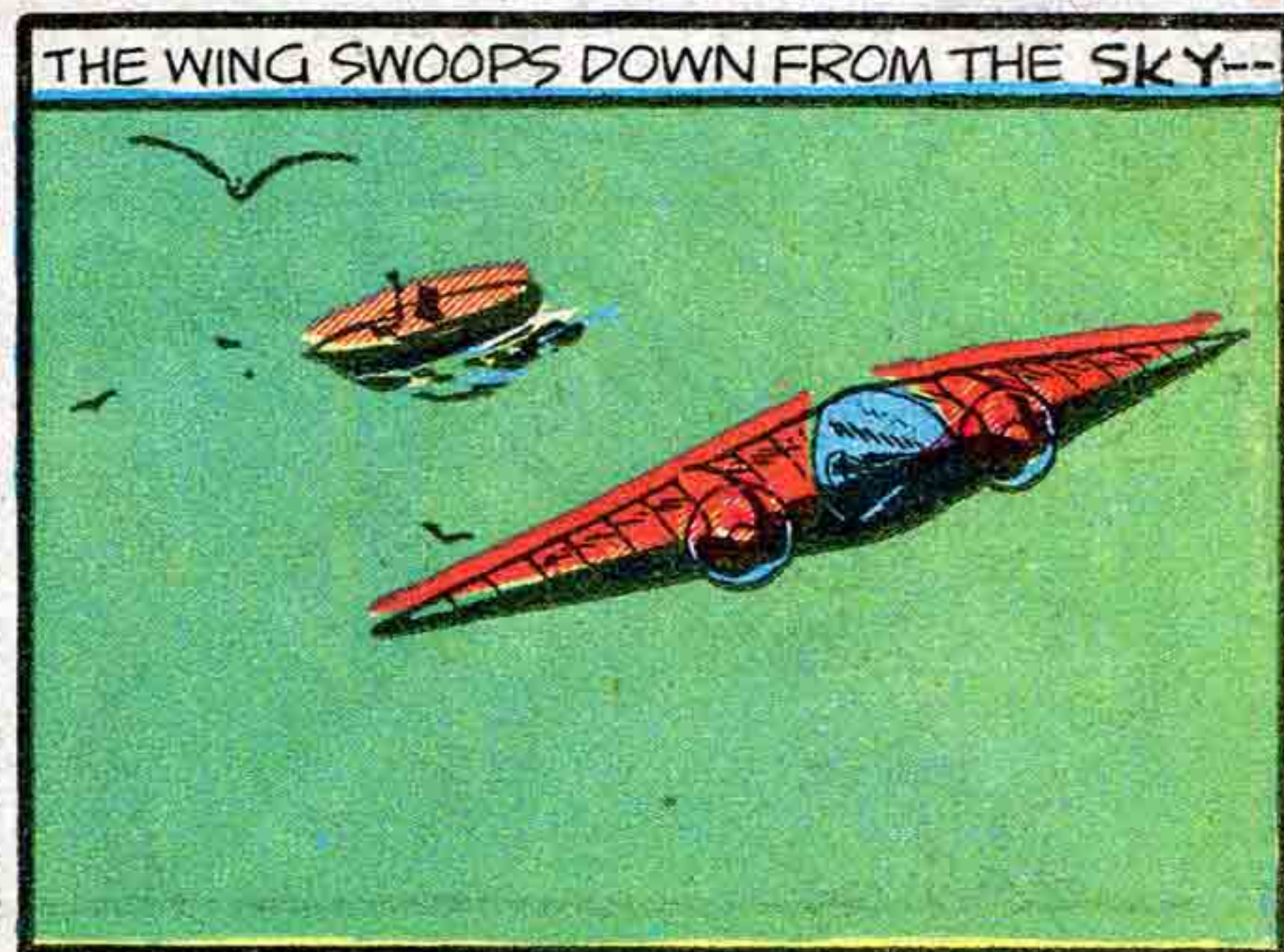
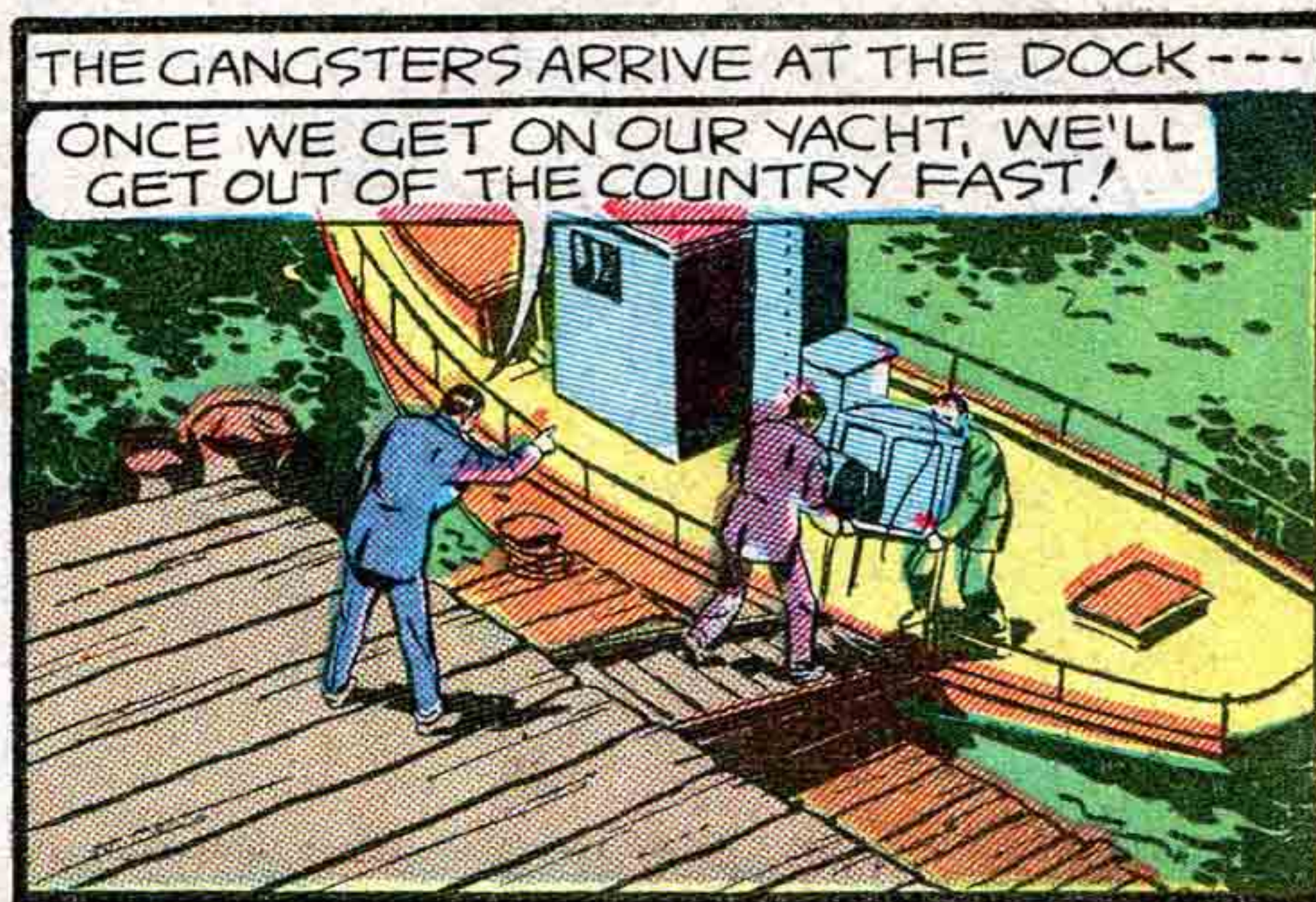
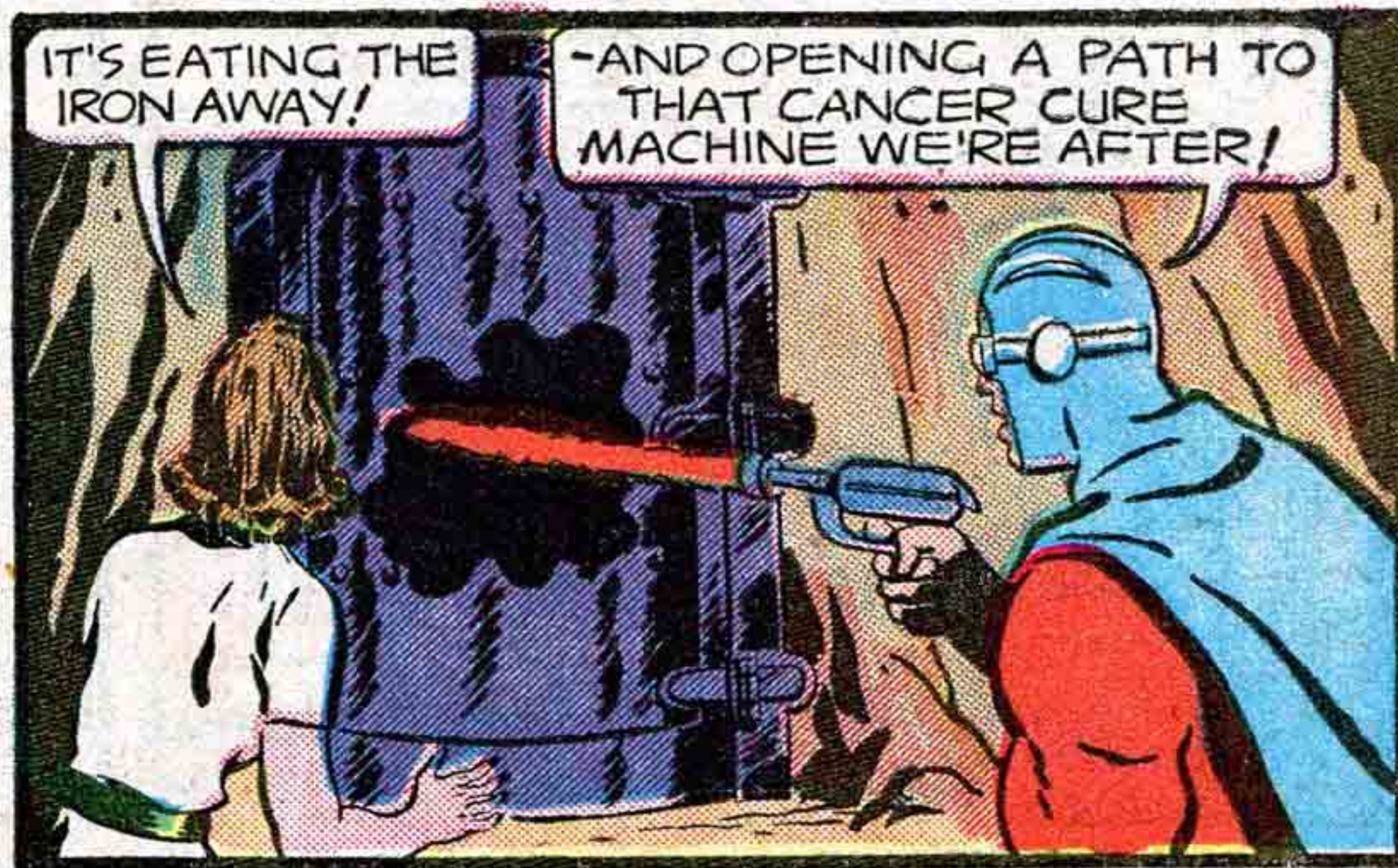
YOU MEAN - WE REALLY ARE LOCKED IN?



LOCKED UNDERGROUND - BURIED ALIVE - WELL - I'LL SHOW YOU I CAN DIE WITH A SMILE ON MY LIPS!

GOOD GIRL! YOU'LL NEED IT WHEN THE AIR STOPS!







NOW FOR THE FINAL SHOWDOWN!

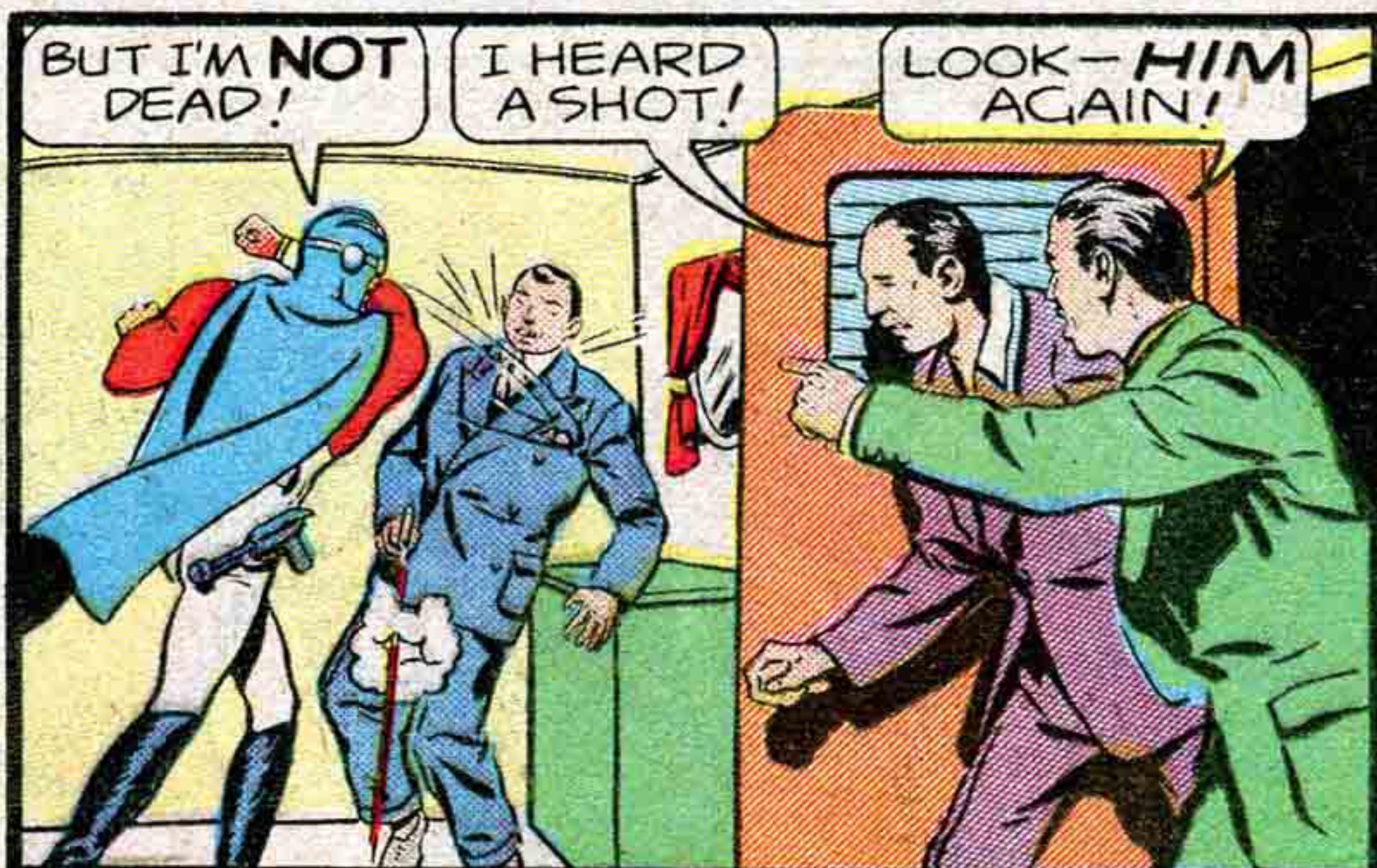


THIS'LL SELL FOR A COOL MILLION - I'LL TAKE IT TO THE CONTINENT - SELL IT TO A SYNDICATE OF BANKERS!



YOU THINK YOU WILL!

YOU! I LEFT YOU FOR DEAD!



BUT I'M NOT DEAD!

I HEARD A SHOT!

LOOK - HIM AGAIN!



I'LL FINISH YOU - !



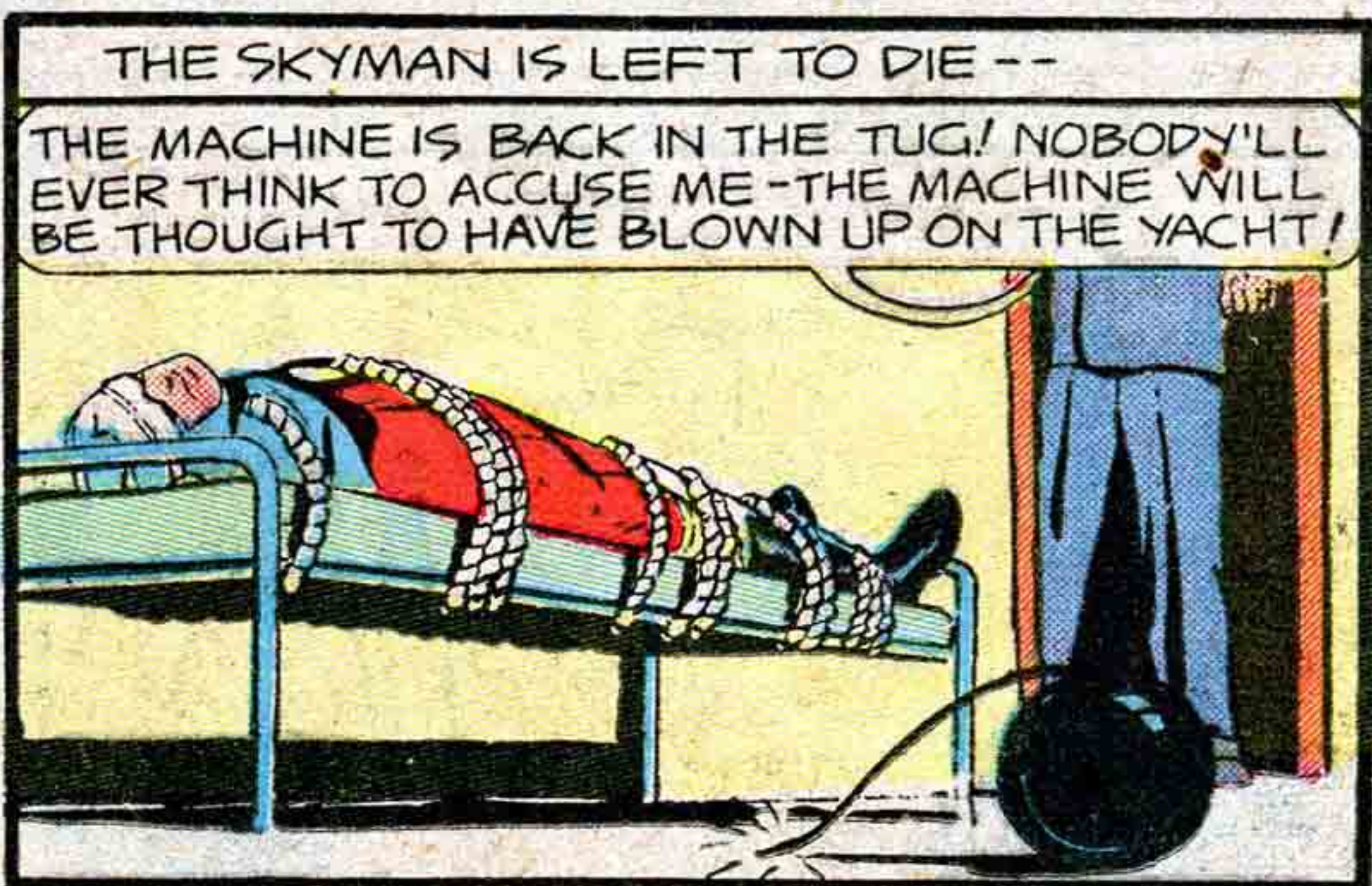
I'LL FILL HIM SO FULL OF LEAD -

NO! BETTER WAIT UNTIL THE BOSS COMES TO! SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!



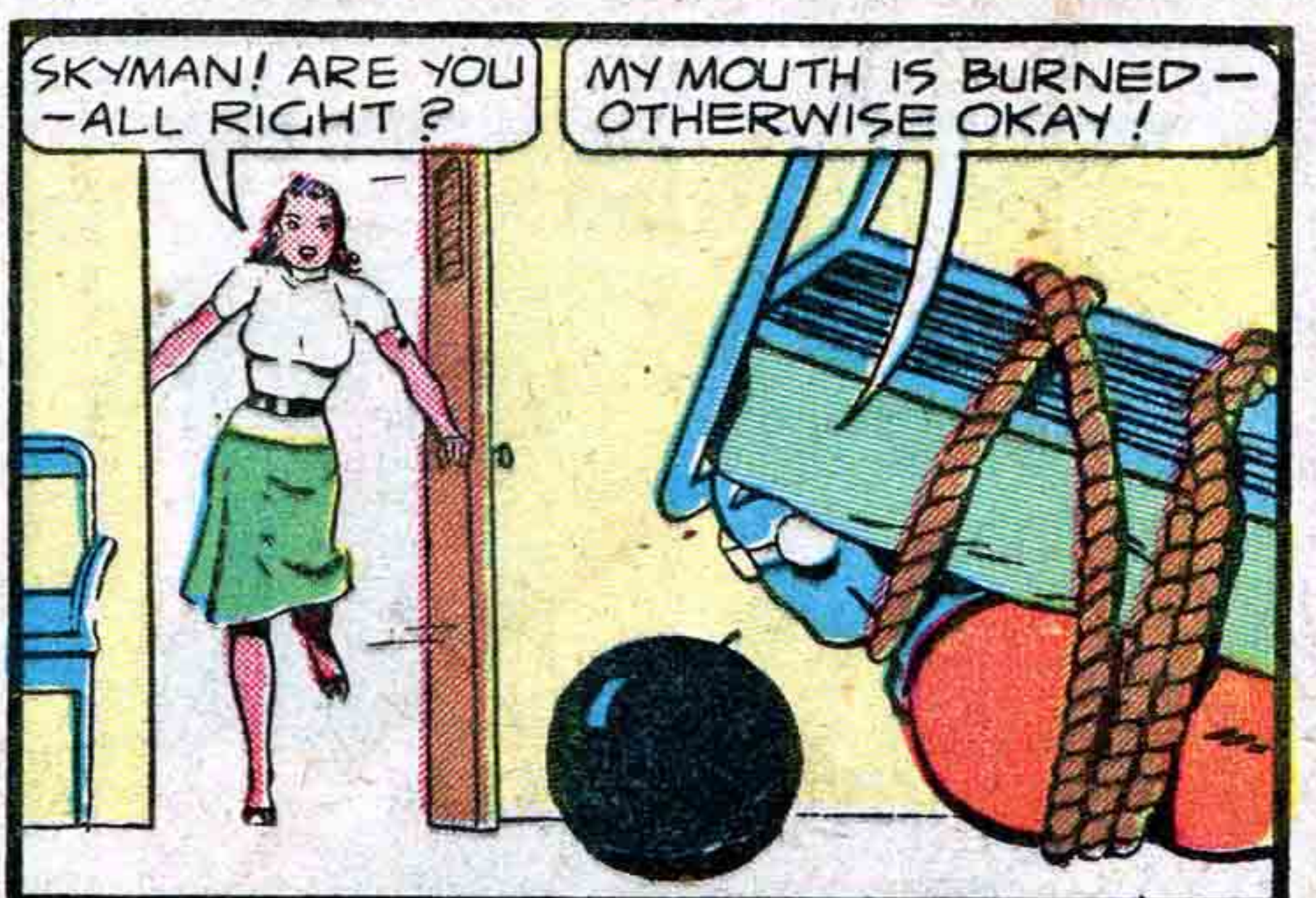
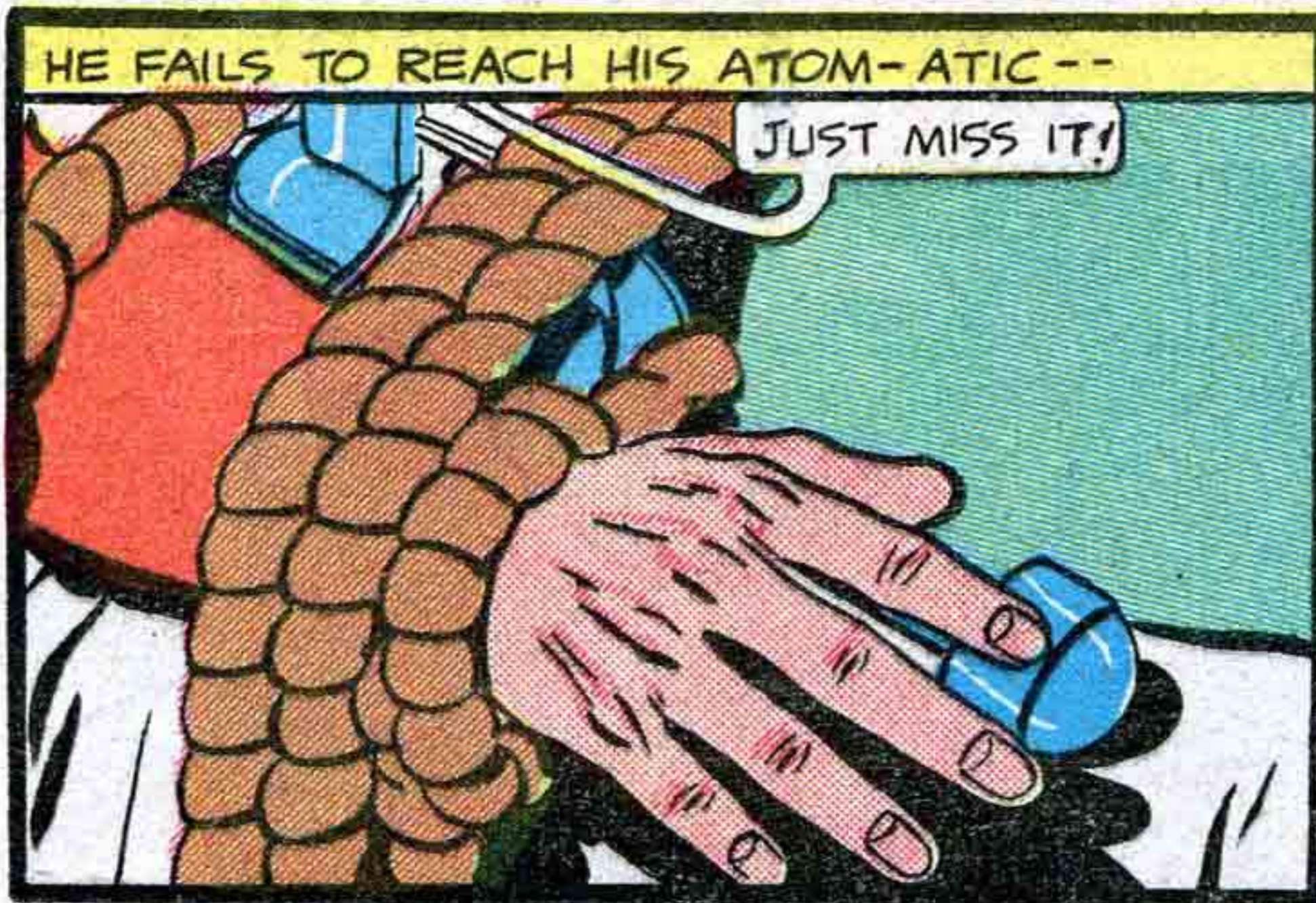
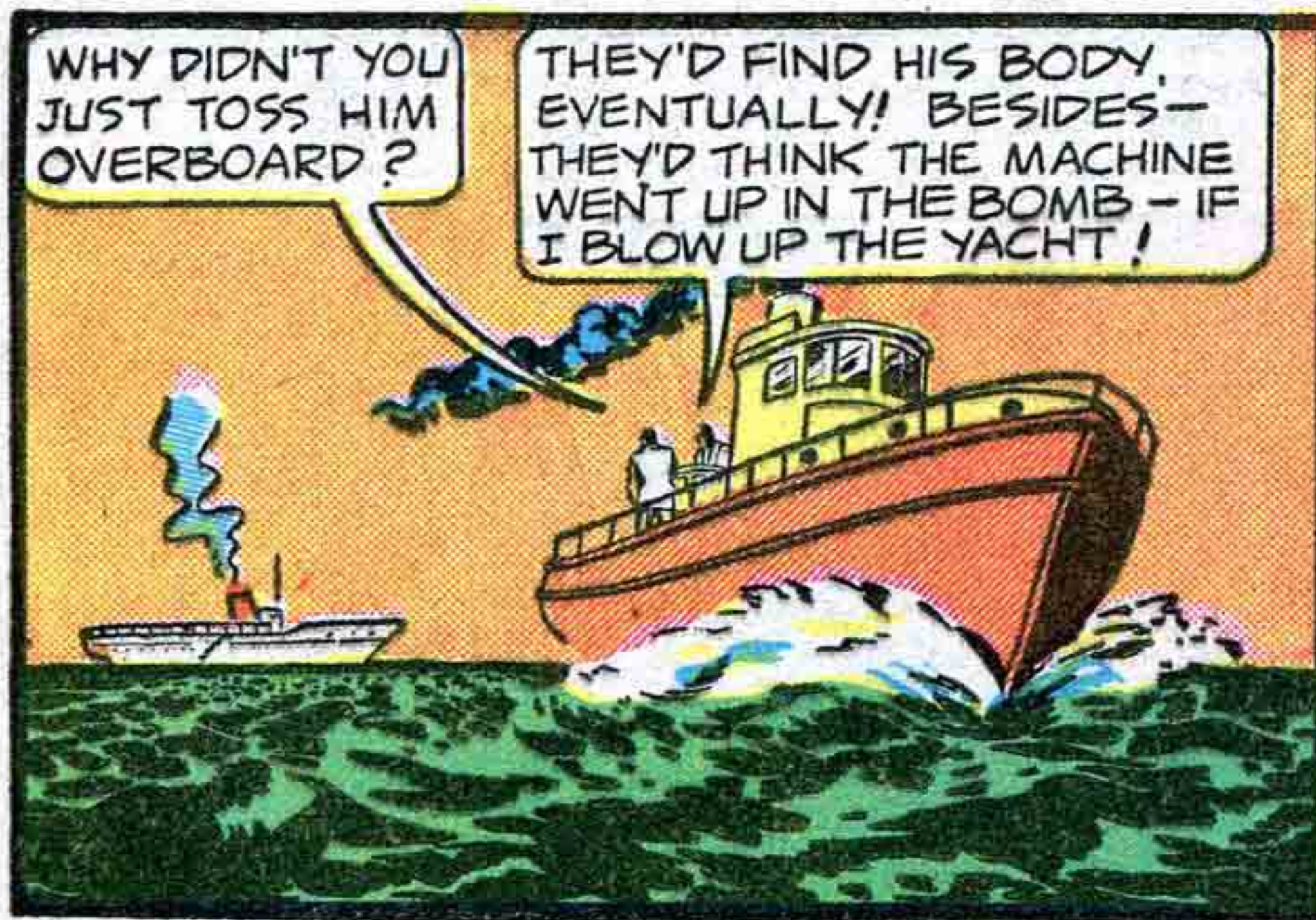
SO I CLOUTED HIM ONE!

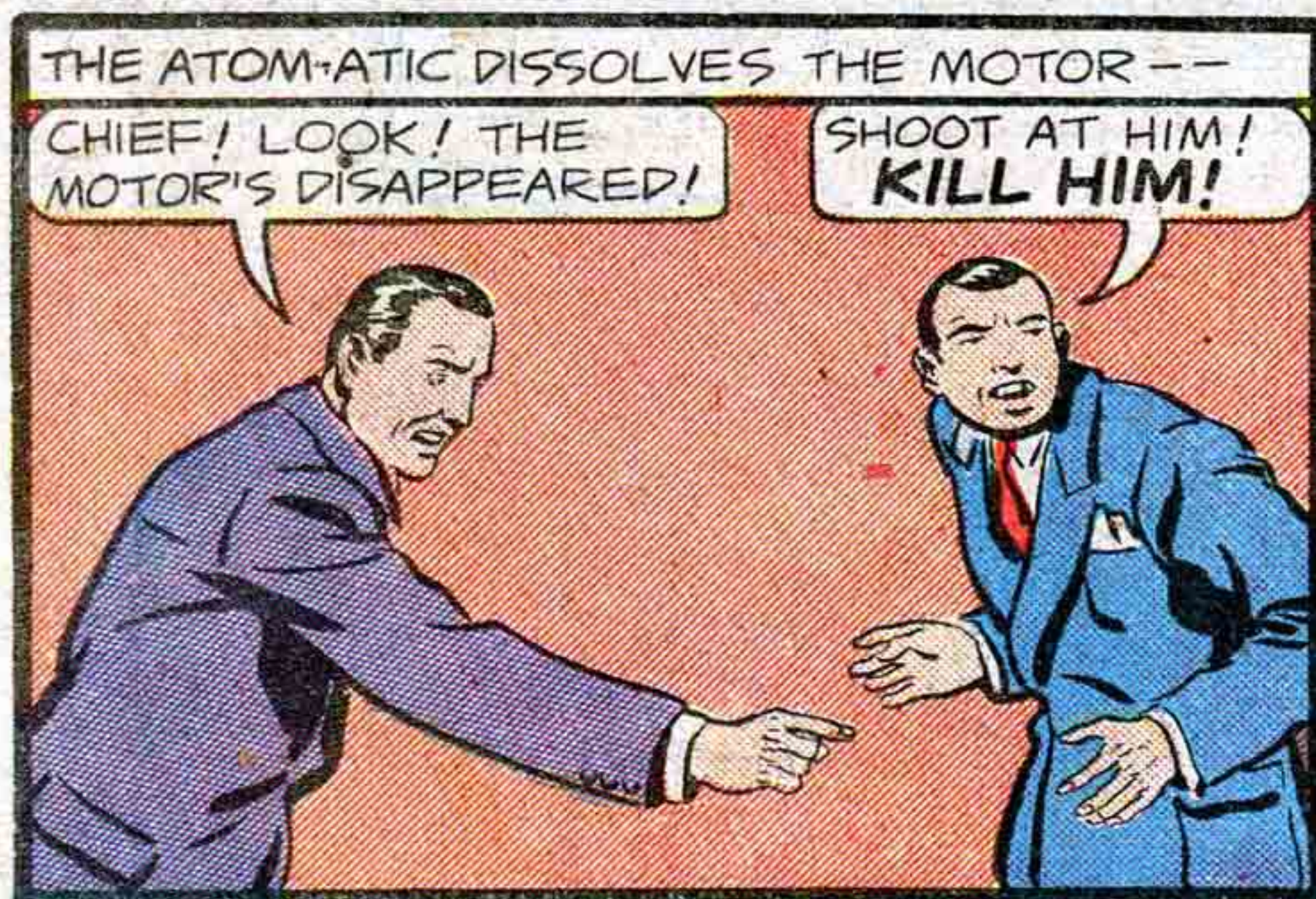
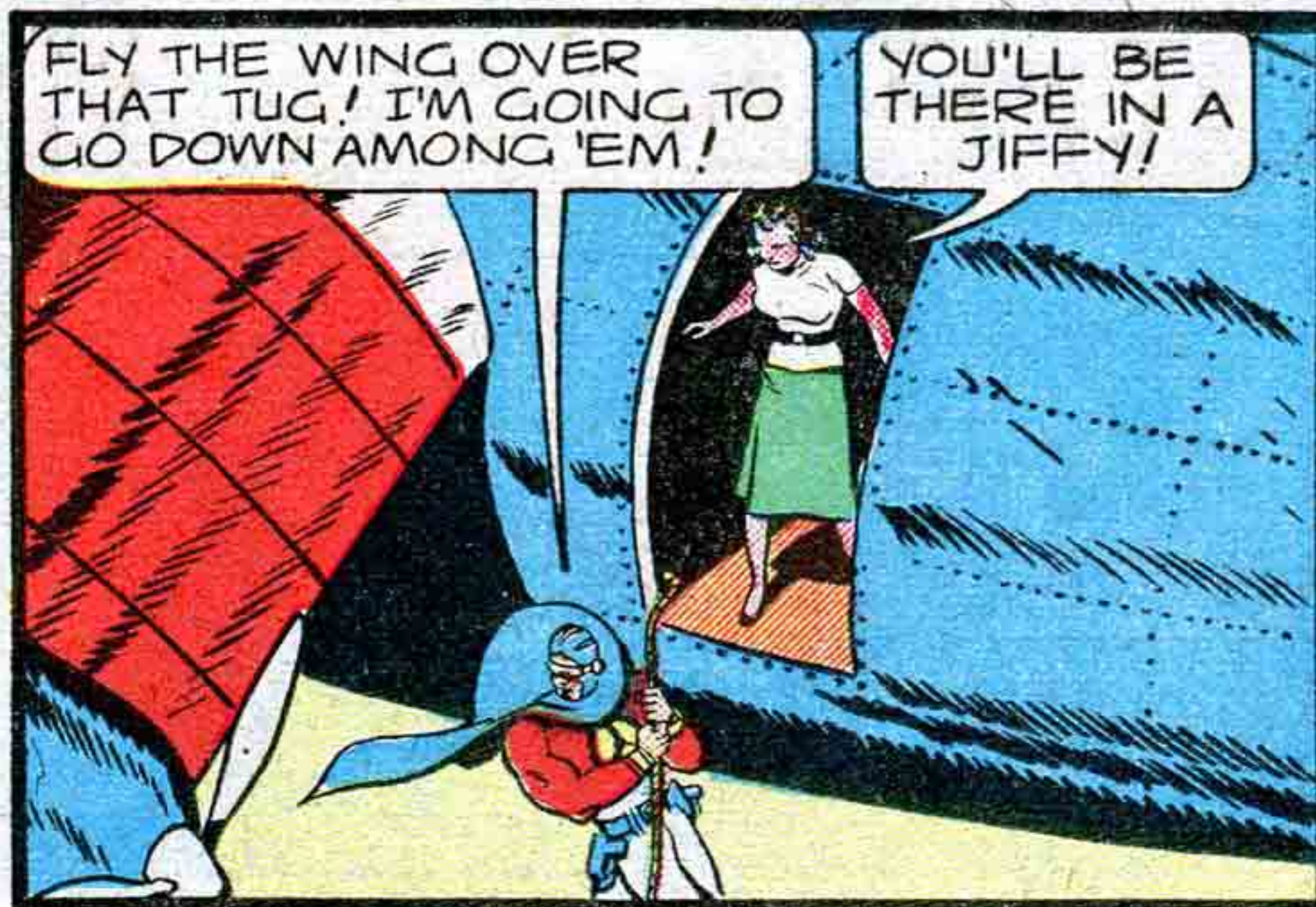
GOOD! WE'LL BLOW HIM AND THE YACHT UP - THEN LET IT OUT THAT HE STOLE THE CANCER MACHINE!



THE SKYMAN IS LEFT TO DIE --

THE MACHINE IS BACK IN THE TUG! NOBODY'LL EVER THINK TO ACCUSE ME - THE MACHINE WILL BE THOUGHT TO HAVE BLOWN UP ON THE YACHT!



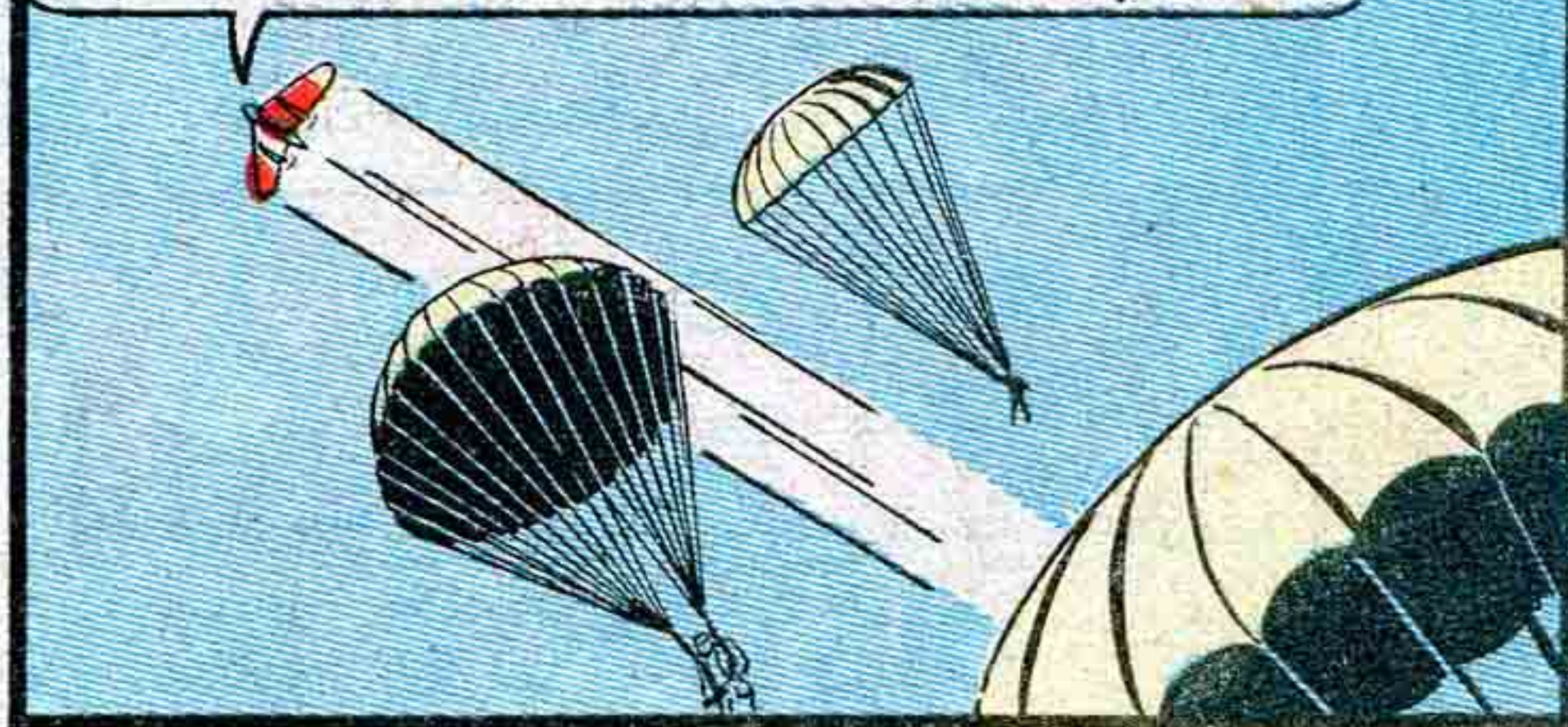


THE SKYMAN - FIGHTING LIKE A FERRET IN THE TINY SPACE - PROVES VICTORIOUS - -

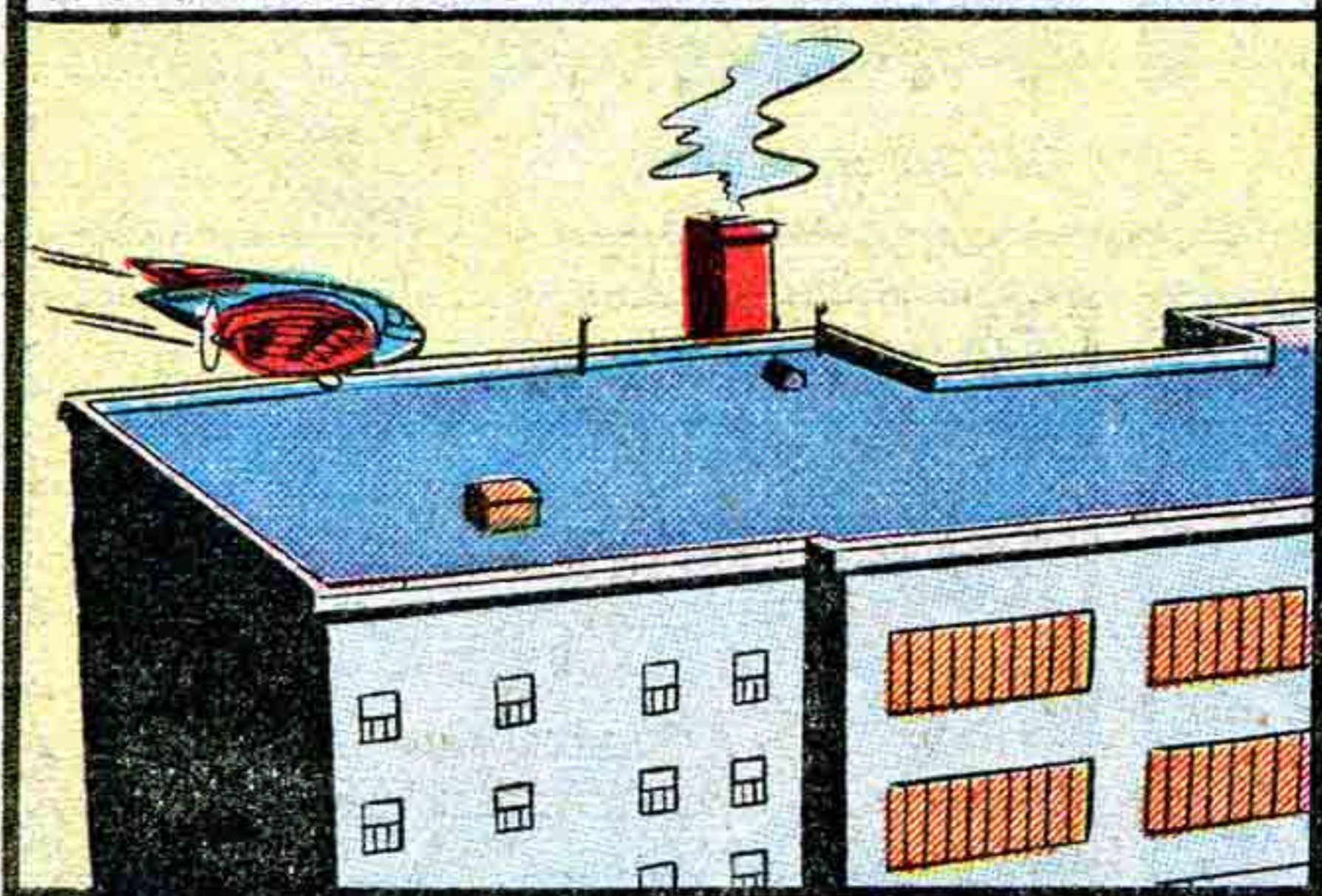


AN HOUR LATER, OVER THE FEDERAL BUILDING - -

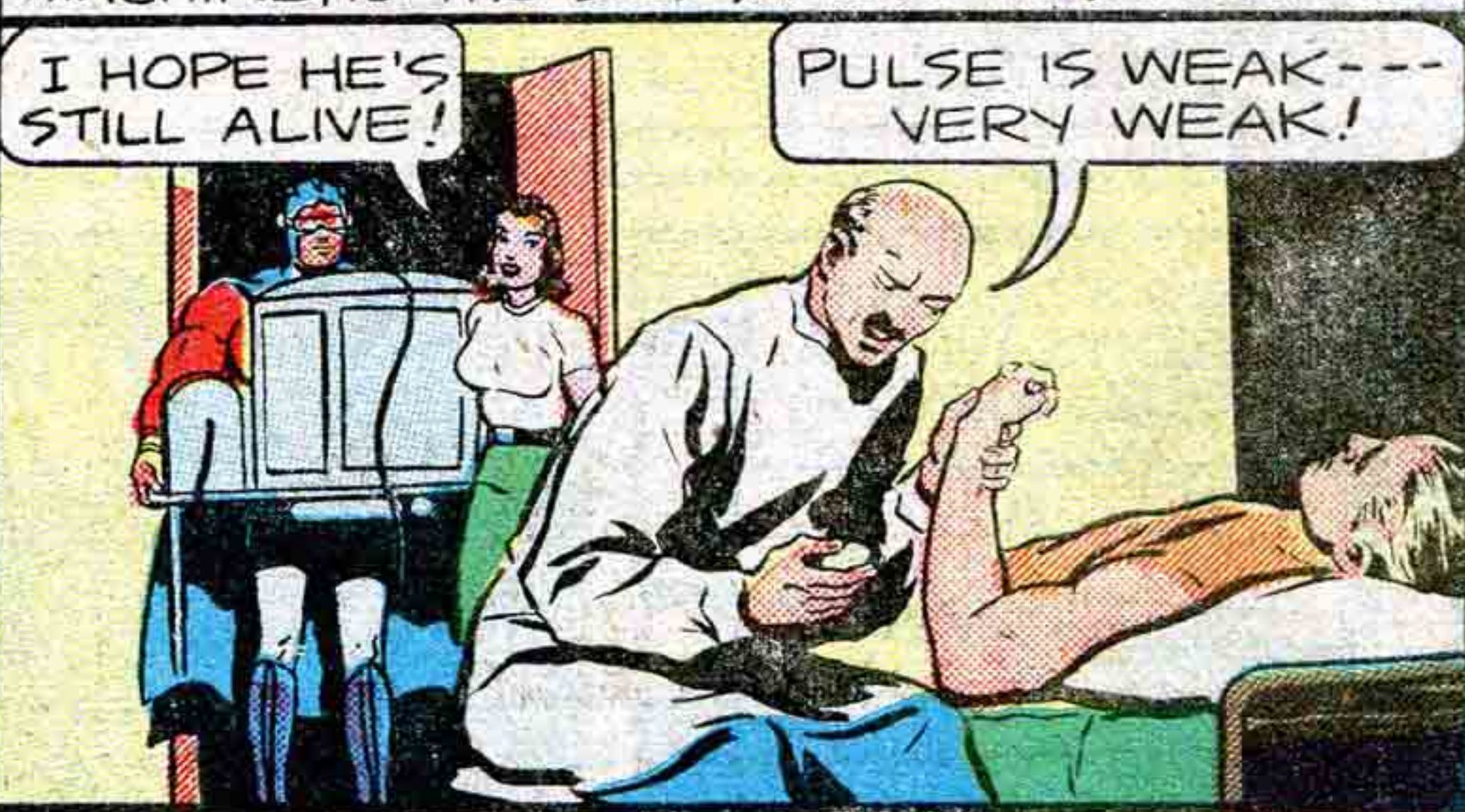
THOSE PARACHUTES'LL KEEP 'EM SAFE - THEN I'LL RADIO THE F.B.I. THAT THEY'RE DOWN THERE!



THE WING LANDS AT MEDICAL HOSPITAL -



AND THE SKYMAN CARRIES THE CANCER CURE MACHINE, TO THE BEDSIDE OF ITS INVENTOR.



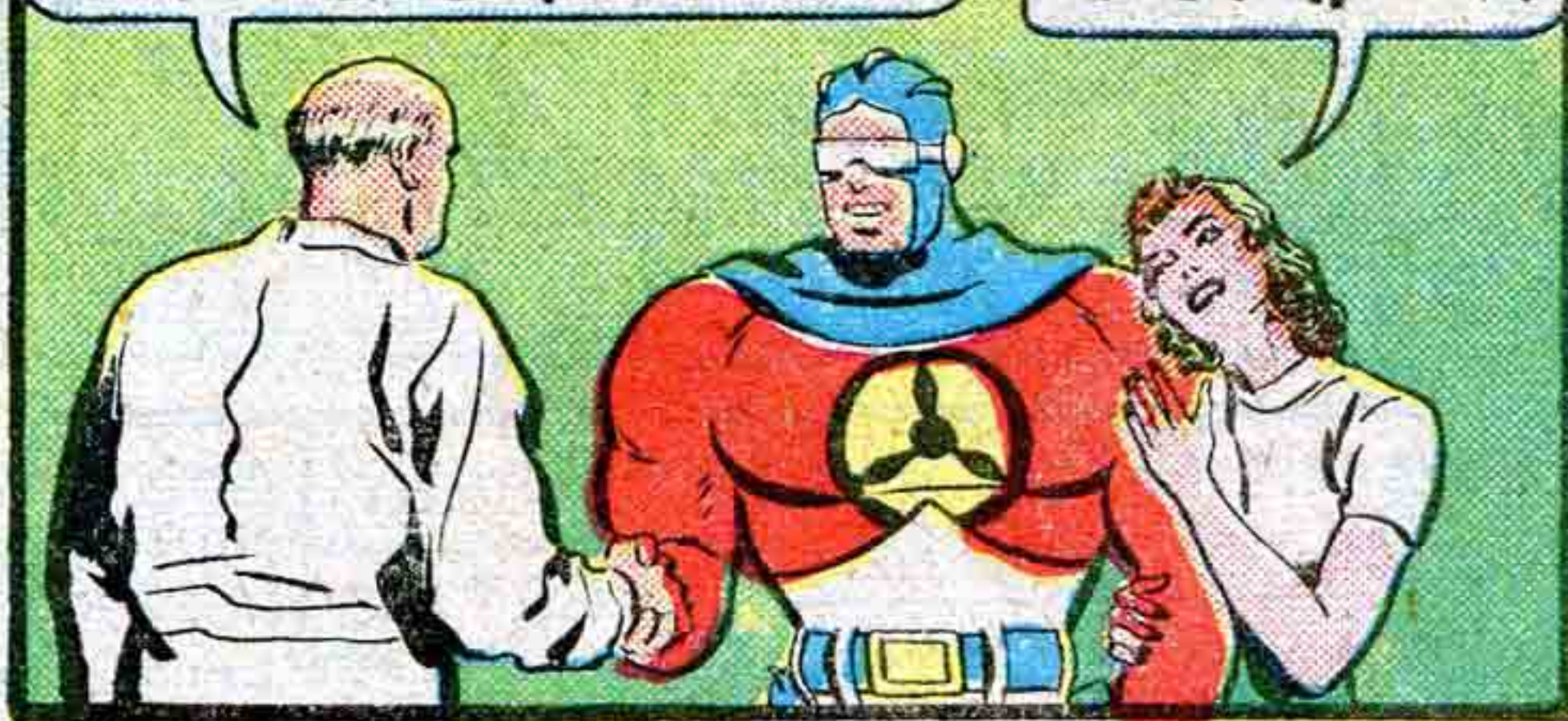
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GIVING HIM AN INJECTION OF EVIPAN - IT'LL REST HIM, THEN THE MACHINE WILL DO THE REST!



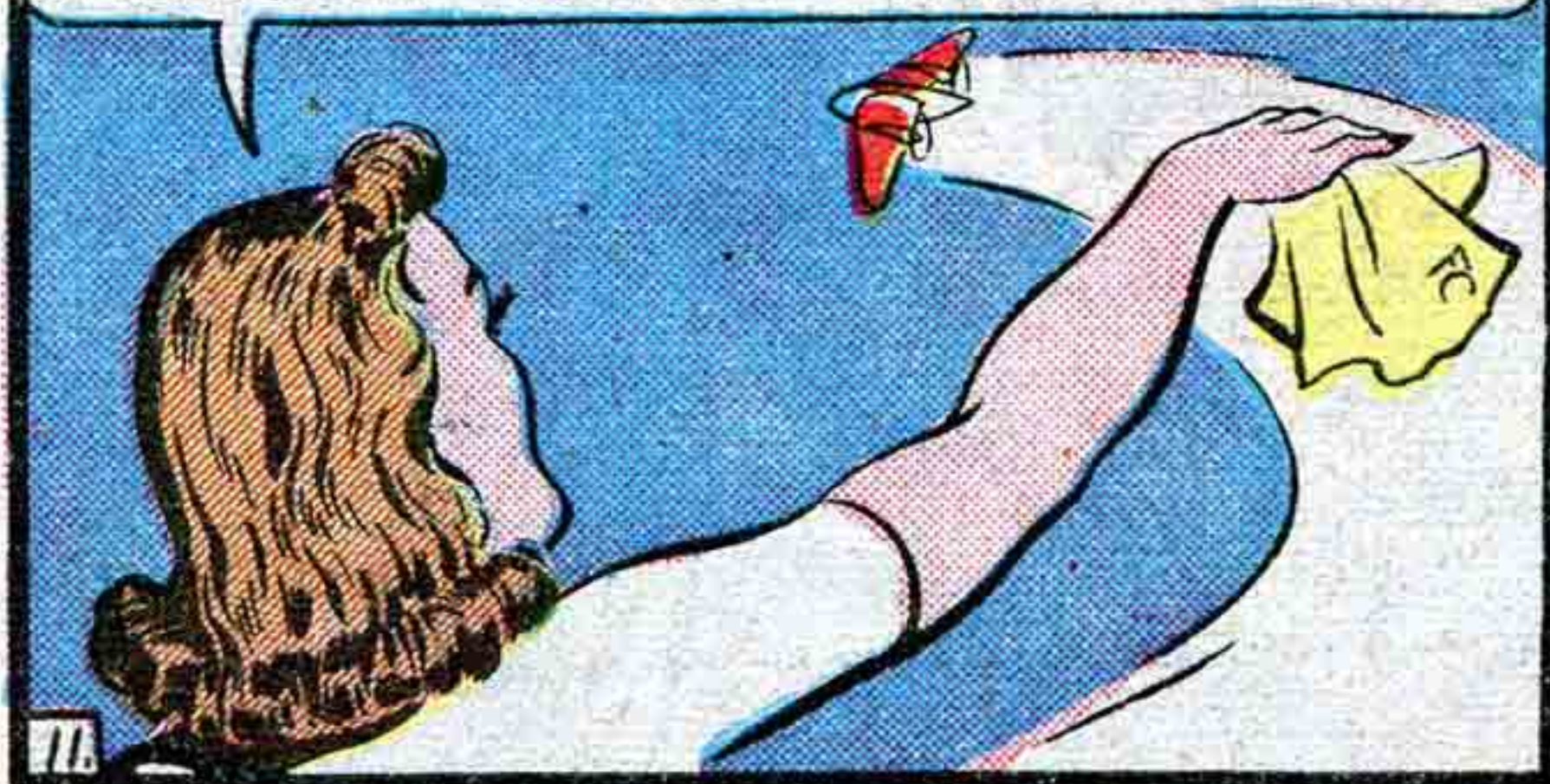
YOU MUST BE A DOCTOR - YOU KNEW JUST WHAT TO DO! HE'S COMFORTABLE NOW - AND WILL SOON BE WELL!

HE'S A GENIUS, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN - AND A MAN, TOO!



MYSTERIOUSLY, THE SKYMAN DEPARTS - LEAVING A WONDERING FAWN - - -

SO WONDERFUL - AND SO ALOOF! HE DID A GREAT THING FOR HUMANITY - YET SNEAKS OFF TO AVOID PRAISE AND GLORY



DON'T MISS A SINGLE EPISODE OF THE SKYMAN'S FIGHT AGAINST EVIL AND OPPRESSION! HE'S AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO!

BOYS! GIRLS! WRITE TO TELL US OF YOUR REACTIONS TO THE SKYMAN! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HIM DO?

ADDRESS -> SKYMAN - c/o COLUMBIA COMIC CORP, 369 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Follow the sensational exploits of **THE SKYMAN** each and every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

TOM KERRY

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

AS AN ELDERLY PATROLMAN IS WALKING HIS BEAT ONE EVENING HE COMES TO A SUD- DEN HALT AND DOUBLES OVER...

BY GENE BAXTER

MY STOMACH!
OW!

HE LIES STILL...HIS FACE GLOWS WITH A BLUE, EERIE LIGHT -

MIKE KEEKIN!
KILLED!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WELL, DOCTOR, WHAT'S YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

PHOSPHORUS POIS- ONING - WITH A RADIUM MIXTURE IN IT TO TINT THE SKIN!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOM KERRY PROMISES JUSTICE!

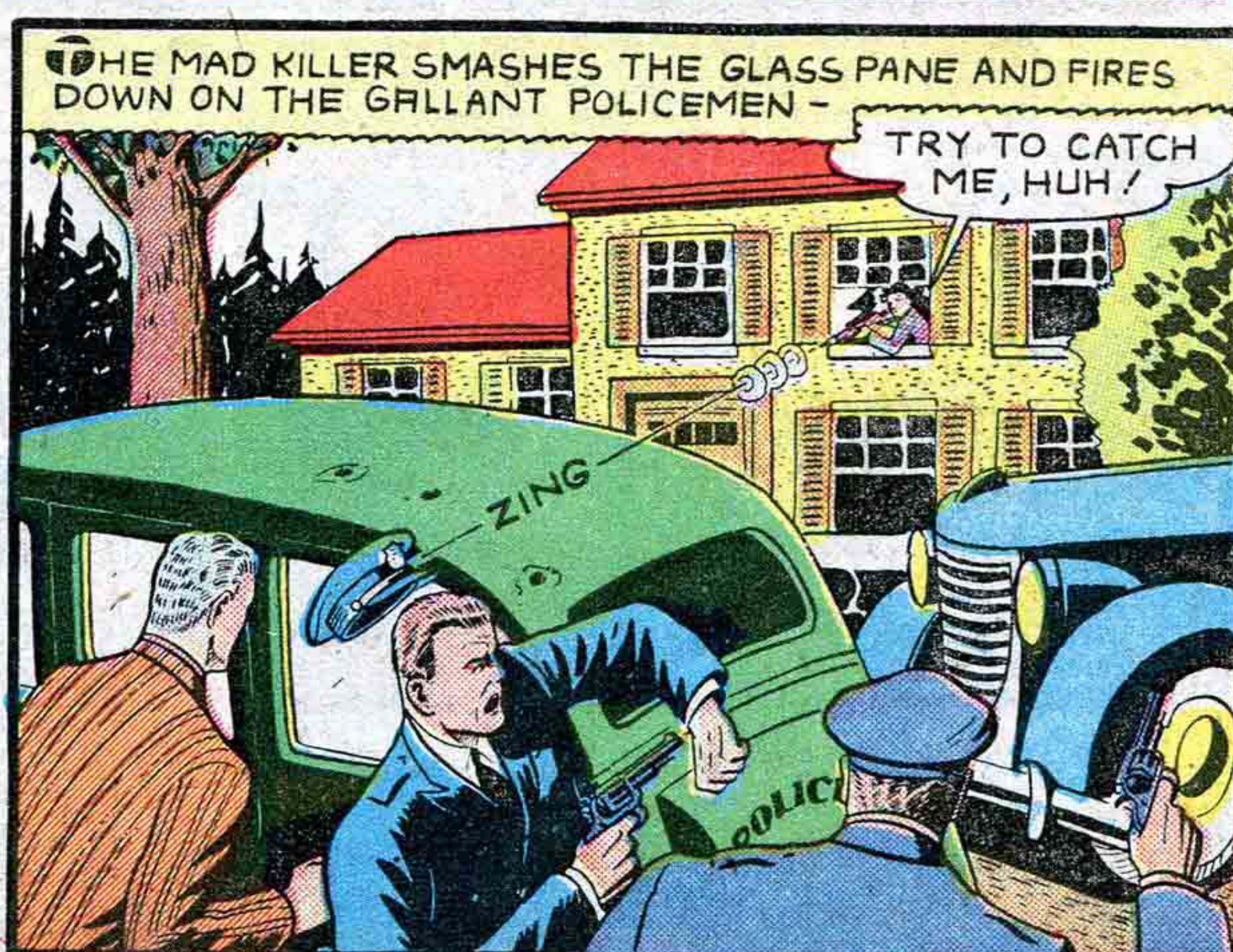
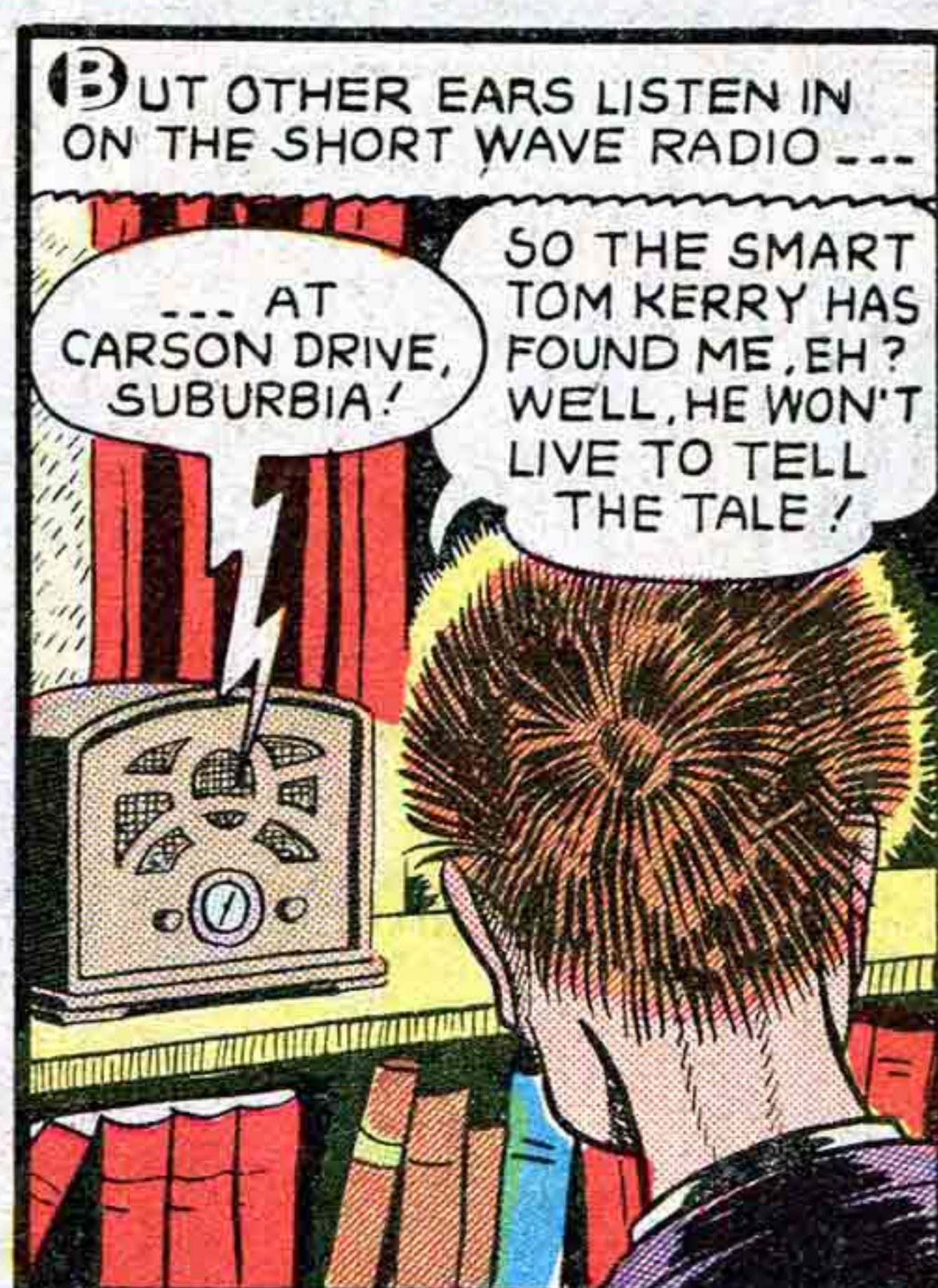
POOR MIKE!
I'LL GET HIS KILLER IF IT'S MY LAST ACT!

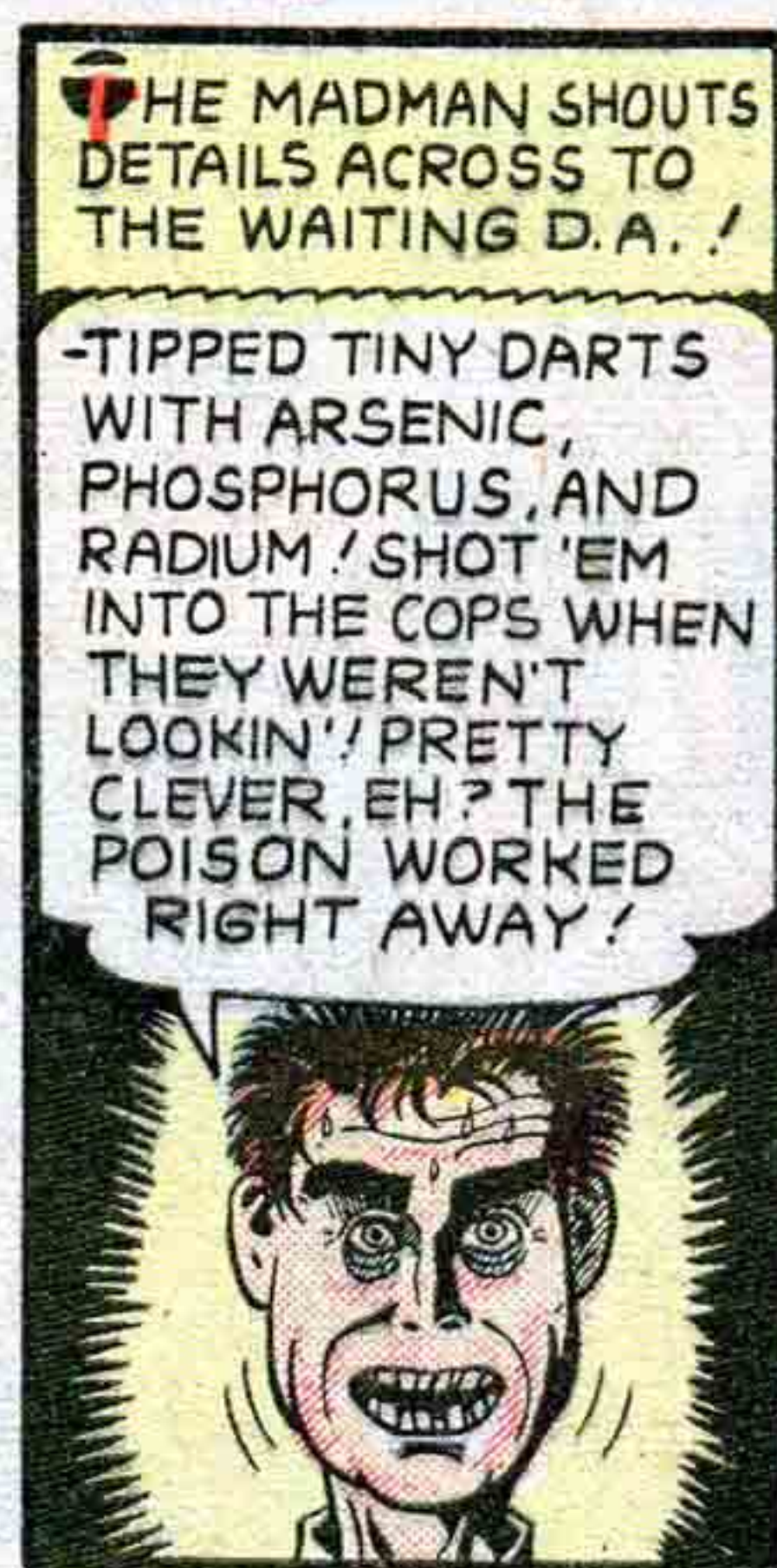
NO CLUES, EH?

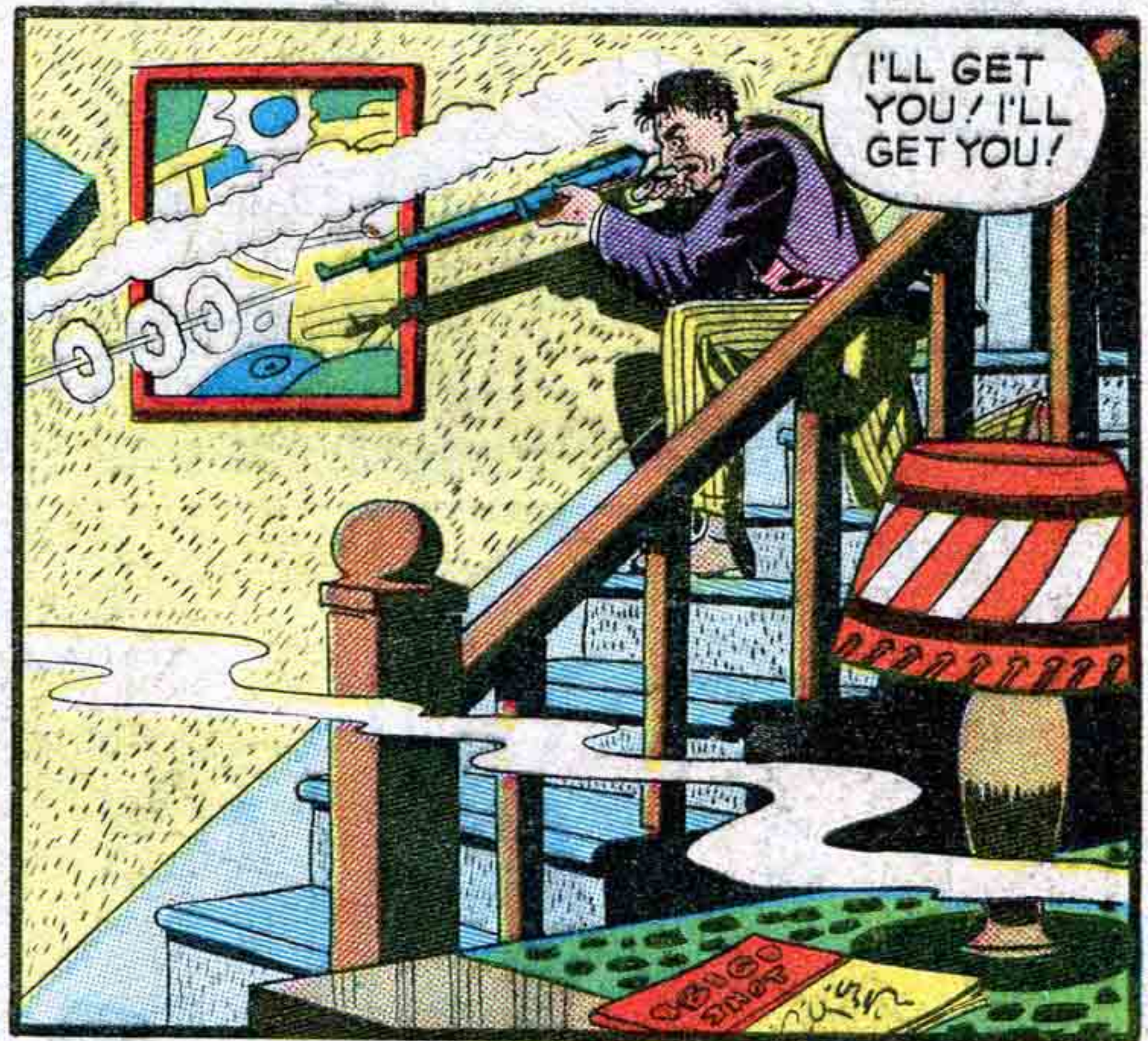
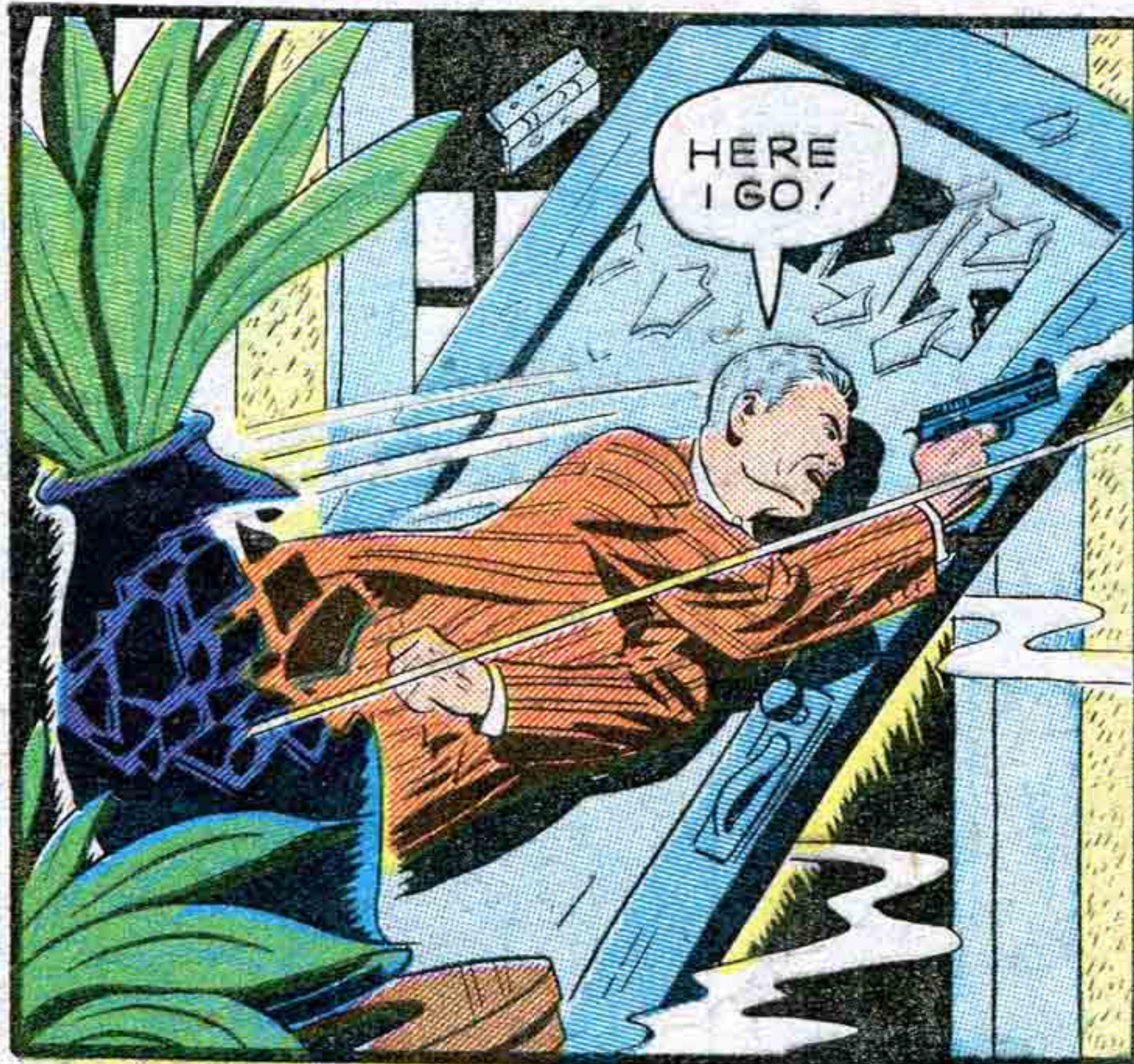
NONE AT ALL, SIR! MIKE WAS REGULAR IN HABITS, CLEAN-LIVING AND - A SOBER MAN!





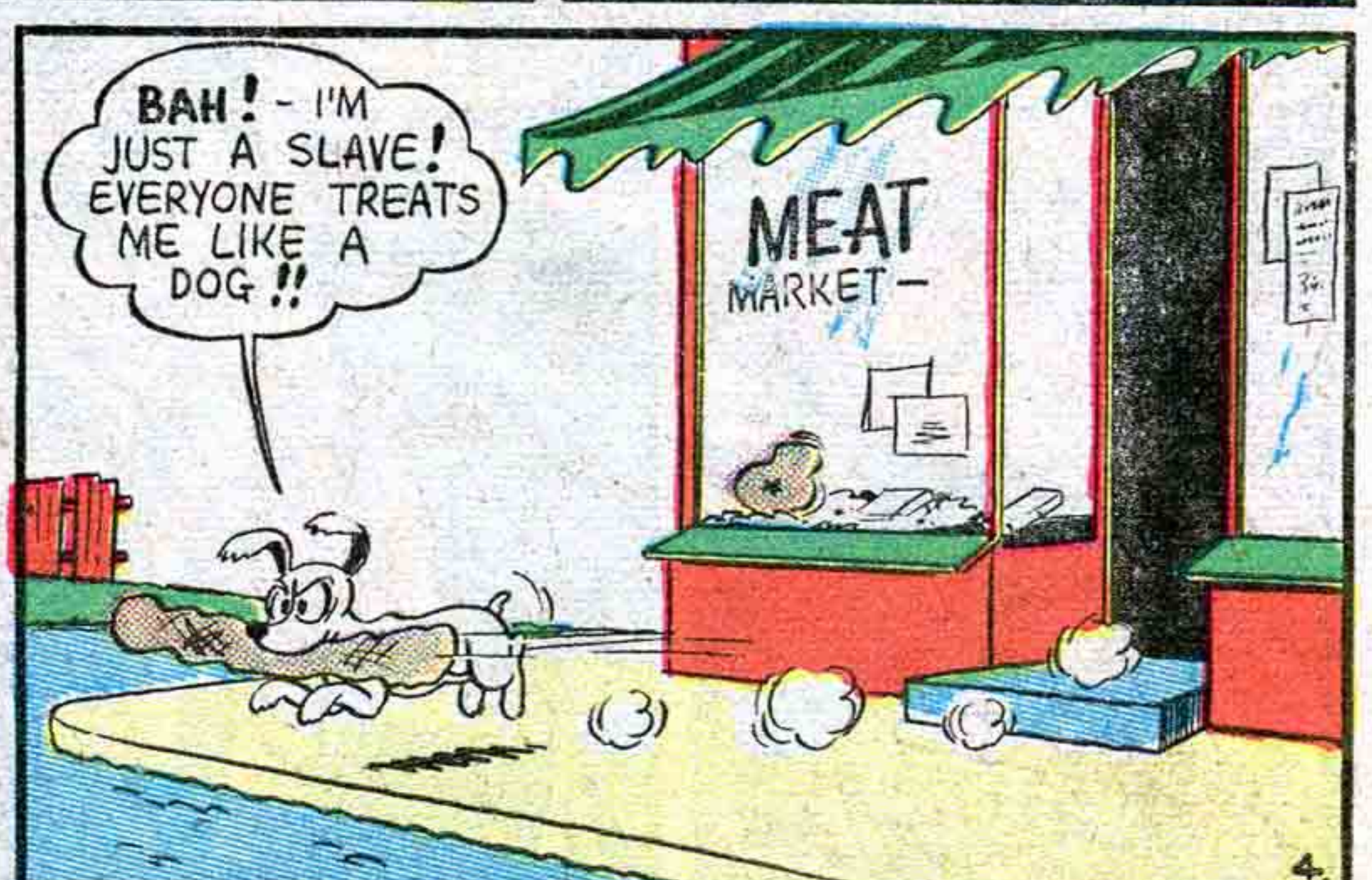
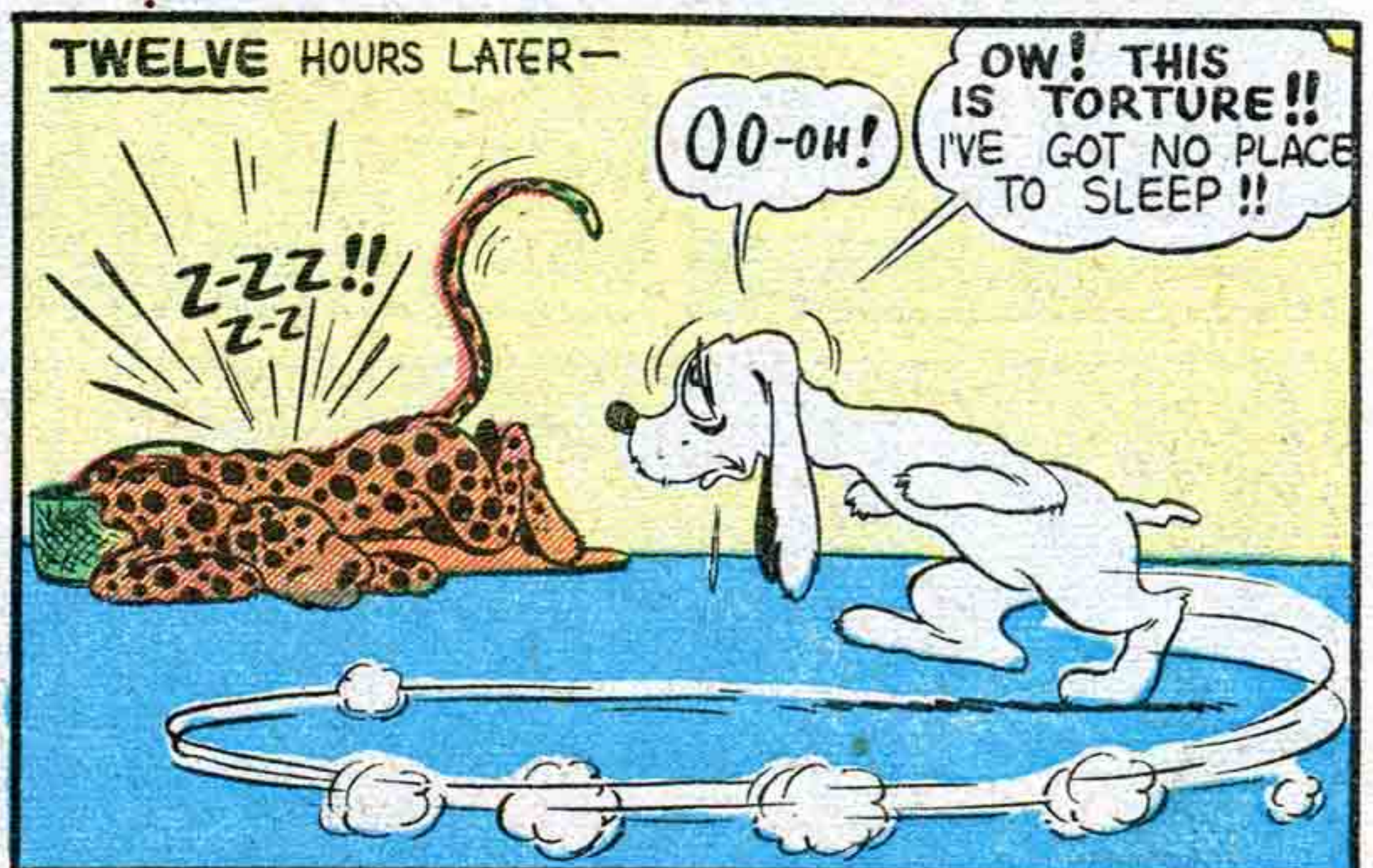
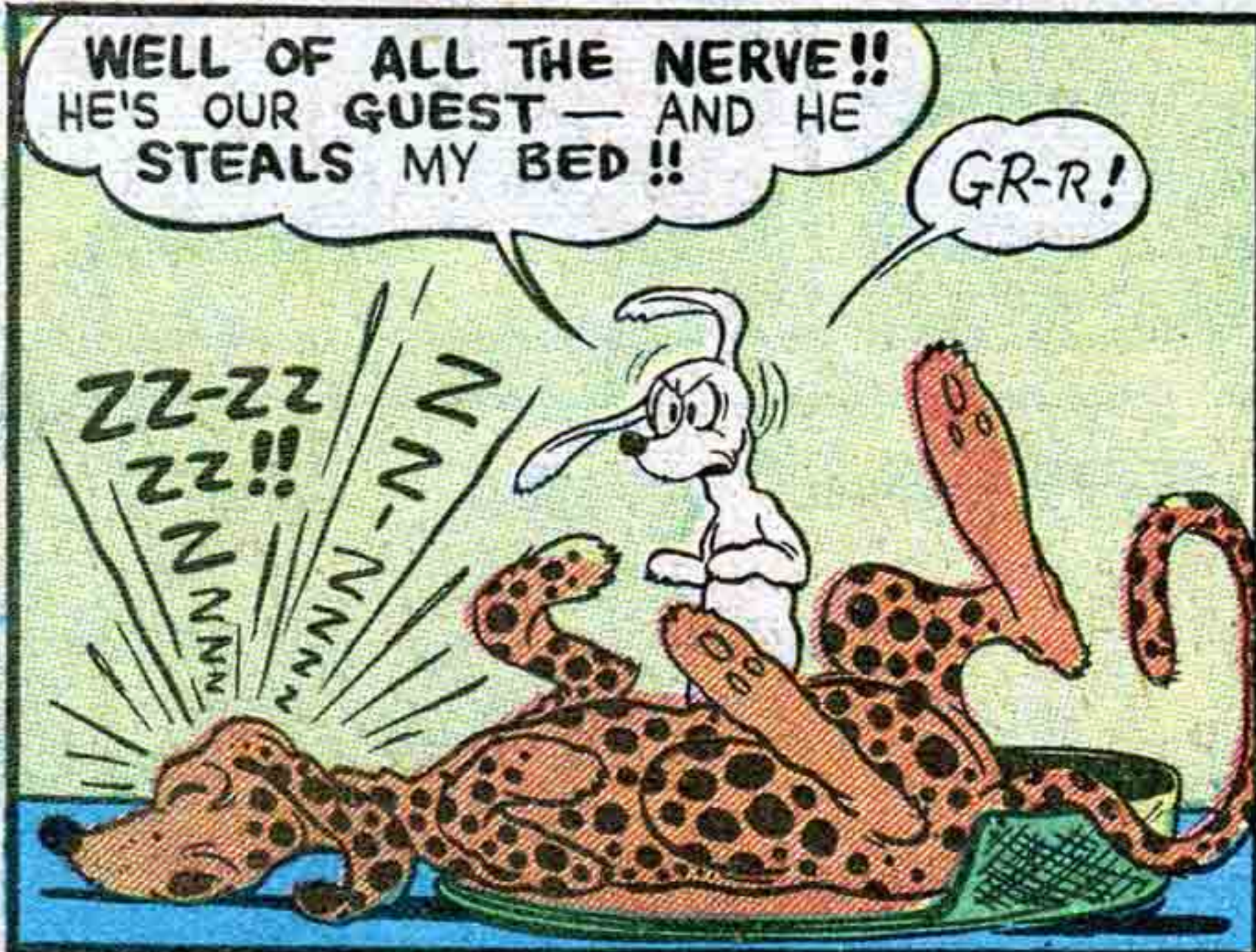


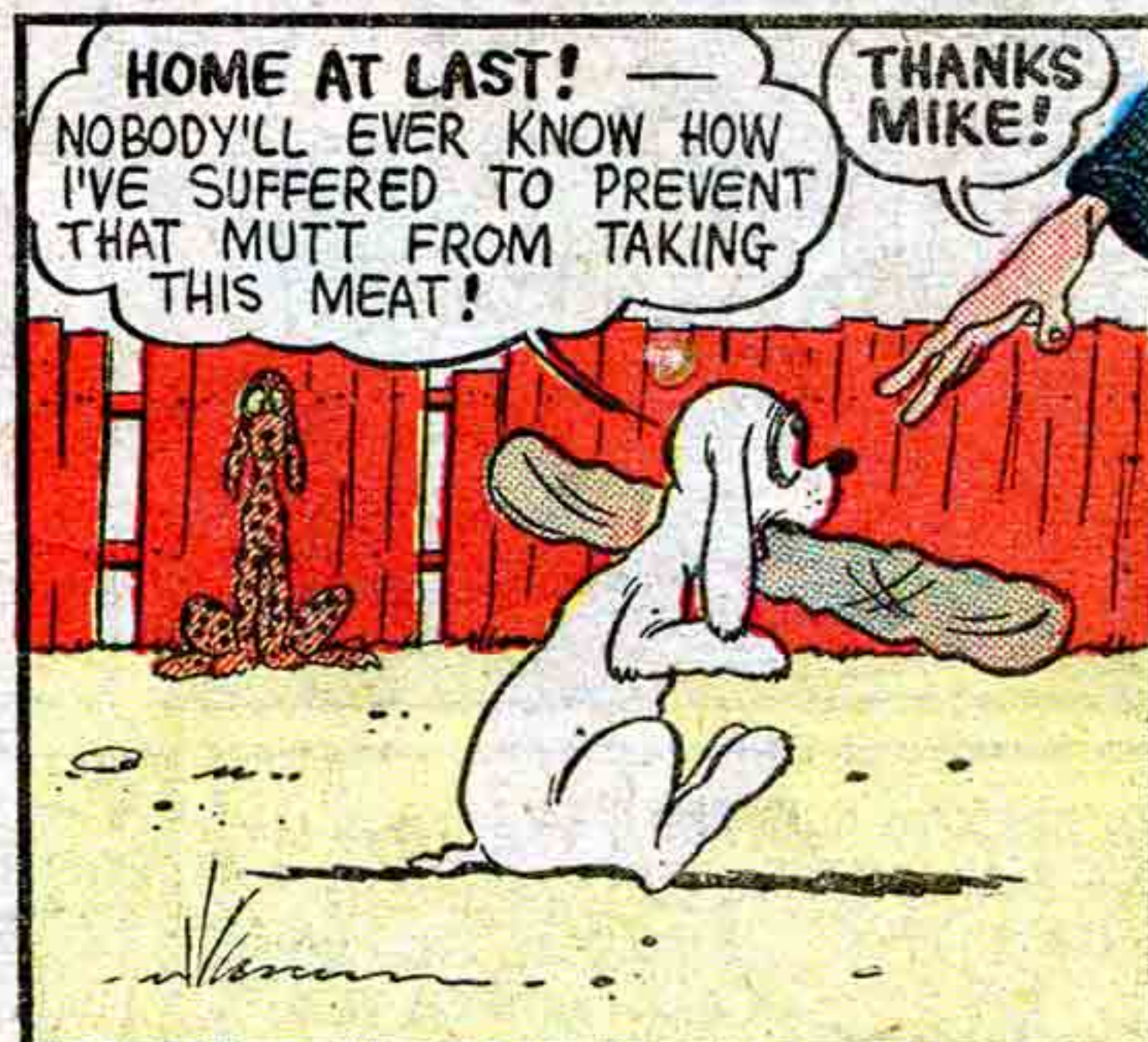
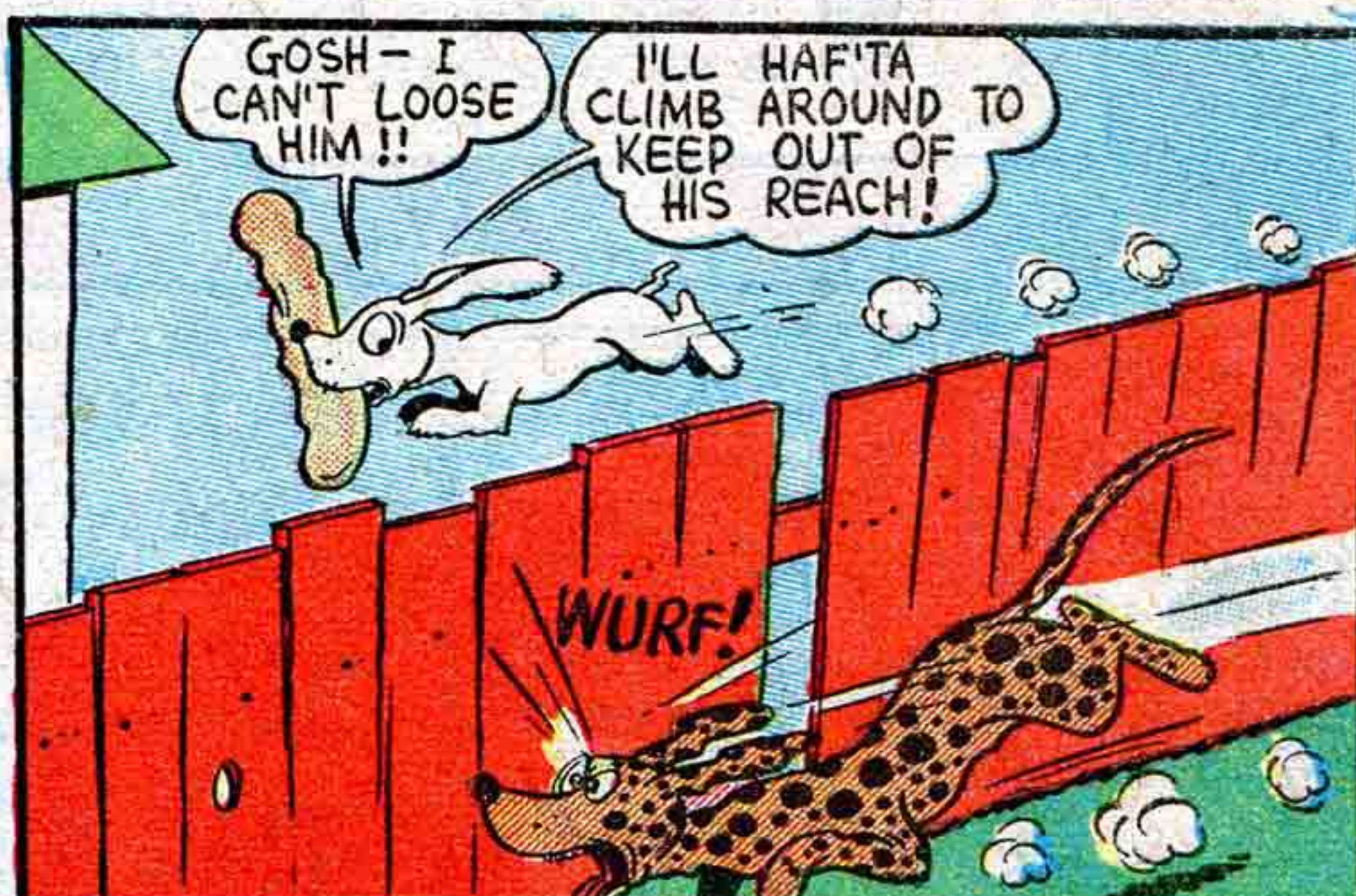
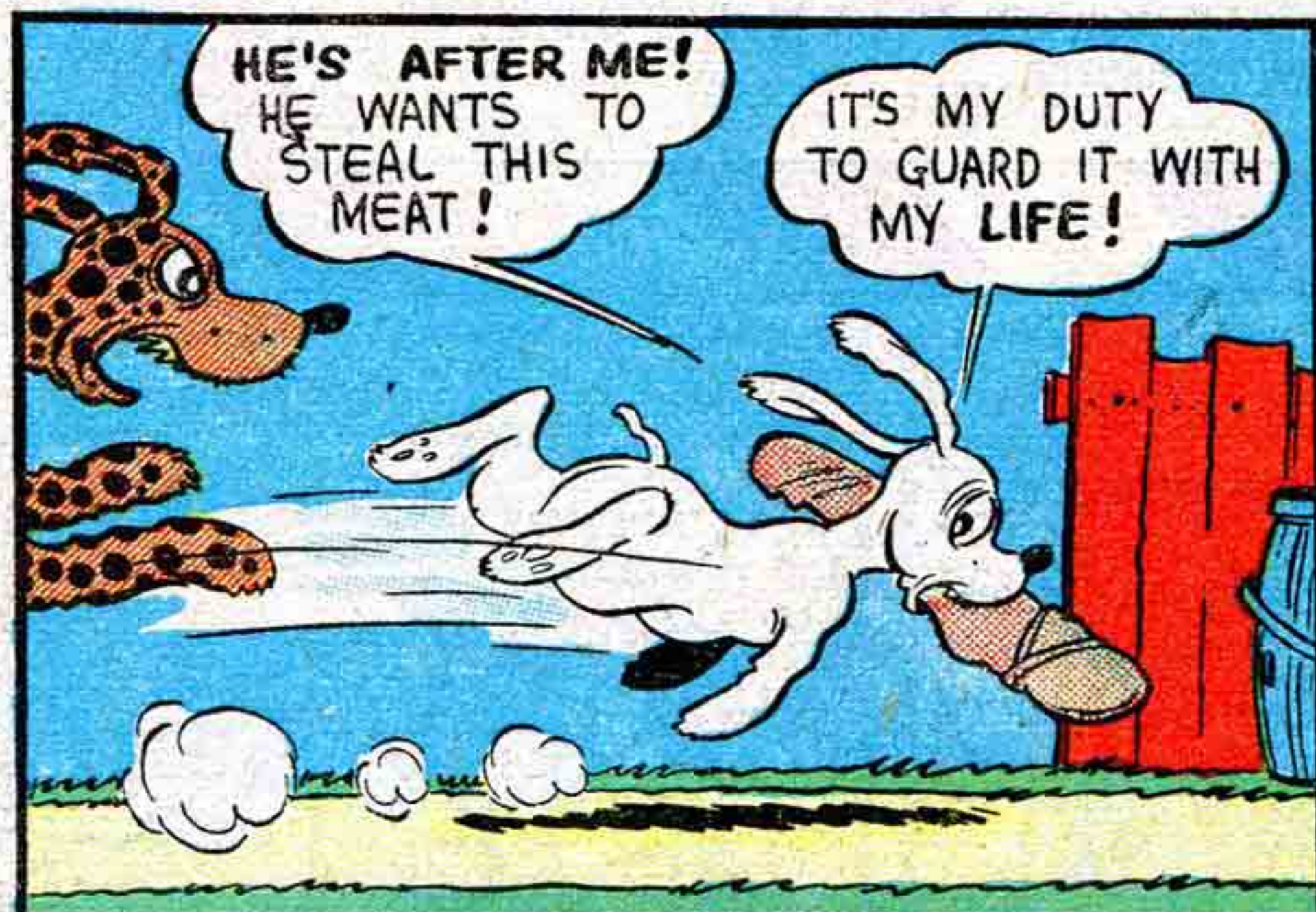
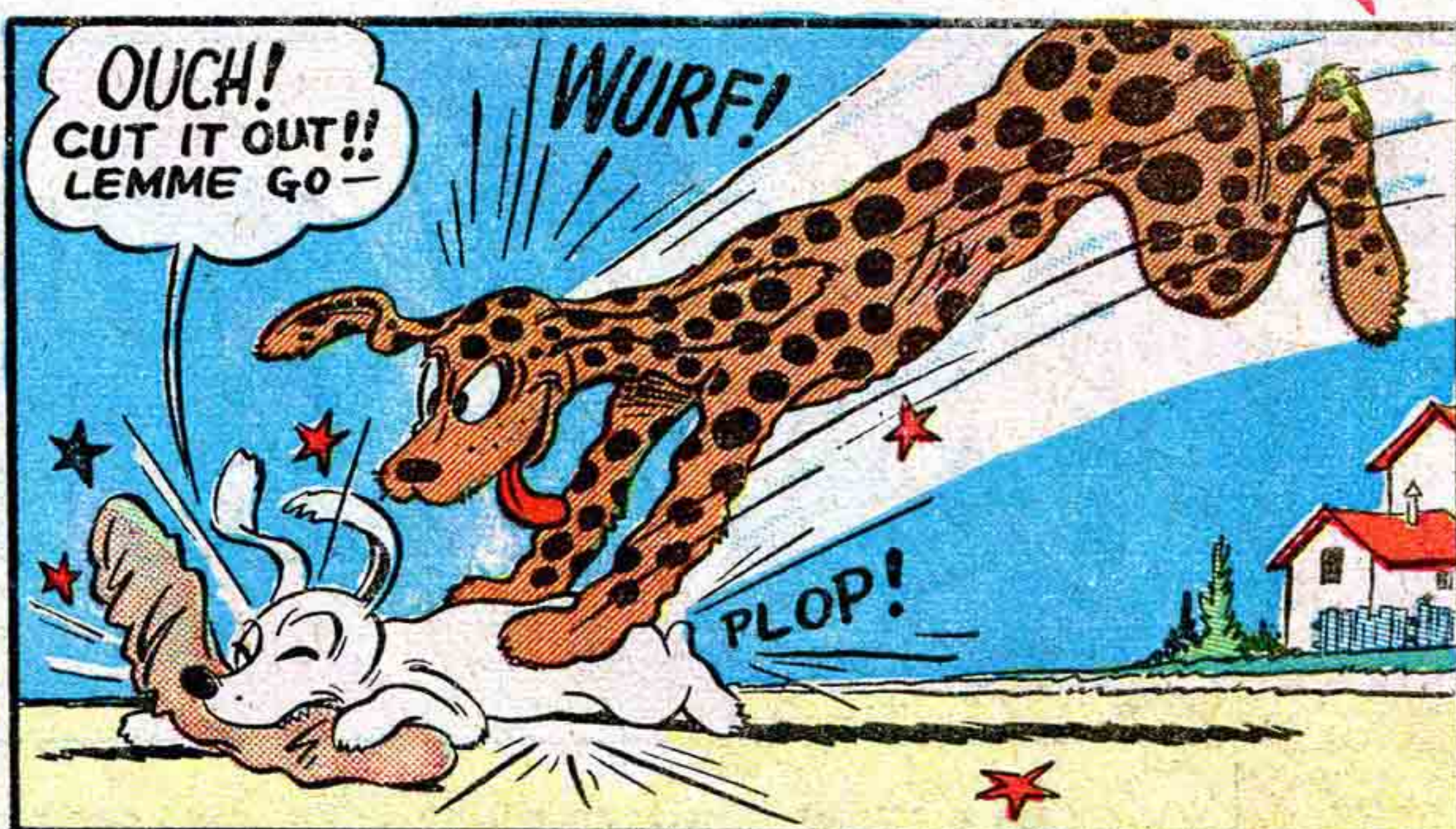
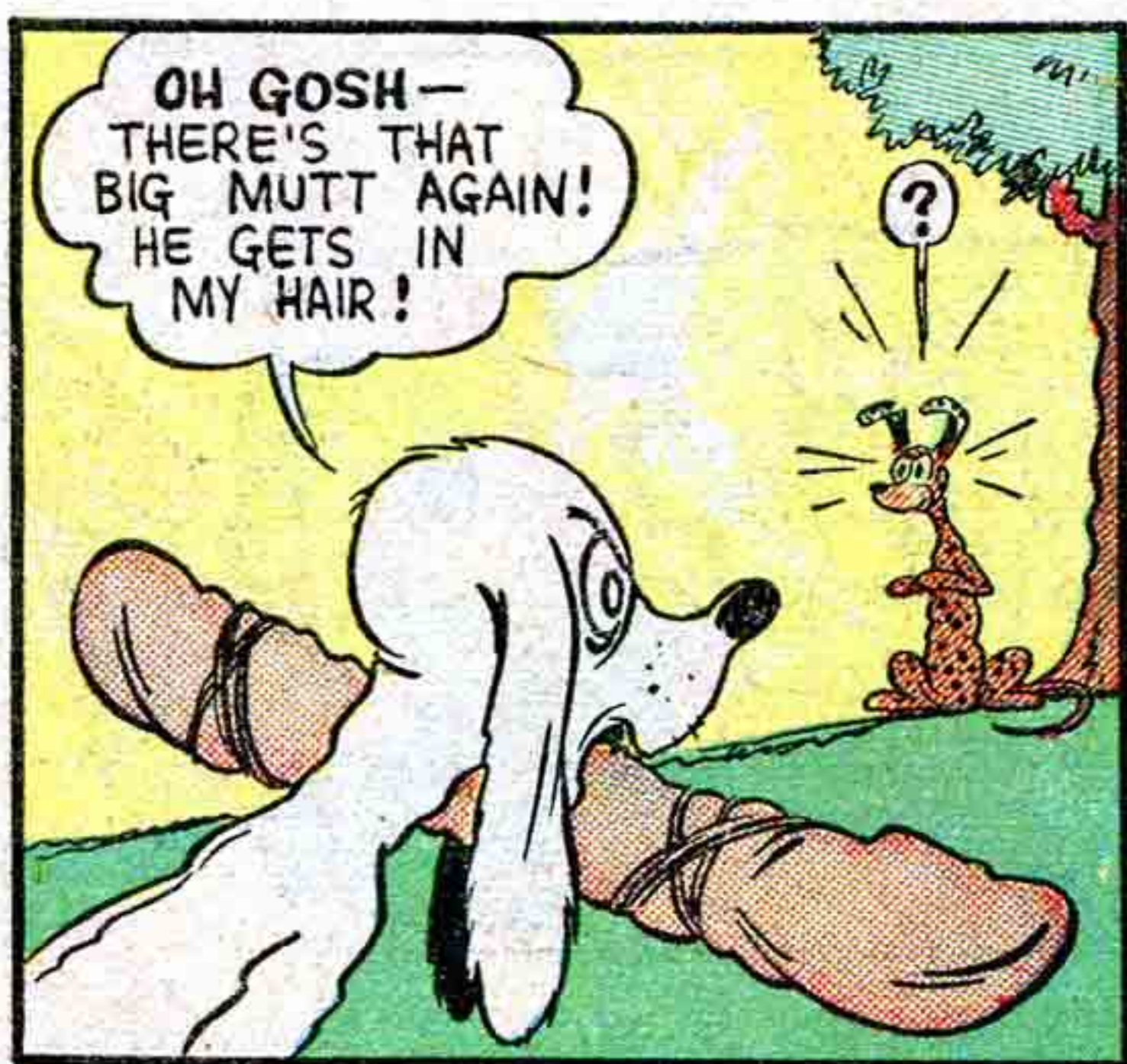




Mike

The mascot





SPY-CHIEF



IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES WHEN WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS APPEAR ON THE HORIZON, BRAVE MEN STRUGGLE ALWAYS TO KEEP THE U.S.A. OUT OF WAR AND IN ITS USUAL PEACETIME PURSUITS....

THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT A SECRET CONFERENCE...

I HAVE PERFECTED THIS LIQUID AIR BOMB THAT WILL KILL ALL MEN ON A SHIP IF EXPLODED WITHIN 300 FEET OF IT!

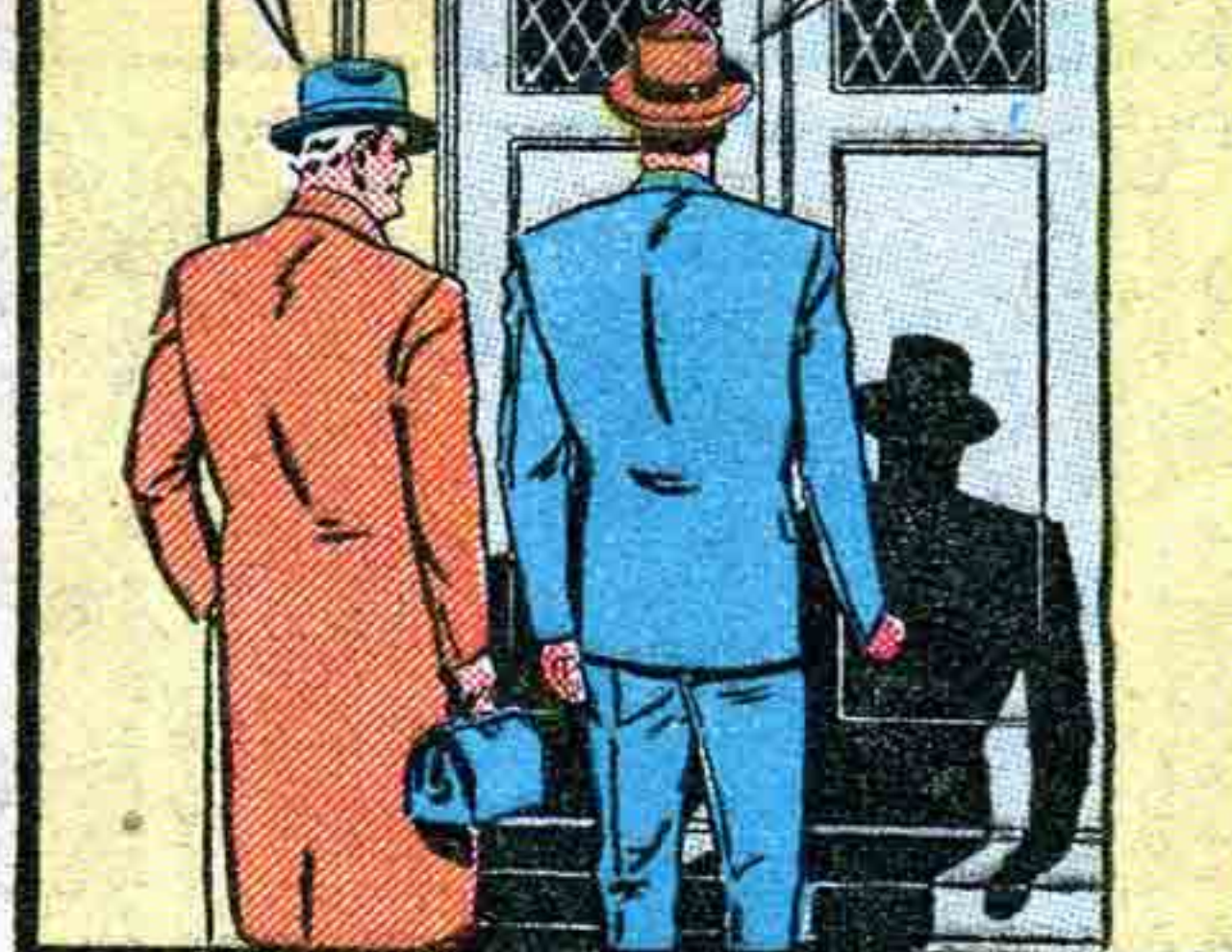
THAT'S WHY I WANTED YOU HERE, JEFF—TO GUARD MR. HARKINS



MINUTION FACTORY

—THE GREATEST BOMB EVER! WHY, FIVE OF THEM COULD WRECK WASHINGTON!

WHEW! BETTER BE CAREFUL WHO HANDLES THEM!



THE BOMB IS LEFT AT A FACTORY TO BE MANUFACTURED...

WE'LL TURN 'EM OUT FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN SHORT ORDER!

THEN I'LL RUN ALONG!



NO NEED TO PROTECT ME NOW, JEFF CARDIFF!

THE BOMB IS SAFE, SO I IMAGINE THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU!



TWO WEEKS PASS. ONE DAY JEFF STROLLS DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE...

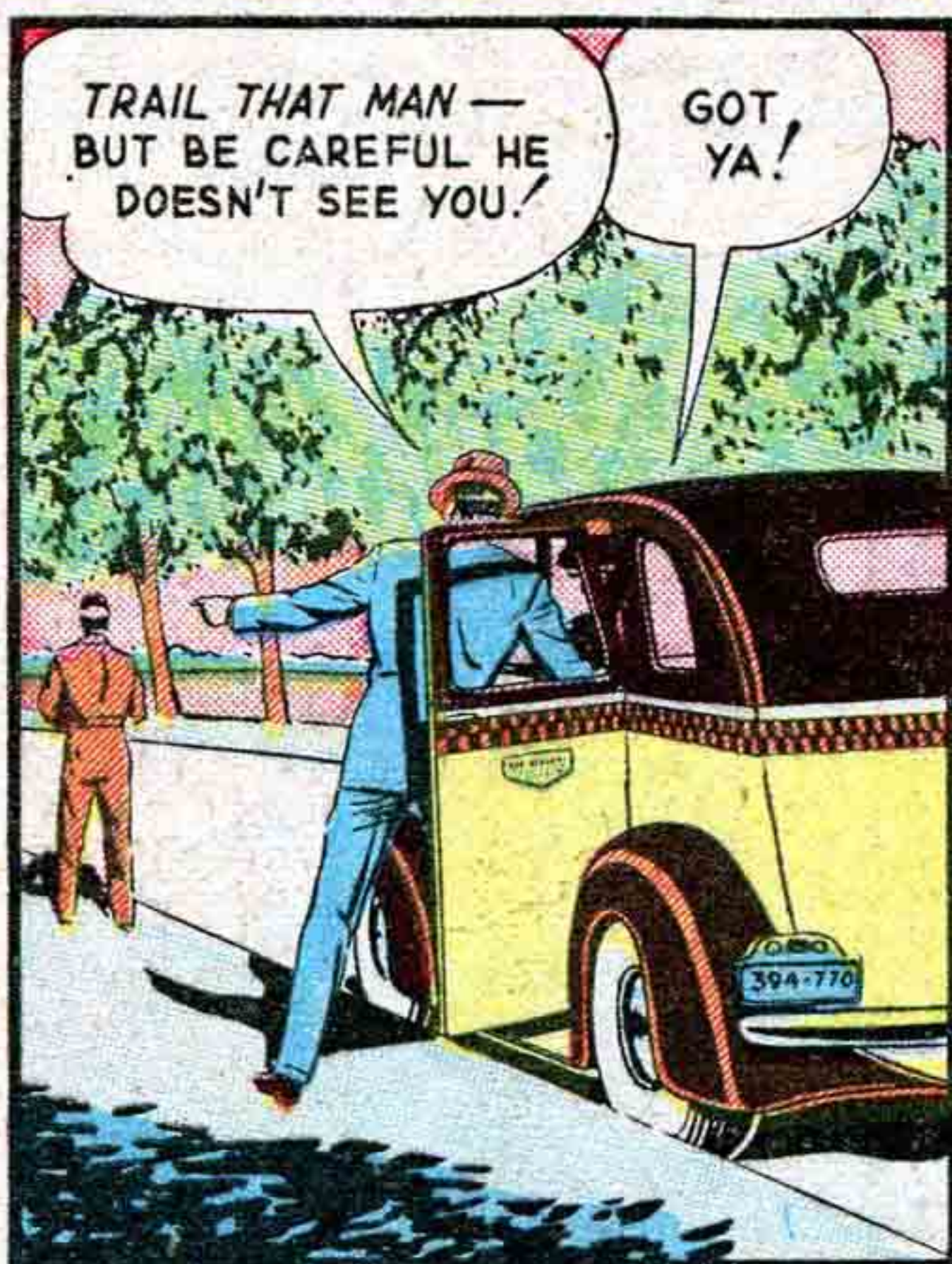
THAT MAN OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL—HE'LL TRIP!

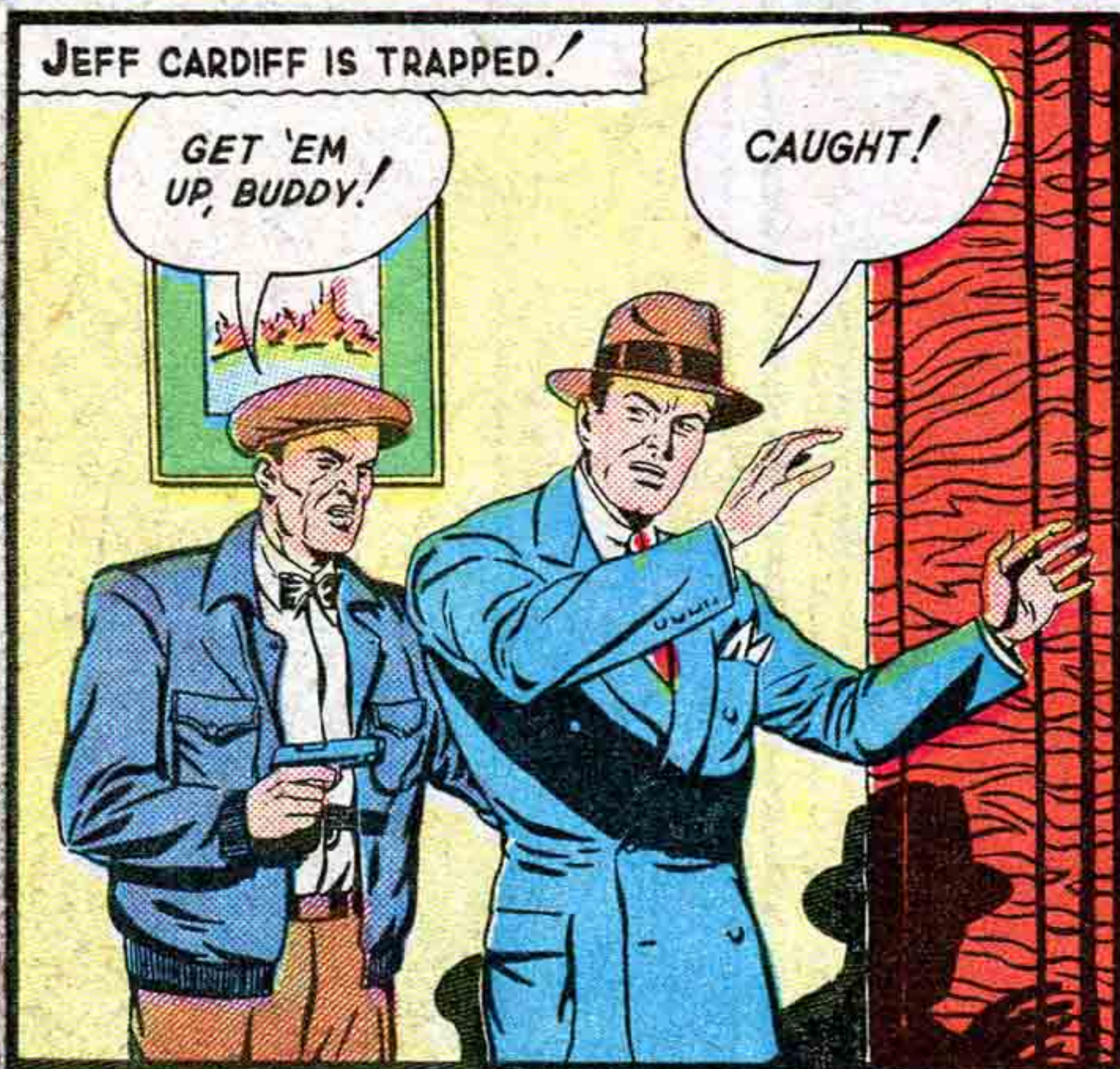


WATCH OUT!

HELP!







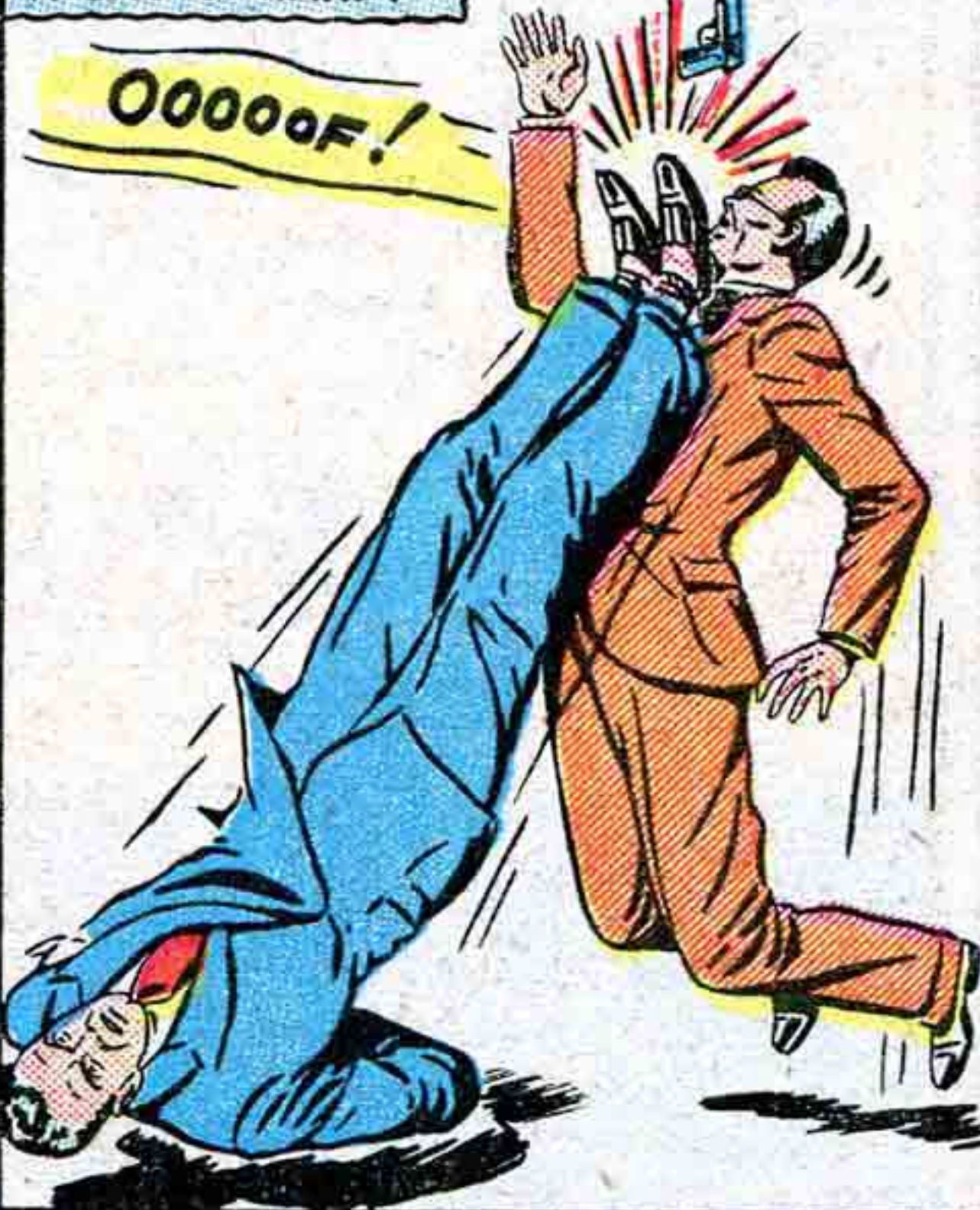
BUT JEFF HAS BEEN WAITING WITH TENSE MUSCLES! HE FLINGS HIMSELF ASIDE —

MISSED,
THANK THE
LORD!

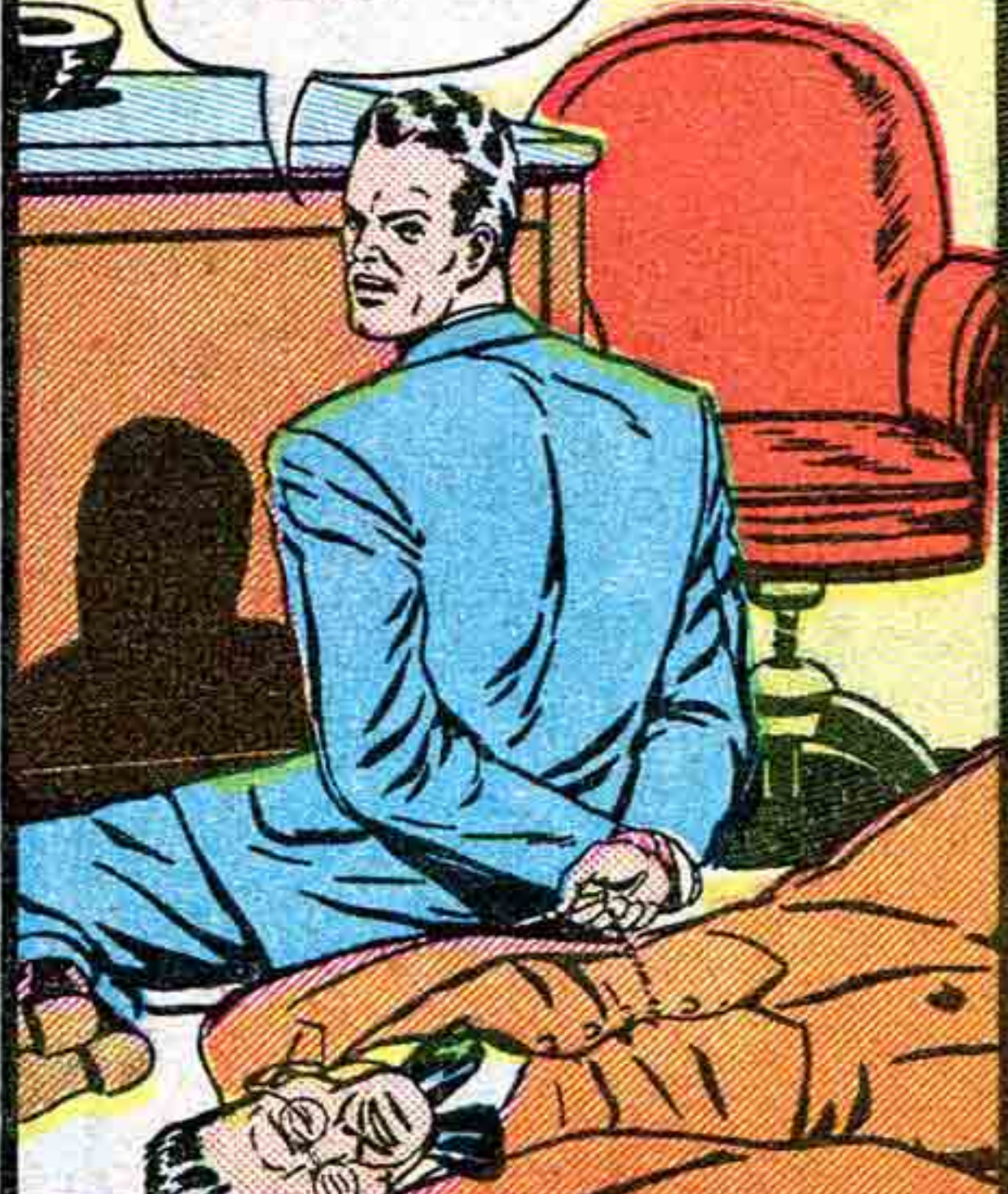


FORCING HIMSELF SAVAGELY — JEFF KICKS UPWARD!

OoooooF!



THIS LITTLE KNIFE
IS JUST WHAT
I NEED!



NOW YOU'RE
COMING ALONG
WITH ME!



TAKE THIS GUY TO
HEADQUARTERS — AND
DON'T LET HIM SEND
ANY TELEGRAMS!



THOSE LIQUID-AIR BOMBS
— GOING TO DESTROY
WASHINGTON IN LESS
THAN TEN HOURS!

WHA-AT!



THEN THEY SAID
SOMETHING ABOUT
AN AIR-RAID AT
DAWN!

NOTIFY THE ARMY AND NAVY
AIR FORCES AT ONCE! ONE
OF THE OTHER MEN MAY
HAVE SENT THE MESSAGE!

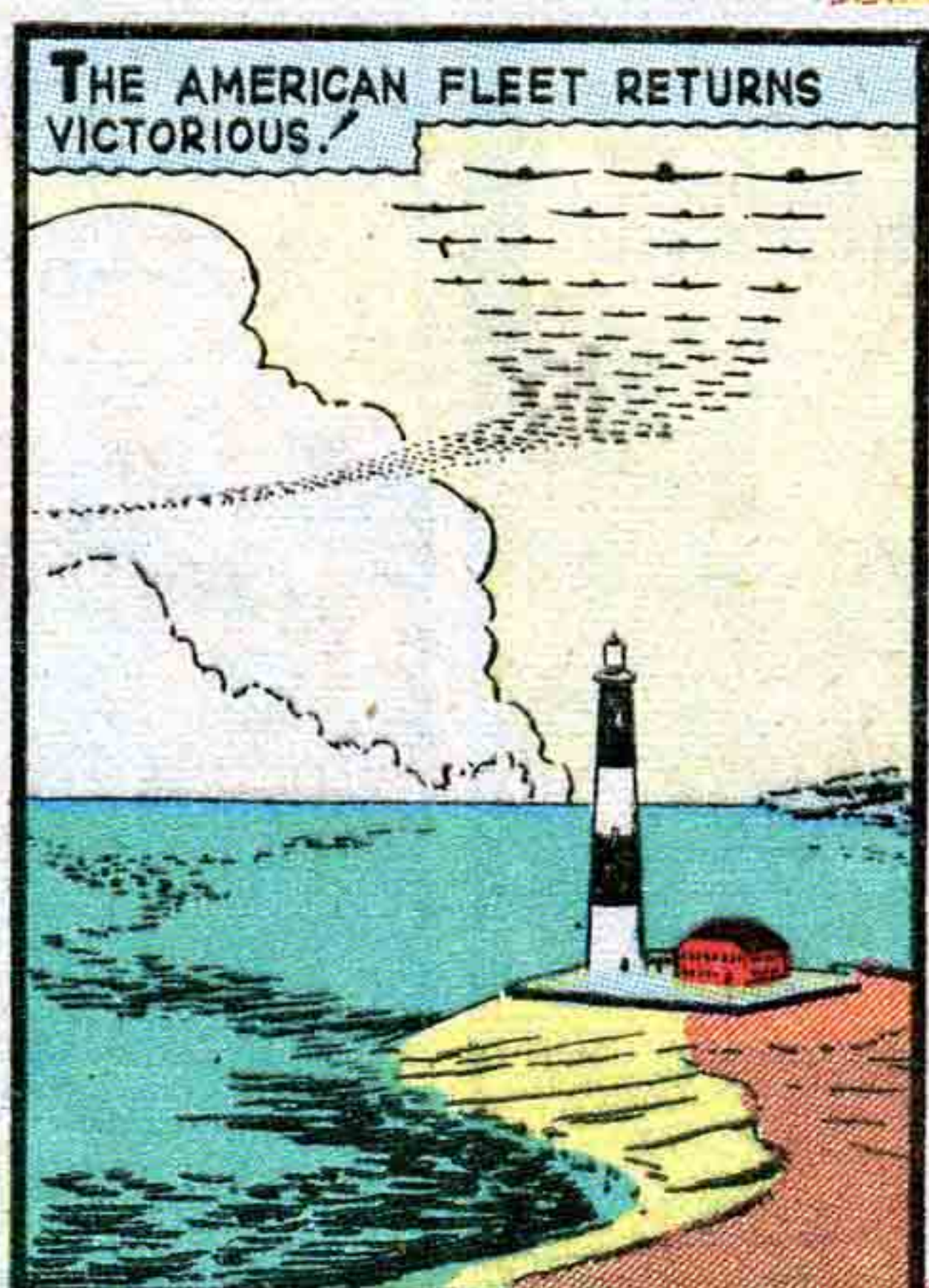
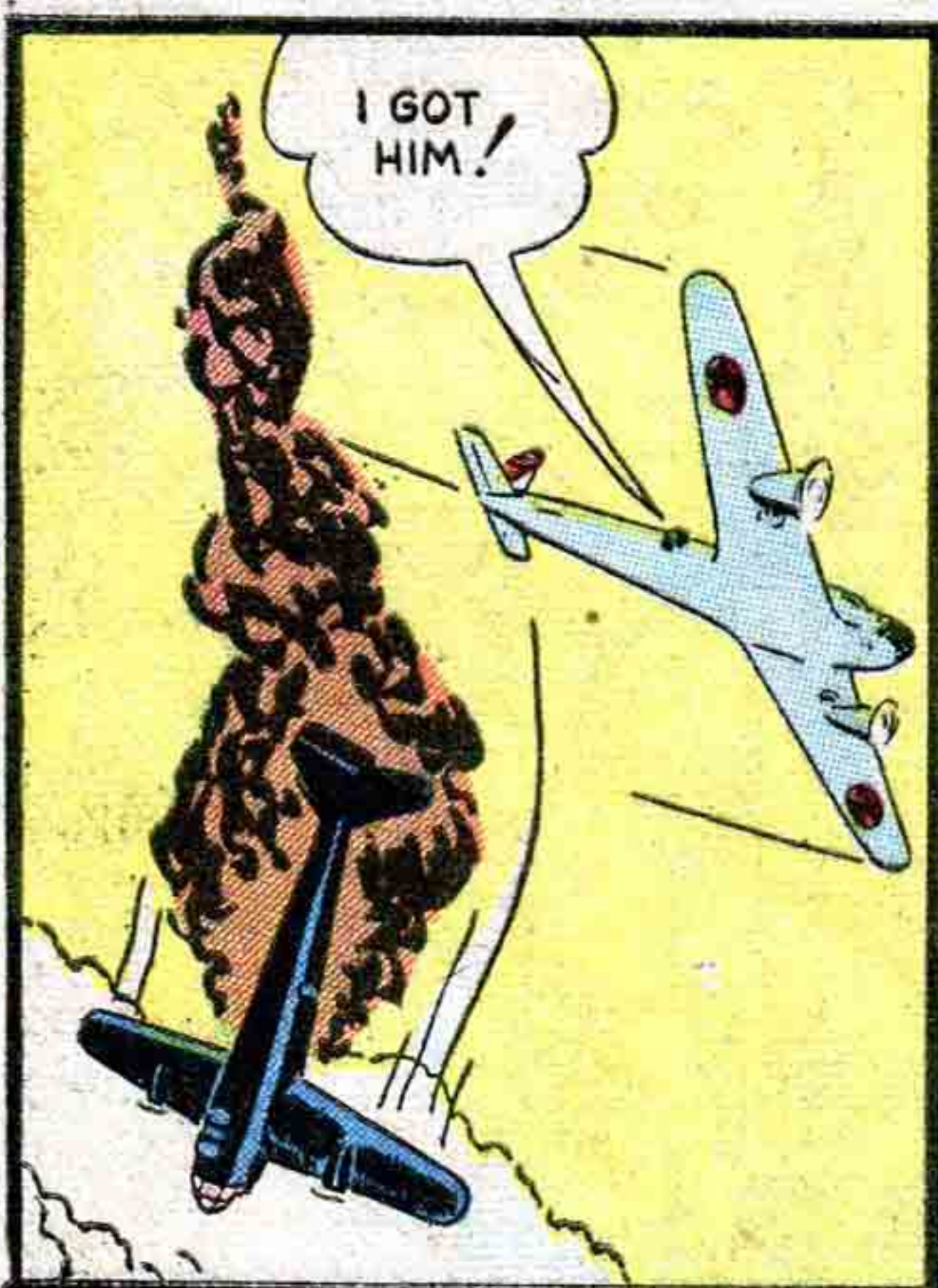
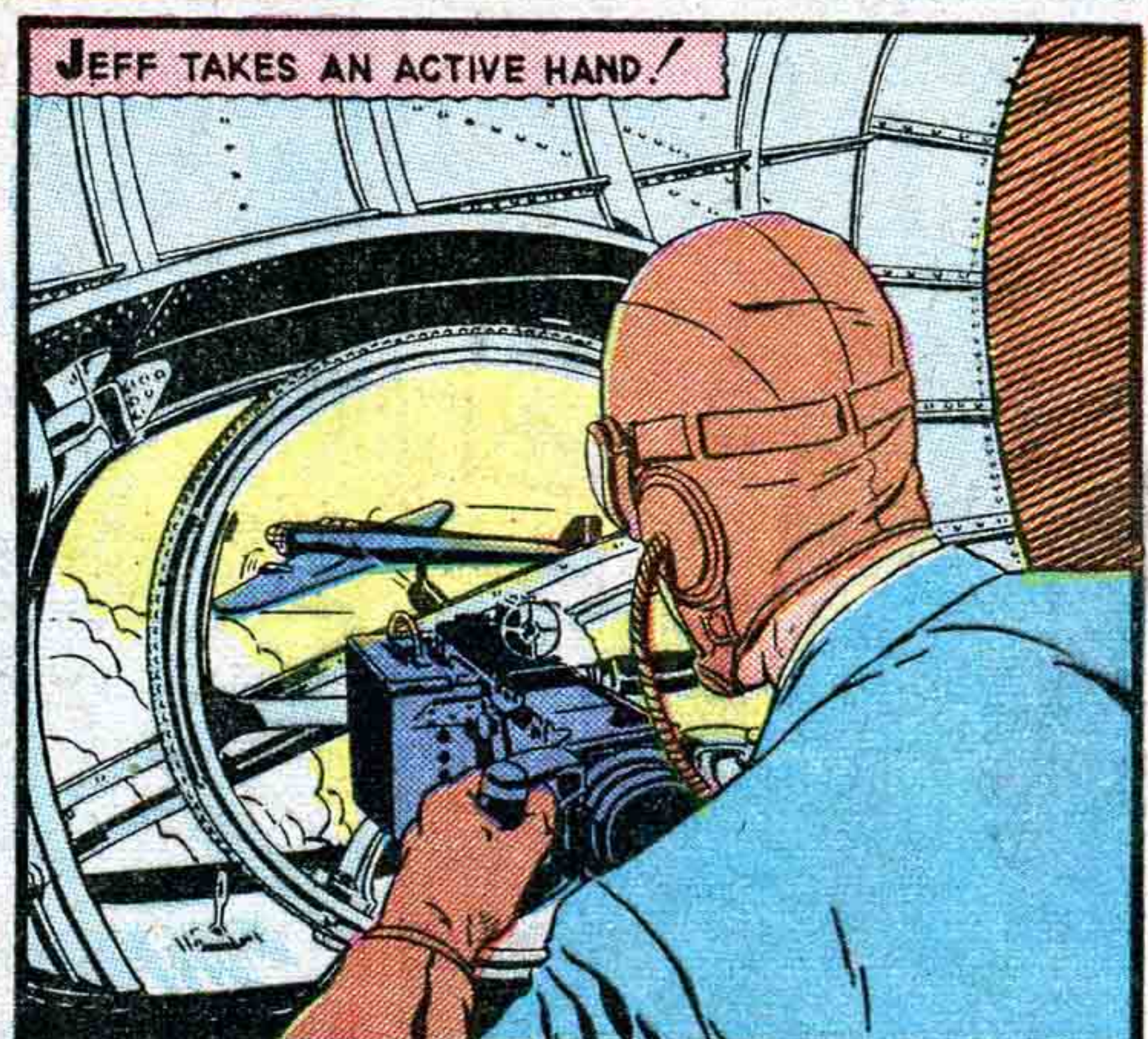
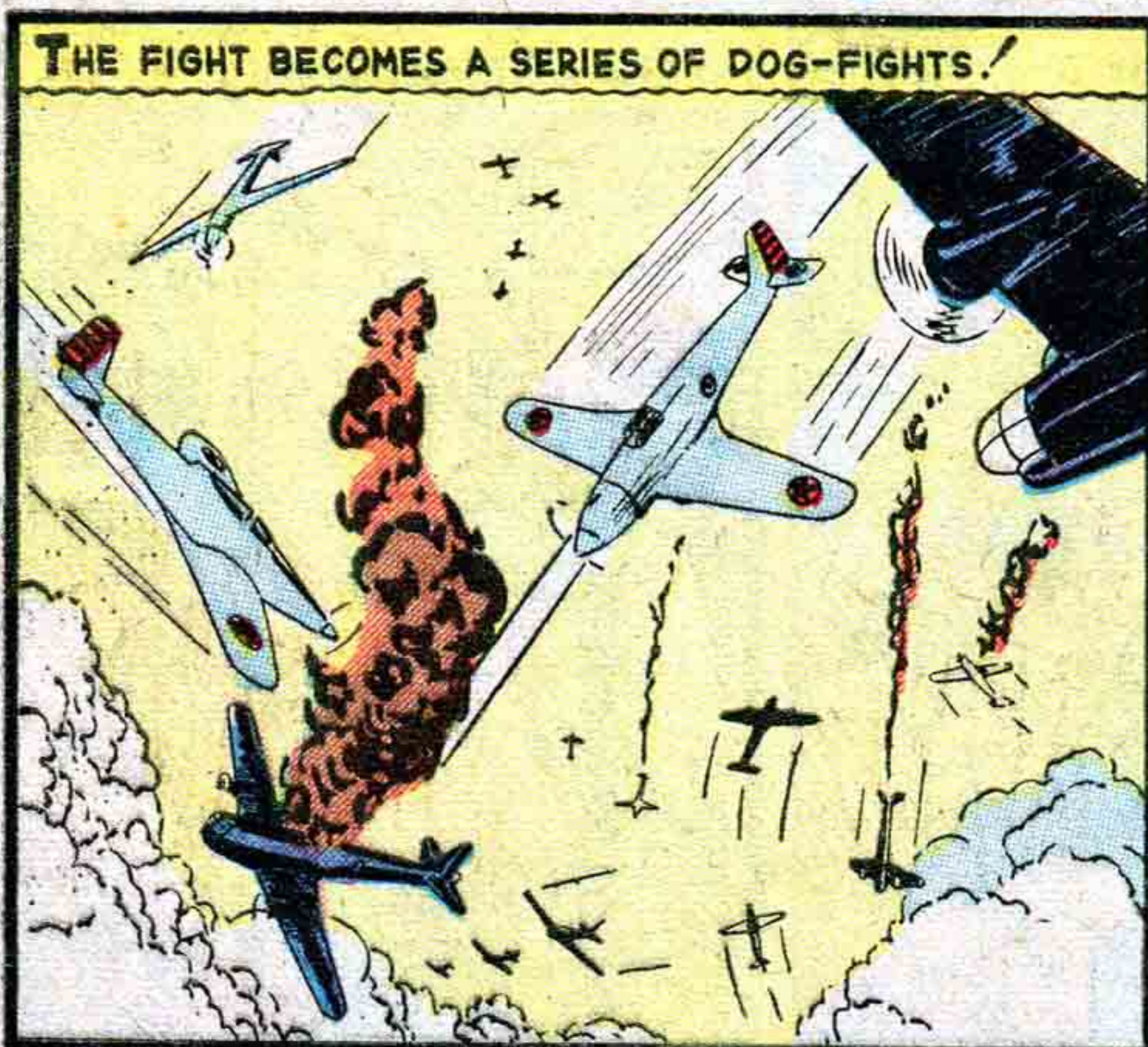
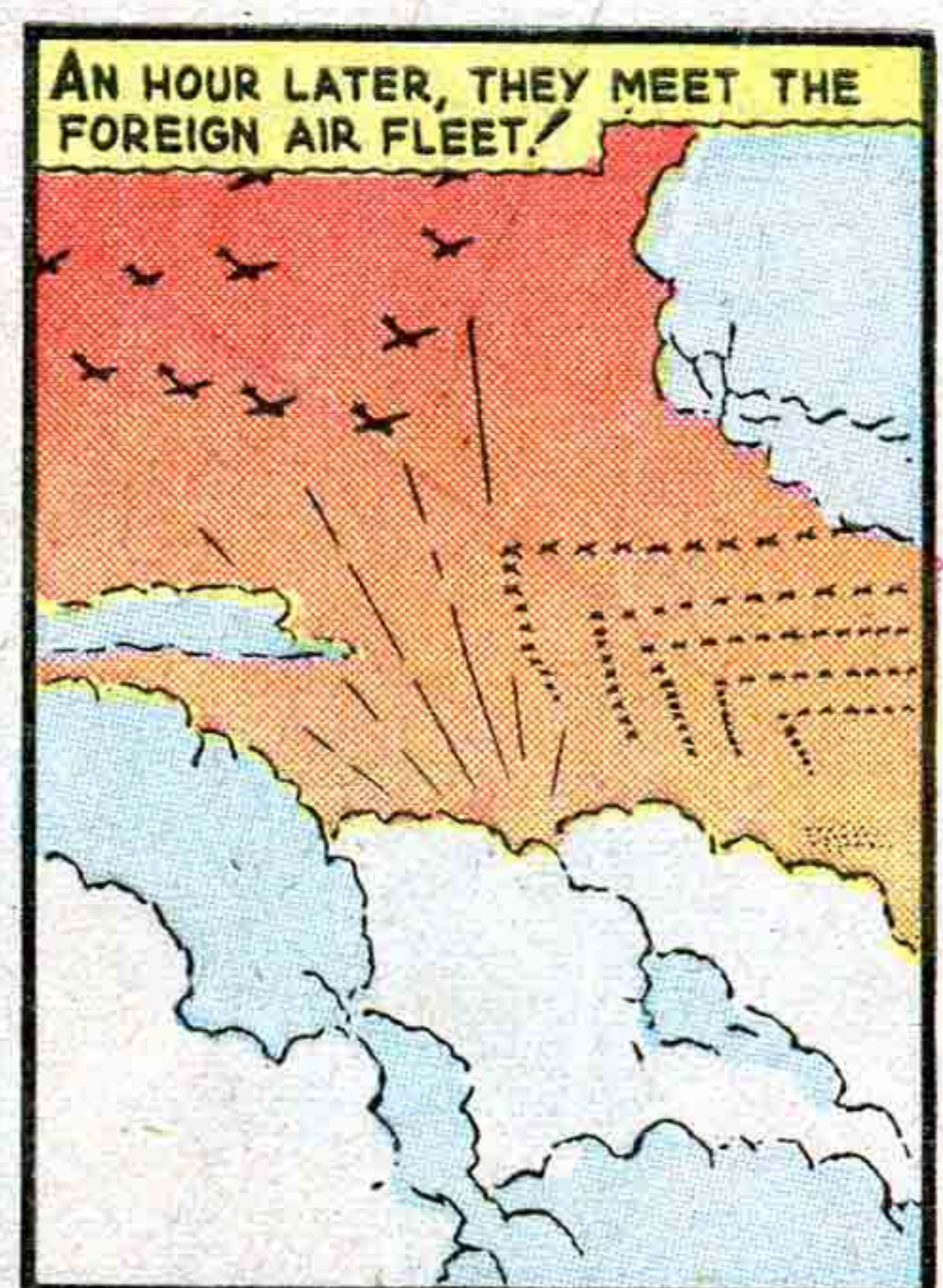
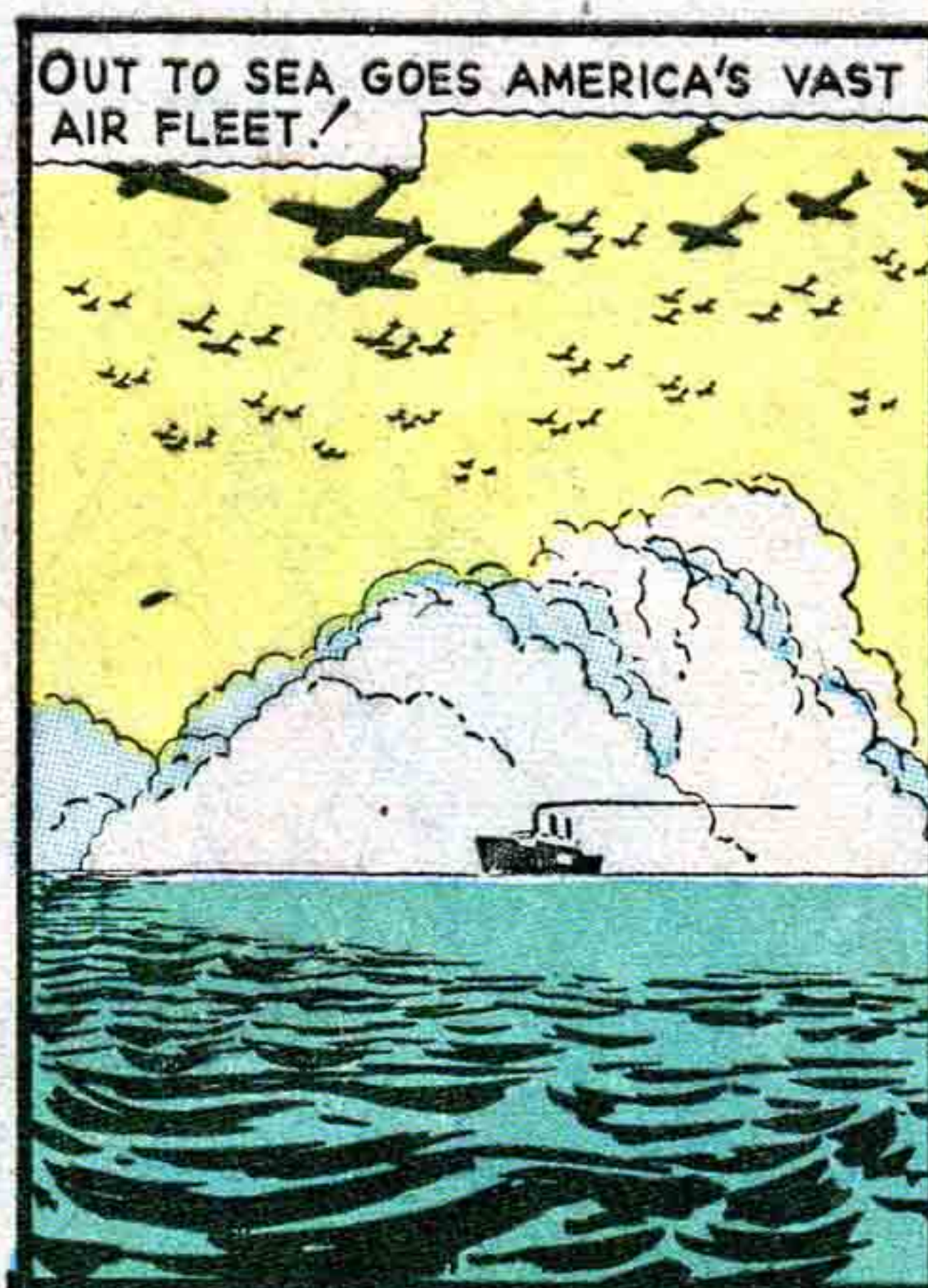


OUT AT THE FLYING FIELD...

GET MY
WARNING,
CAPTAIN?

SURE DID, JEFF! WE'RE
GOING OUT TO SEA TO
MEET THEM IN THEIR
ROUTE NOW!





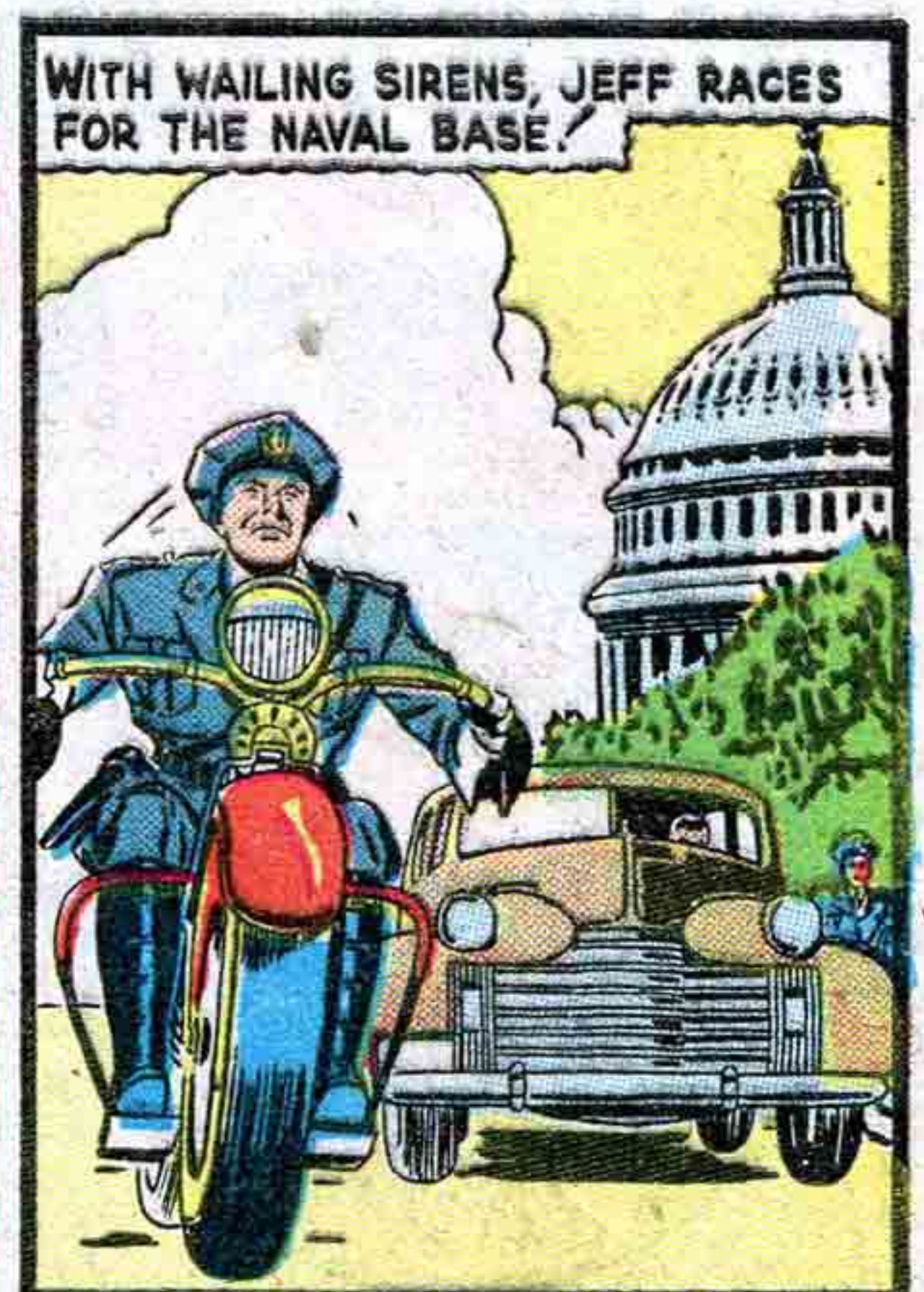


GREAT WORK, CHIEF!
I SEE YOU GOT— WHY
THERE'S ONLY FOUR!

RIGHT! ONE OF
THEM HAS
ELUDED US!



YOU WERE TO TAKE BOMBS
TO THE CAPITOL, MUNITIONS
FACTORY — I KNOW! THE
NAVAL BASE! THAT'S WHERE
THE OTHER BOMB WILL BE!



WITH WAILING SIRENS, JEFF RACES
FOR THE NAVAL BASE!



HE FINDS THE CRAZED WORKER THREATEN-
ING THE MOB!

THERE HE IS—AND
HE'LL BLOW THESE
PEOPLE TO KINGDOM
COME!



JEFF HURLS A BRICK!

THIS IS
MY ONLY
CHANCE!



HE RACES AROUND BEHIND THE HUT —
AND CATCHES THE BOMB FOR THE SECOND
TIME!

I OUGHT TO
GO IN FOR
BASEBALL!



JUST TRY SOME FUNNY
STUFF! I'M ITCHING TO
SHOW A RAT LIKE YOU!
WHAT I THINK OF HIM!

I—I WON'T
TRY
ANYTHING!



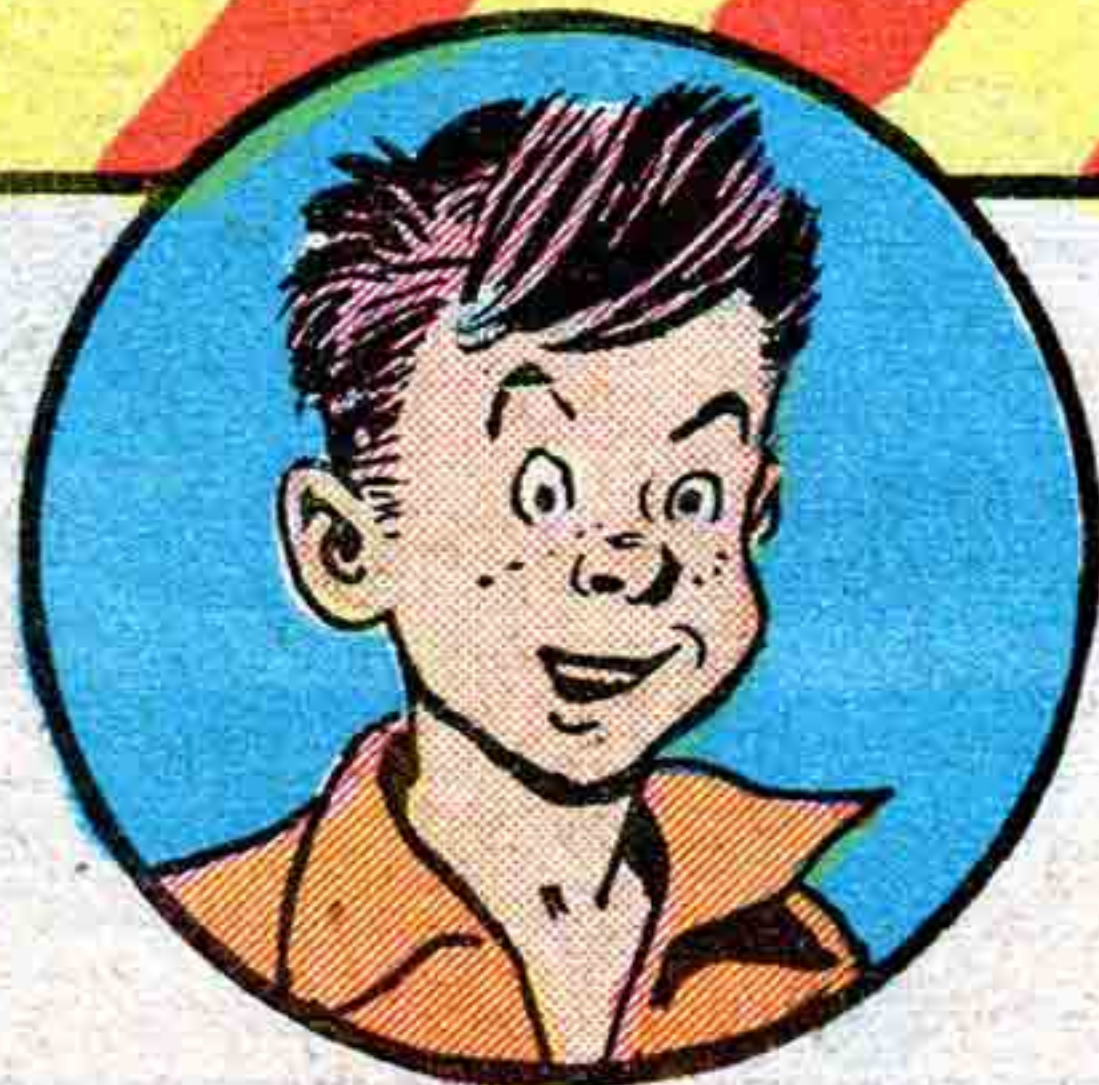
JEFF IS DECORATED FOR THE "GREATEST ESPIONAGE ACHIEVE-
MENT OF THE YEAR"!

I'M PROUD OF
YOU, JEFF!

AND I'M SO EMBARRASSED
— I'D RATHER BE
CATCHING BOMBS AGAIN!

Don't fail to read the thrilling, action-packed story of **THE SPY-CHIEF** in every issue of **BIG SHOT COMICS**!

JIBBY JONES WINS A CONTEST



WITH the refreshingly cool taste of the chocolate sodas still on their lips, Jibby Jones and Frank Markey Hall, Jr., strolled out of the corner candy store and started marching along Charles Street.

"Gosh, Jibby," said Frank, "I haven't got a thought in the world how we can raise enough money so the club can go on that outing!"

"I'm just about in the same boat, too!" Jibby replied, frowning thoughtfully. "For the last two days I've been tryin' to scare up a half-way decent idea but all I keep thinkin' of are chocolate sodas and more chocolate sodas. . . . I can't seem to get my mind off 'em!"

They came to a corner and stood there, waiting for the cross traffic to halt. And at that moment Frank's roving eye came to rest on the large placard that was pasted on the window of Brown's Photo Shop. He read the sign quickly and then grabbed Jibby by the arm. "Look, Jibby, there's the solution to our problem!"

They hurried over to the store front and gazed at the placard on which were printed these few lines:

**\$25 PRIZE FOR BEST
PICTURE!**

**Amateur photographers,
here's your opportunity to
win a cash award for an un-**

**published picture or snapshot
which you may care to sub-
mit. There are no rules or
regulations. The winning pic-
ture will be judged according
to subject matter and com-
position. All entries must be
in by Saturday night!**

"Boy-o-boy! That's swell, Frank!" cried Jibby gleefully. "Why, if we won that \$25 prize all our worries would be over!"

"You said a mouthful, Jibby! But how are we goin' to take a picture? . . . The club doesn't even own a camera!"

Jibby's brow wrinkled with the pressure of deep concentration. "Golly, I never thought of that angle! Now I've got somethin' to worry about again!"

With the heavy weight of this new problem on their minds, the two boys made their way down to Loudon Street and headed toward the clubhouse. This staunch edifice, the home of the Whiz-Bang Athletic Association (of which Jibby Jones was President), stood at the far end of an expansive, vacant lot. Though well shaded and partially hidden from view by several towering trees, persons walking or driving through Loudon Street could not help but take notice of the building. The design of the wall was such that it attracted and held the attention of the eye with magnetic power; they had been painted in diagonal stripes of brilliant yellow and red. The tin roof was one solid area of blue topped with a crooked chimney of red and yellow bricks. The whole color scheme had a certain amount of charm and appeal; as a matter of record, Officer Murphy was once heard remark that every time he passed the clubhouse he actually expected the Wizard of Oz to step out and shake his hand.

Jibby and Frank entered the clubhouse and shut the door behind them.

"How much money have we got in the treasury?" asked Jibby.

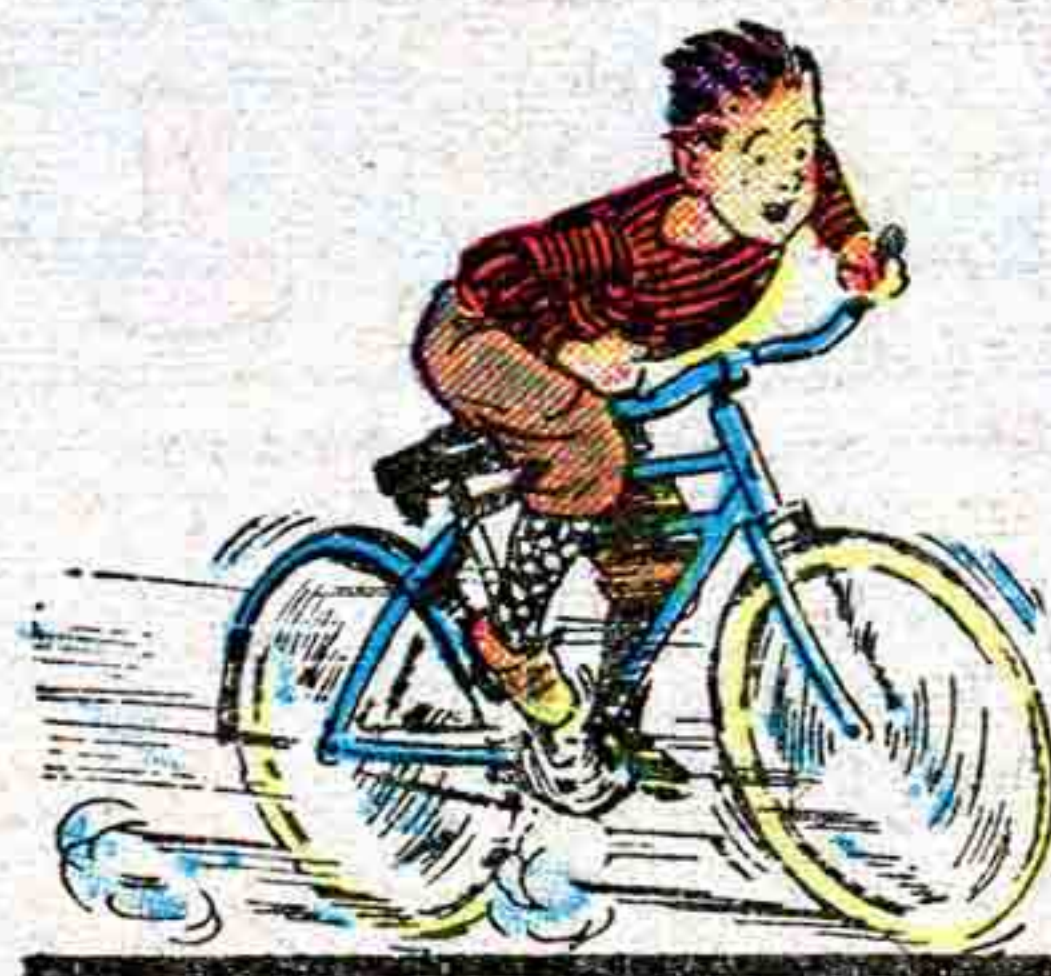
"When Pinky Thomson pays his dues we'll have \$3," Frank replied. "Otherwise, you'd better figure on \$2.75."

Jibby scratched his head thoughtfully. "I wonder what sort of a camera we could buy with \$2.75?"

"Gosh, you don't mean to tell me you're goin' to invest all the money the club has to buy a camera?" questioned Frank.

"Why not?" Jibby replied. "We spend \$2.75 on a camera and win back \$25! That's pretty good business, isn't it?"

So down they sauntered to Jones Second Hand and Antique Shop. Here they looked at and examined many cameras, both large and small, but with their limited amount of currency they were obliged to purchase a large, cumbersome model that stood on a somewhat tremulous tripod. There wasn't the shadow of a doubt that the camera was one of an ancient vintage, probably having seen its best days around 1900, but Jibby and Frank carried it out of the store with a certain amount of pride and reverence and carted it back to the clubhouse.



Jerry Mack, who had since arrived, looked up from a comfortable chair in the corner as Jibby and Frank entered. "Well fer cryin' out loud! What've you got there?" he asked.

Jibby then explained the whole idea and impressed upon Jerry the importance of buying the camera. "And what we need right now is a good subject to photograph!"

AMERICA'S FINEST COMICS

Jerry snapped his fingers. "Say, come to think of it, we've got a suit of armor home just like the fellows used to wear during the Middle Ages. If somebody dressed up in it they'd make a swell picture!"

"That's just what we need!" exclaimed Jibby, enthusiastically. "Why don't you dash home and get it, Jerry?"

"I will . . . right away!" Jerry answered. He leaped to his feet and whipped out through the doorway. Fifteen minutes later he returned with the gleaming, clanking armored suit. The boys then decided among themselves that Frank would look best wearing the outfit, so they lost no time in dressing him in the medieval costume. When all was in readiness, Frank climbed on top of a small barrel and assumed a gallant and heroic pose. To hide the prosaic appearance of the barrel from the eye of the camera, Jibby and Jerry piled thickly leaved branches directly in front of it.

"Are you all set, Frank?" inquired Jibby from beneath the folds of a black cloth that covered both his head and part of the camera. "You'll have to hold the pose for about three minutes, so take a good, deep breath!"

"Okay . . . shoot!" said Frank and he remained as motionless as the Statue of Liberty. Jibby took the picture with the skill of an expert; then securely sealing the negative, they all hurried down to the drug store on Charles Street to have it developed.

Saturday morning Jibby stopped at the drug store and picked up the negative and print. The picture turned out perfectly and he was more than pleased with the

results. Whistling a merry tune he hurried home, fully confident that the reproduction of Frank's heroic pose would most certainly win the \$25 prize for the club.

In the living room, he sat down and addressed a small card to be attached to the picture. Then he rummaged through an old snapshot album for a big enough envelope to hold the picture and in so doing, came across several old pictures Pop must have taken many years ago when he was a kid. "Not bad . . . but they wouldn't have a ghost of a chance of winning the contest," he mused critically.

He dashed up to his room, secured some postal stamps and hurried down to mail the picture to Brown's Photo Shop. When that was accomplished he marched to the soda store on Charles Street and treated himself to a Broadway Flip.



MONDAY morning came and with it the postman brought a letter addressed to Jibby from Brown's Photo Shop. Nervously he ripped the envelope open and gingerly he lifted out a sheet of paper to which was attached a check for \$25!

"Yippe!" he shouted, prancing up and down the room. "We won the contest . . . boy-o-boy!"

With the speed that would do

justice to an ace track star, Jibby rounded up Frank and Jerry and triumphantly announced the good news. "Gosh! I didn't think we were that good!" exclaimed Frank.

"Let's go down to Brown's Photo Shop and take a look at the picture," suggested Jerry. "I'll bet they've placed it right in front so everybody can see it!"

As fast as their legs could carry them, the boys raced down Charles Street to Brown's Photo Shop. Breathless with excitement, they approached the window and gazed in . . . and there they stood, frozen in their tracks and their eyes wide with amazement and unbelief. For displayed on an easel in the center of the window for all the world to view was a picture of a tiny infant, sprawled on a rug . . . wearing not a stitch of clothes! Directly beneath the picture was this caption: **JIBBY JONES AT THE AGE OF 1 YEAR**

"Holy smokes! Do you see what I see?" cried Frank.

Jibby gulped and answered weakly: "I see it all right!"

"But what happened to the picture we took of Frank dressed up in the armored suit?" asked Jerry.

"I must have picked this one up by mistake when I went to mail the other," murmured Jibby.

They were all silent for a moment, gazing at the prize winning picture. "Well, there's no use cryin' over spilt milk!" said Frank. "We won the \$25 prize anyway!"

"Yeah, but \$25 will never pay for the embarrassment this thing's cost me," said Jibby. "Golly, I'll be ruined for life!"

And with a heavy heart, he turned and walked slowly down the street.

JIBBY JONES SAYS:



SUBSCRIPTION

BIG SHOT COMICS,
369 Lexington Avenue,
New York City.

CANADA
AND FOREIGN \$1.50

Enclosed is my dollar. Mail me BIG SHOT COMICS every month for one year.

Name

Address

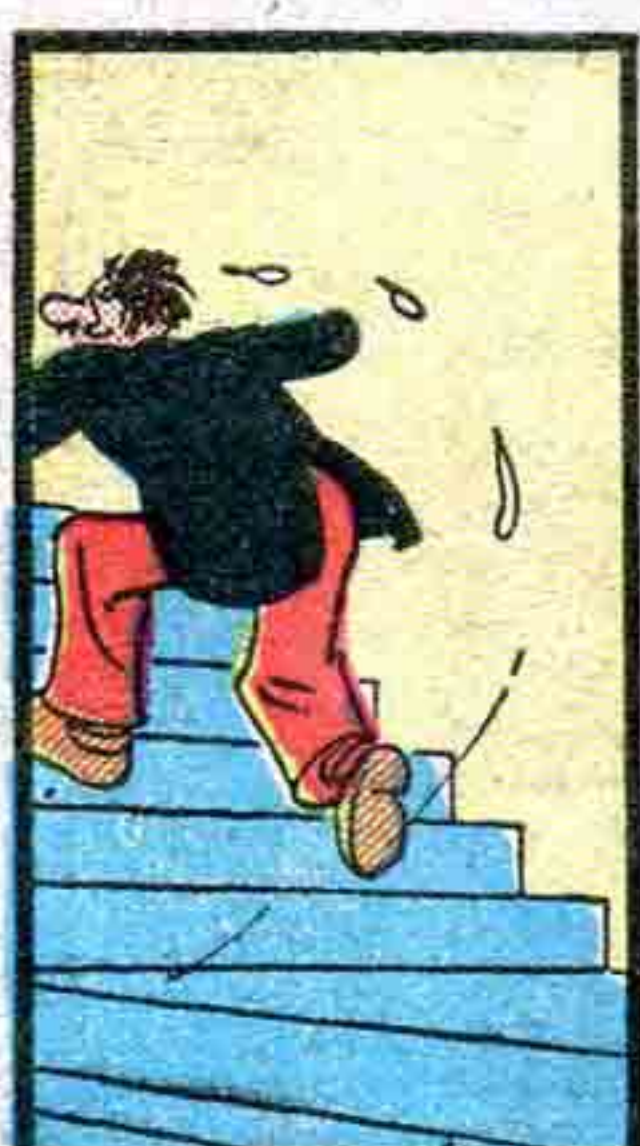
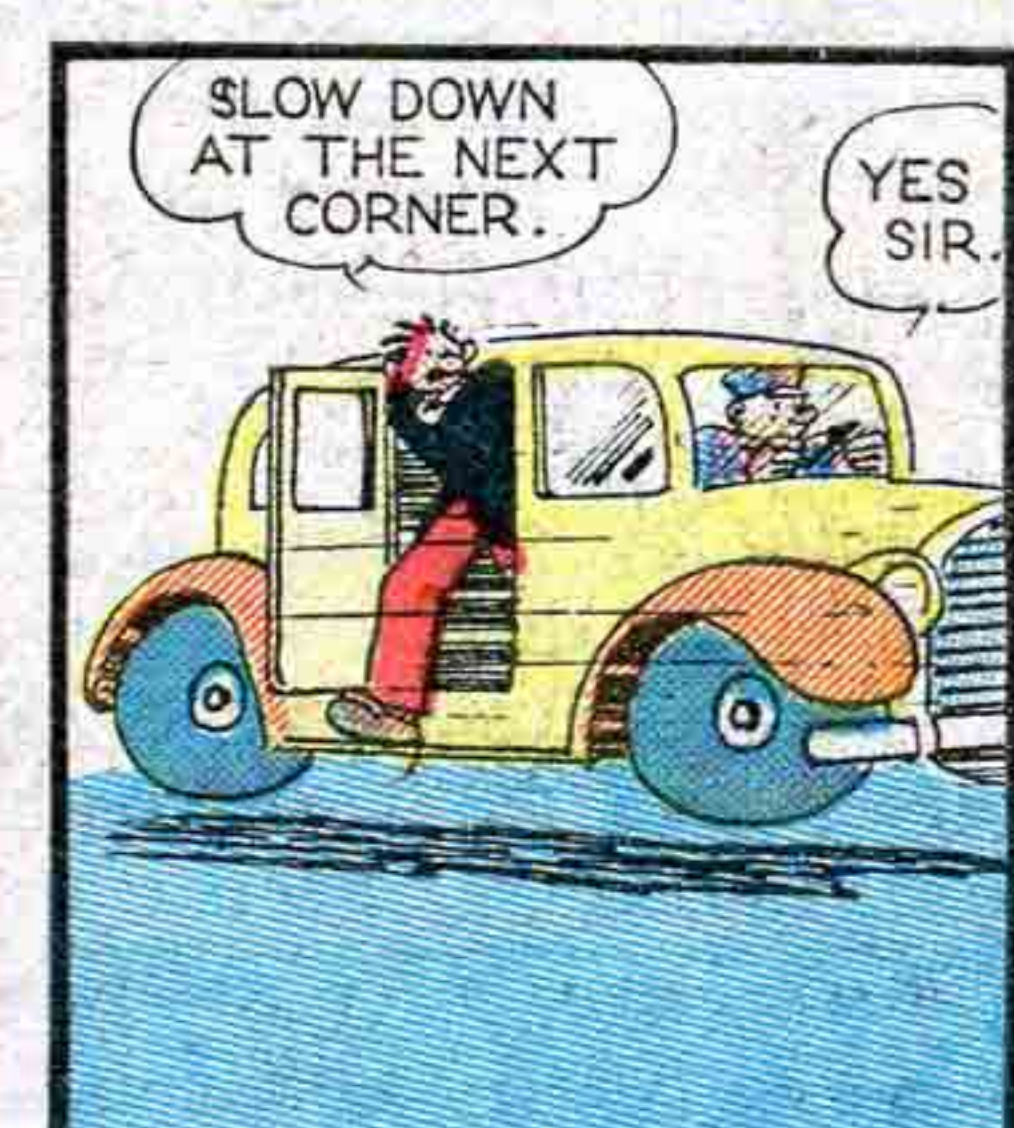
City State

appear each and every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

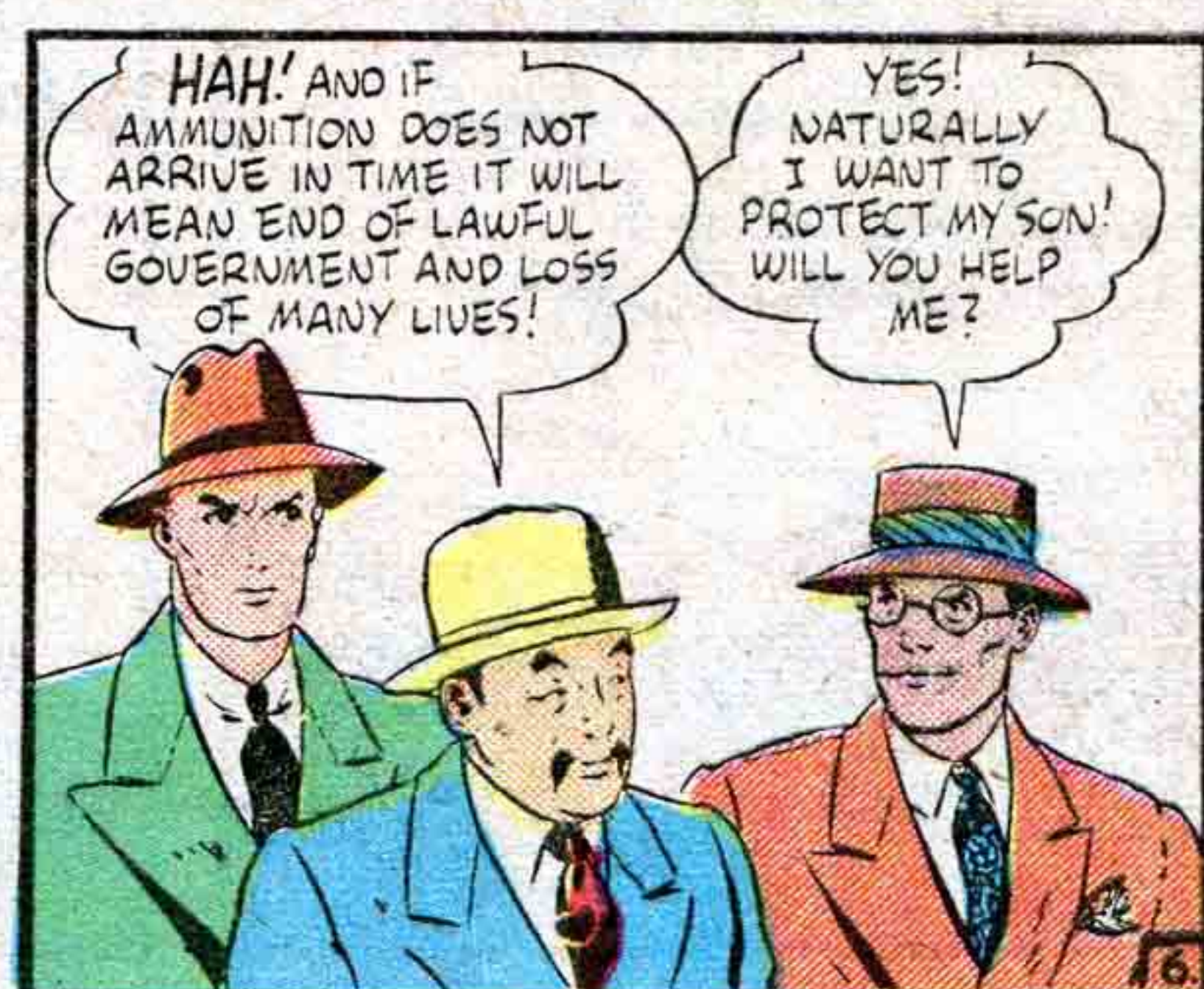
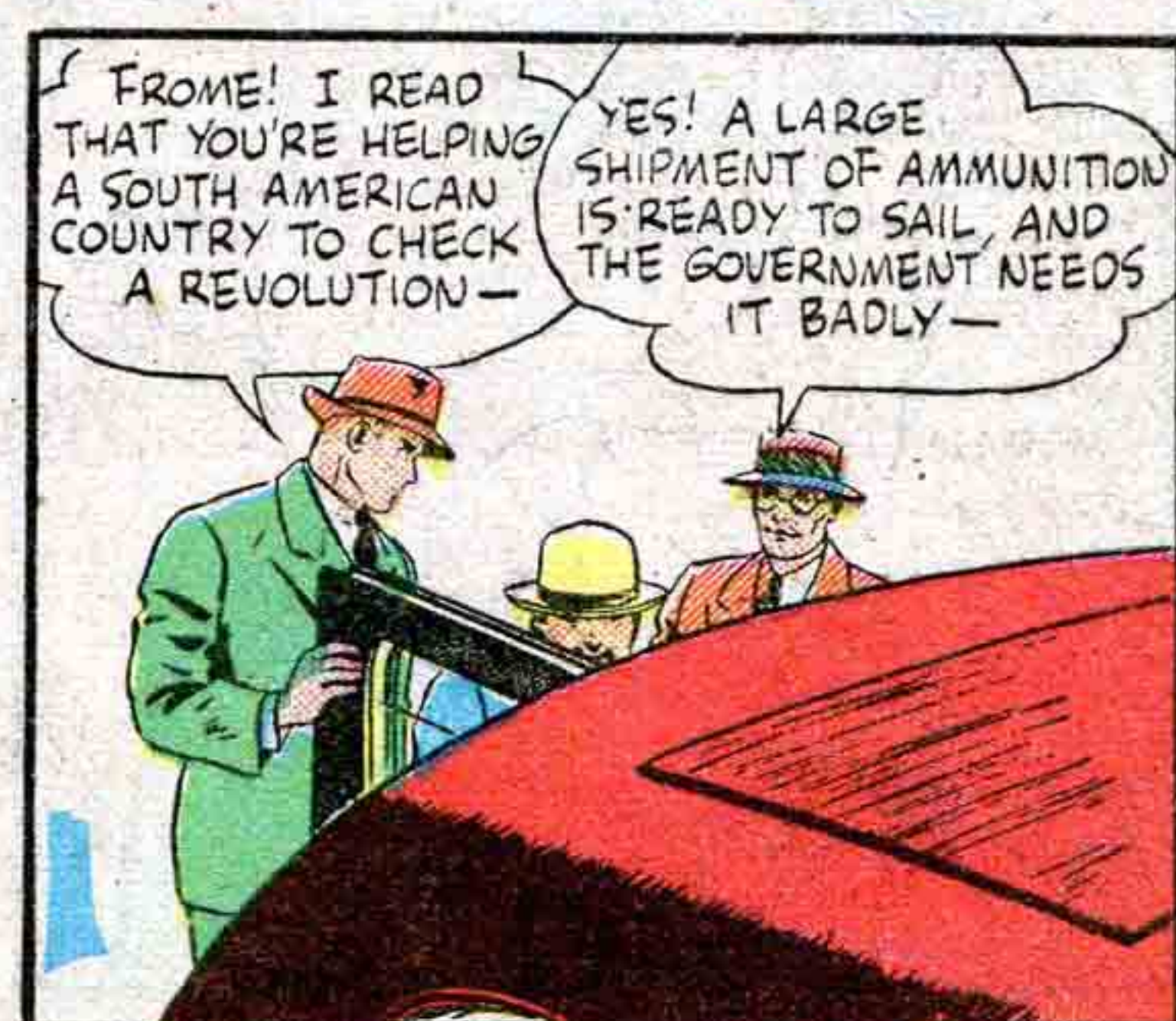
By H. J. TUTHILL

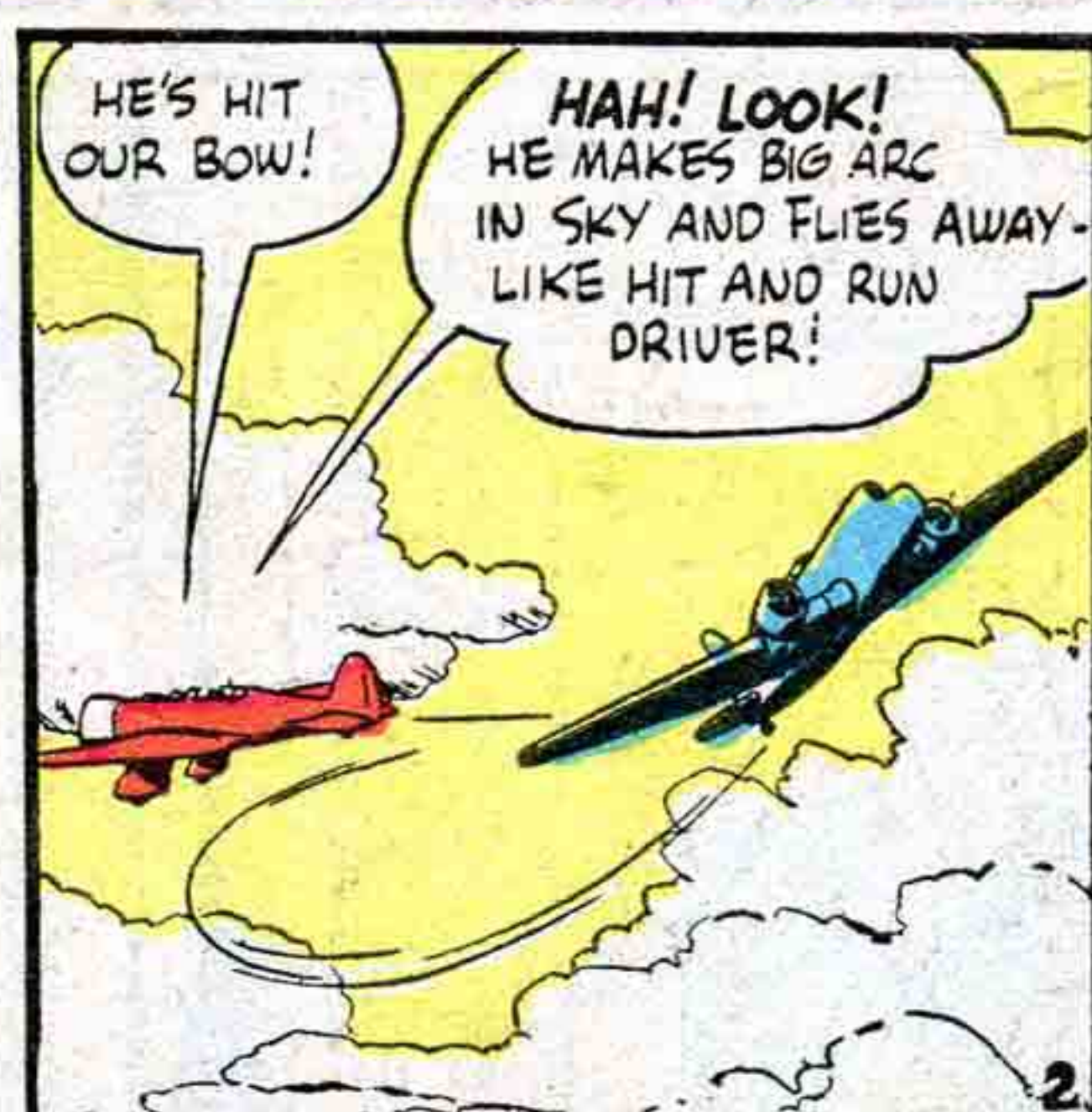
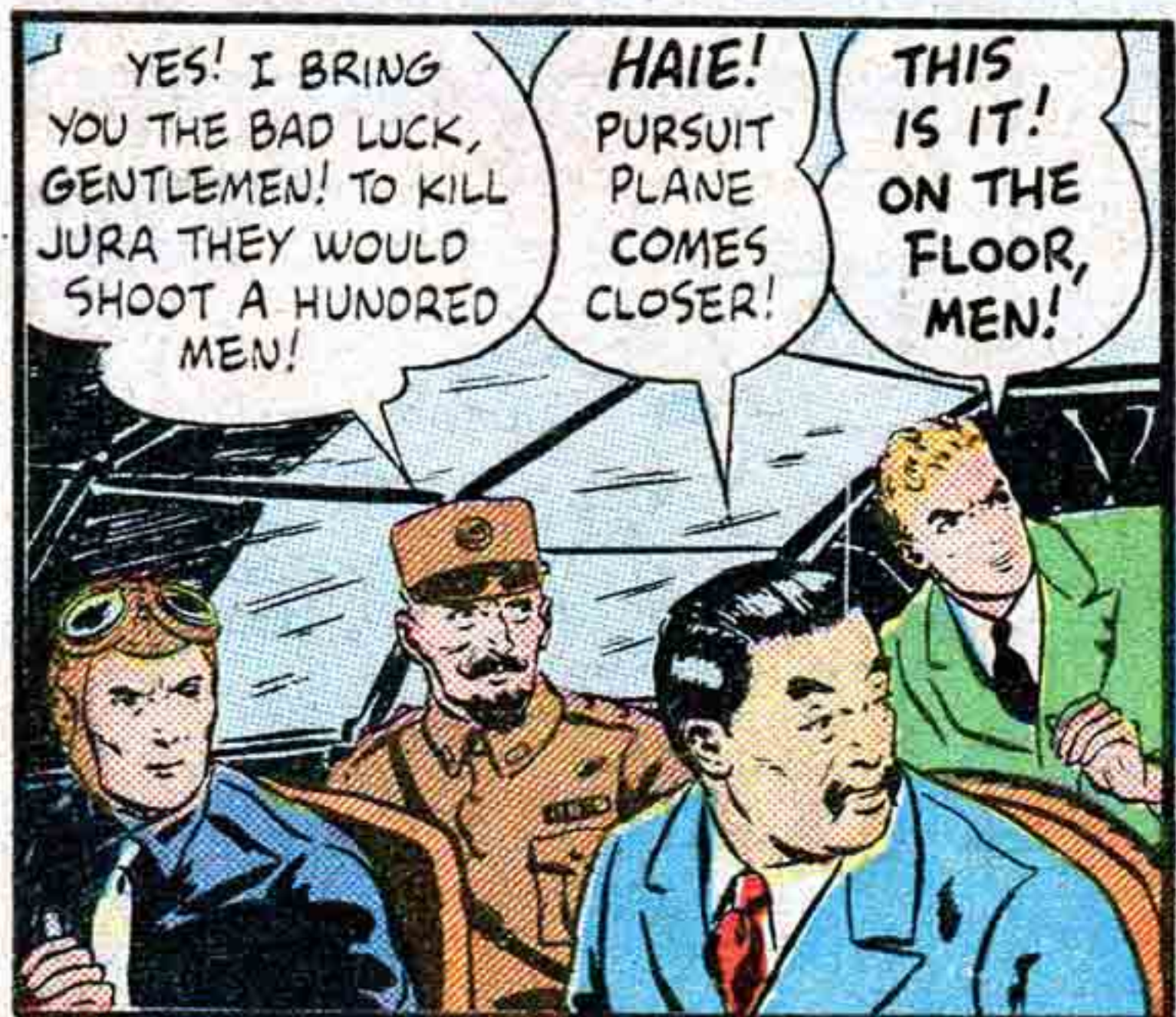
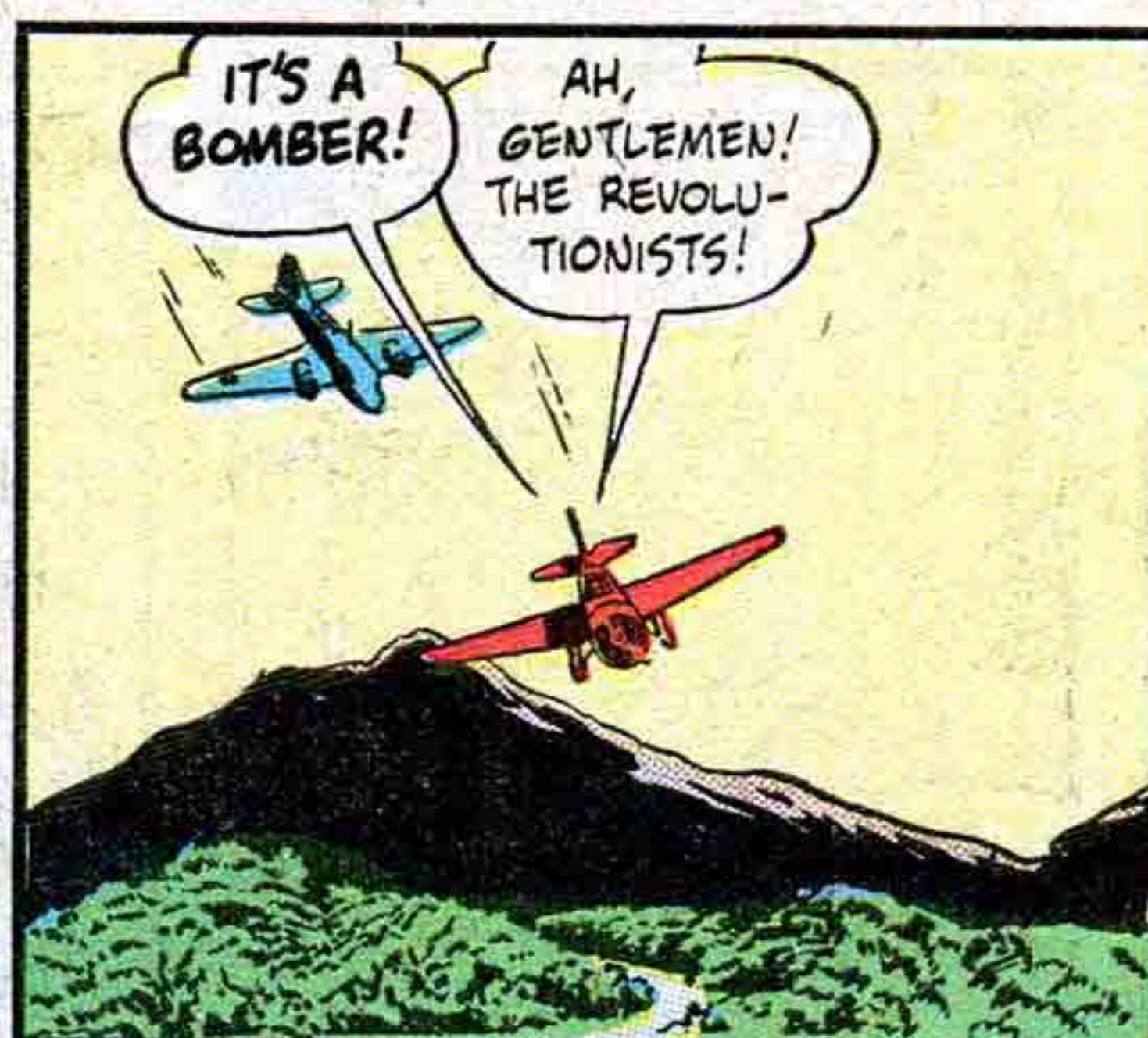
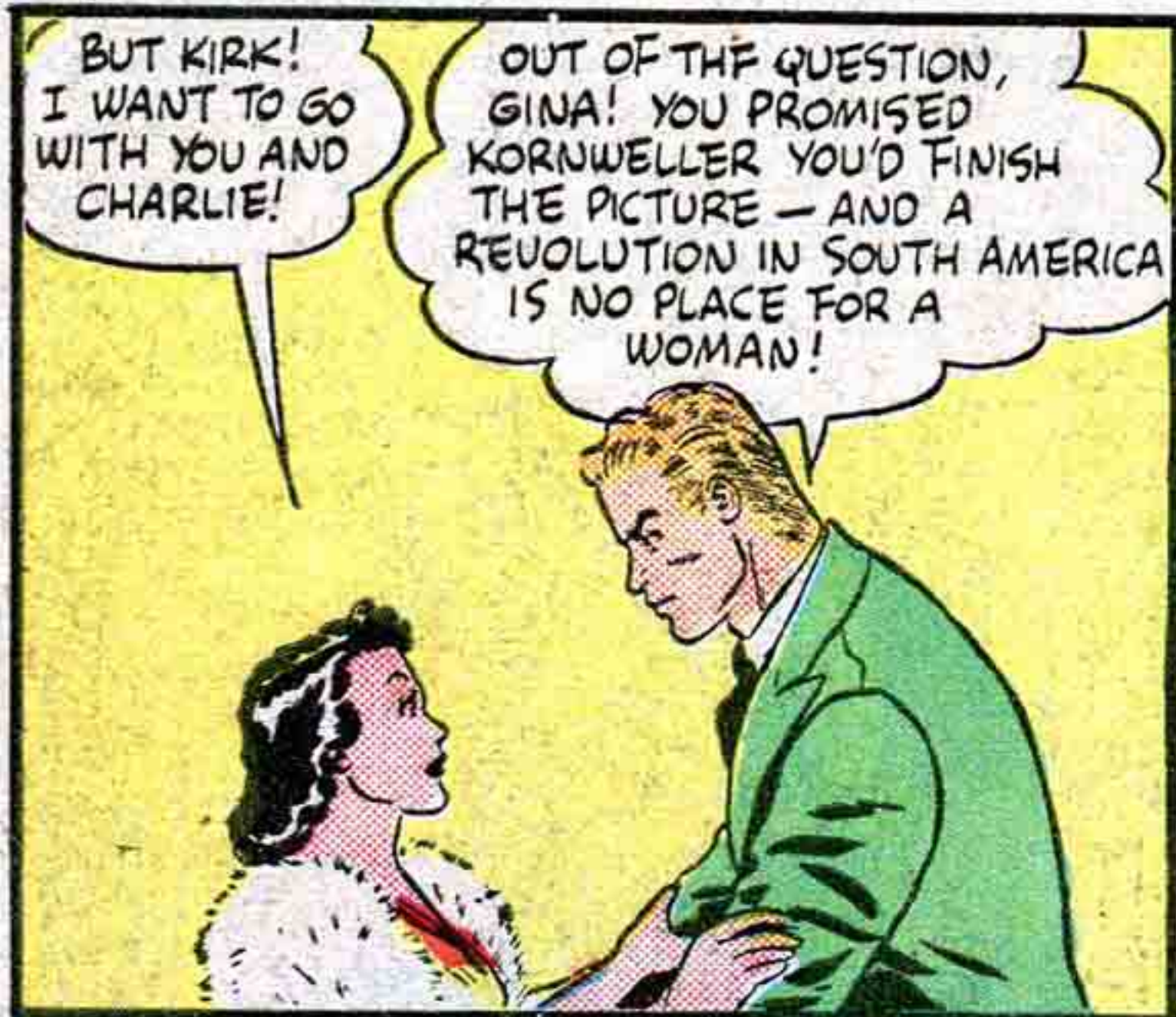


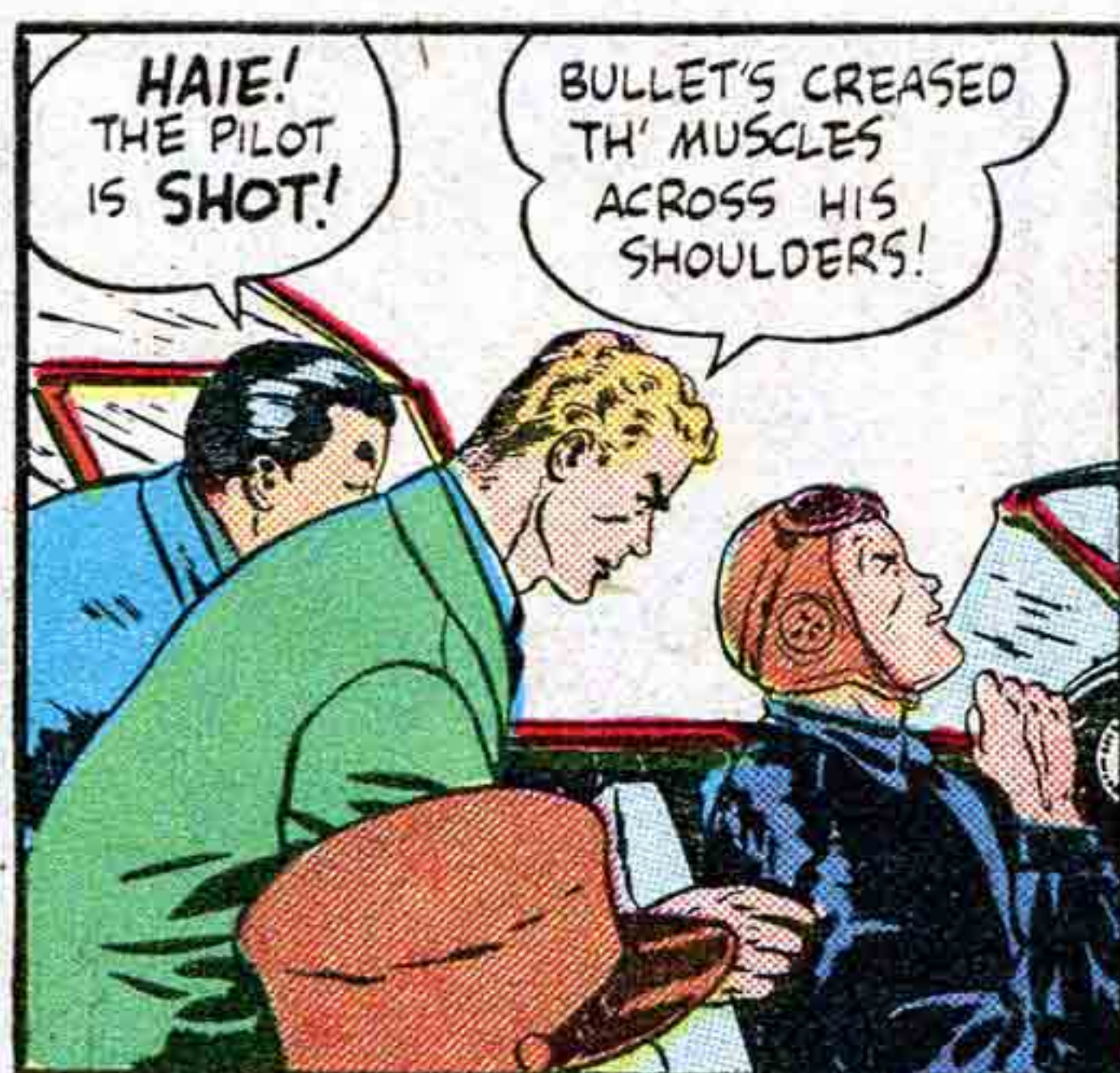
THE BUNGLES will tickle you with laughter every month !

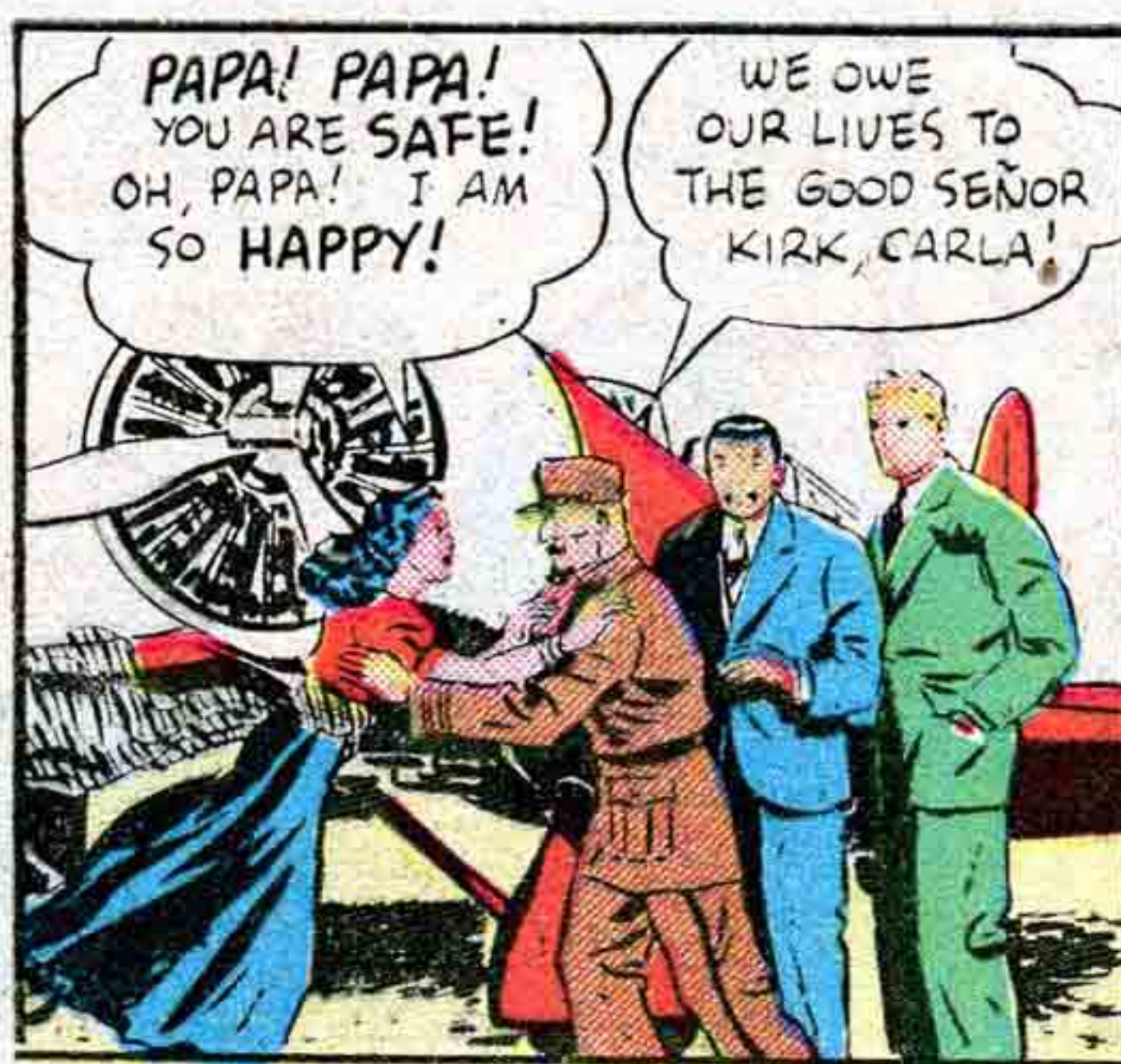
Charlie CHAN

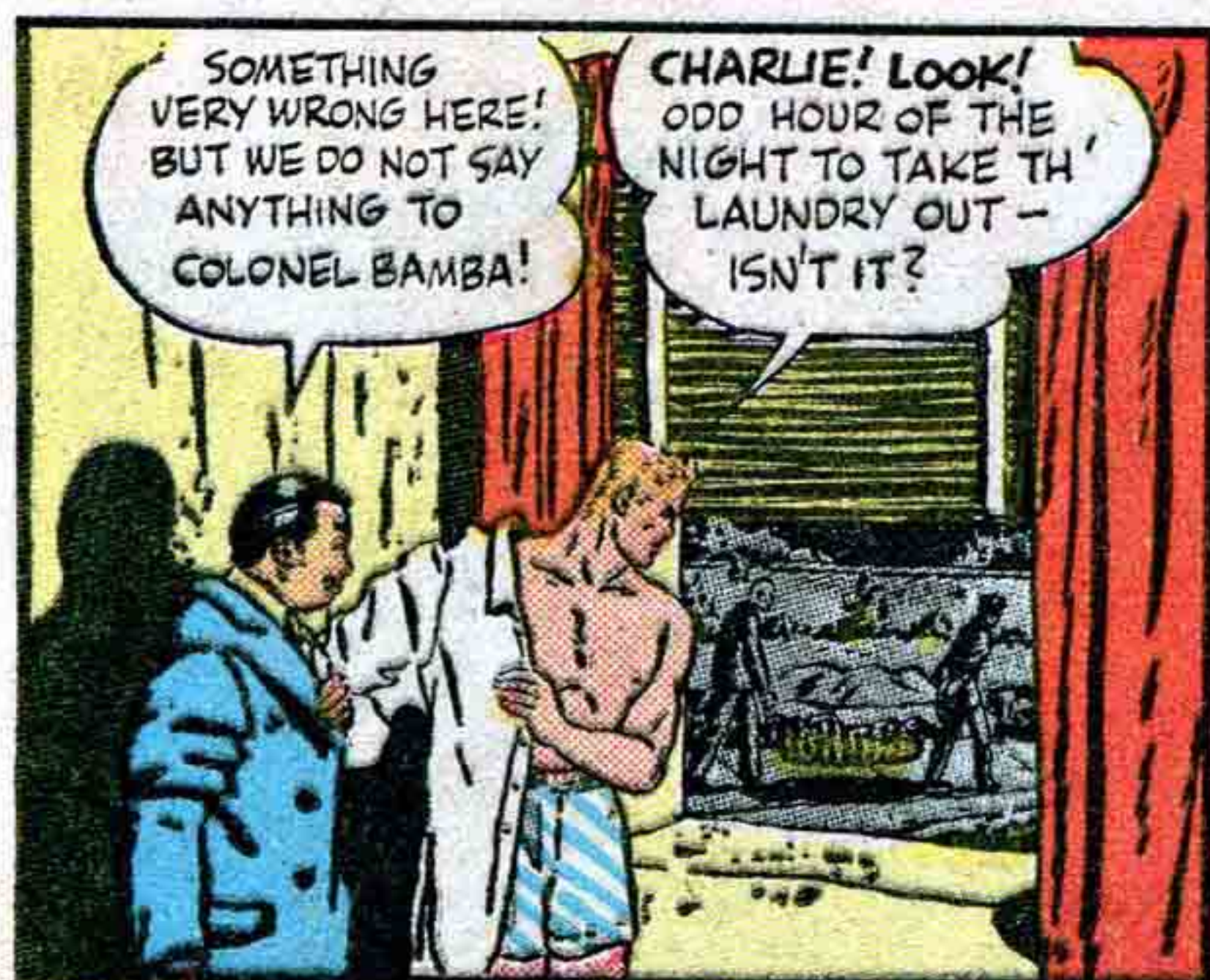
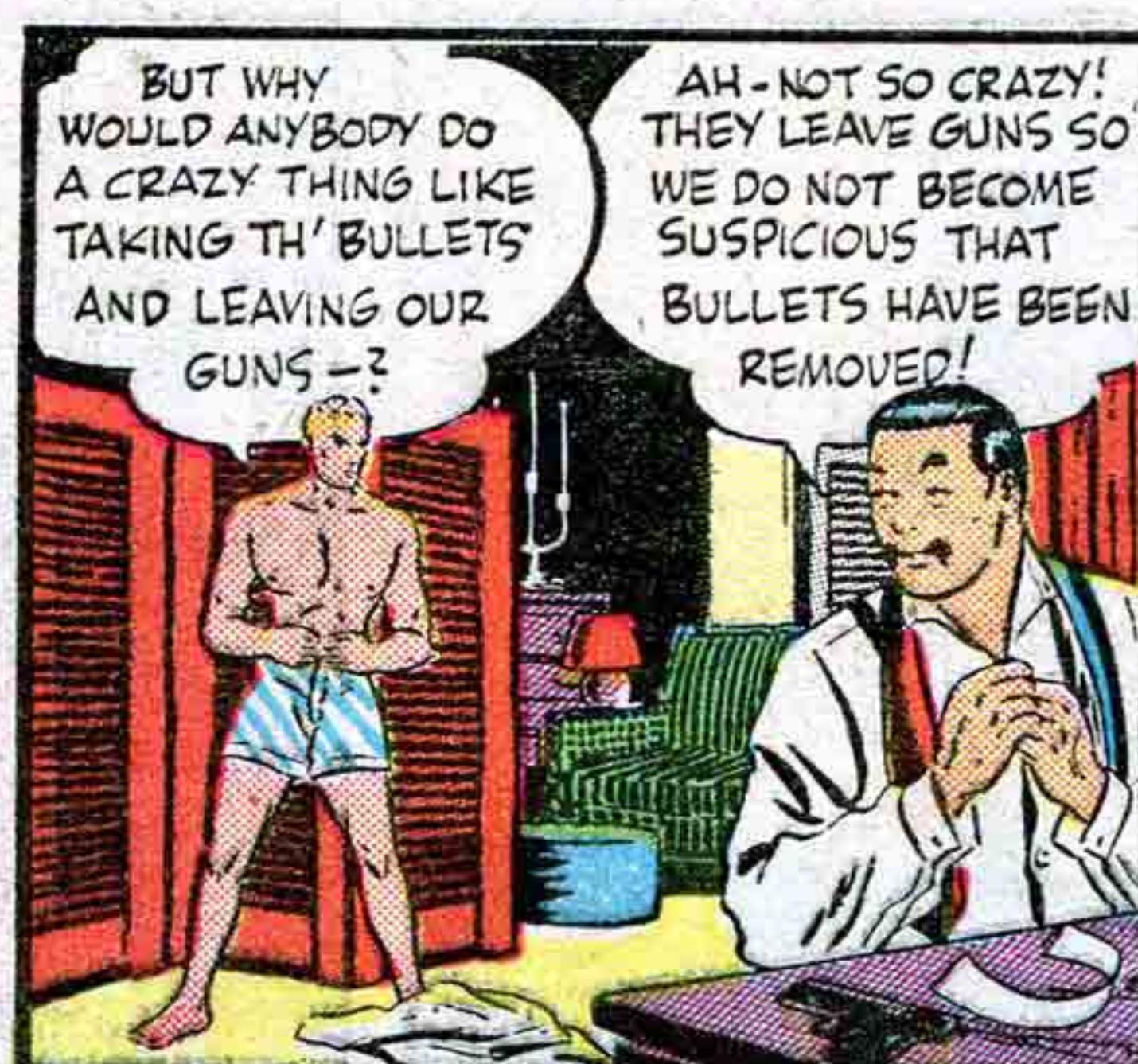
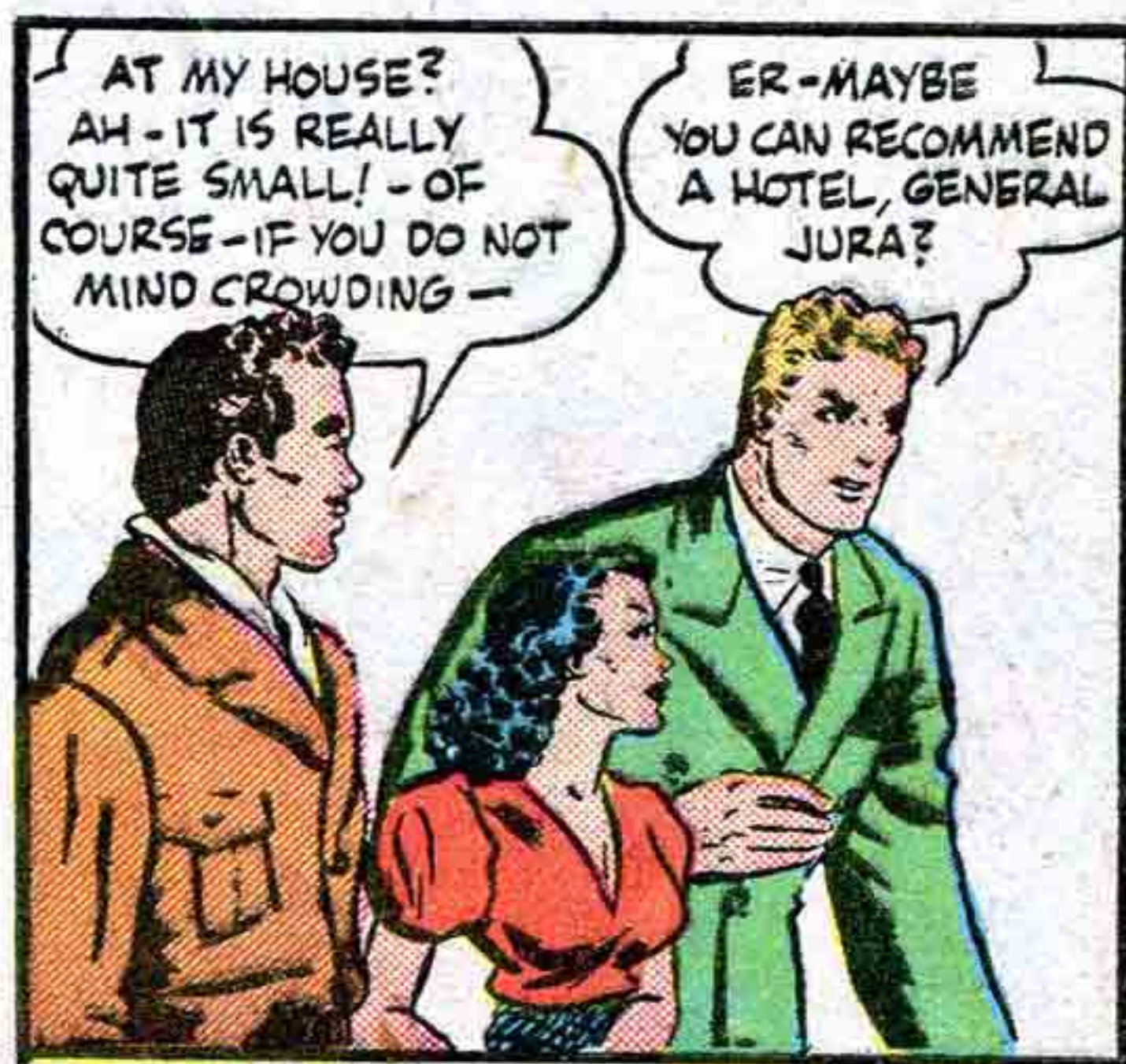
By Alfred ANDRIOLA





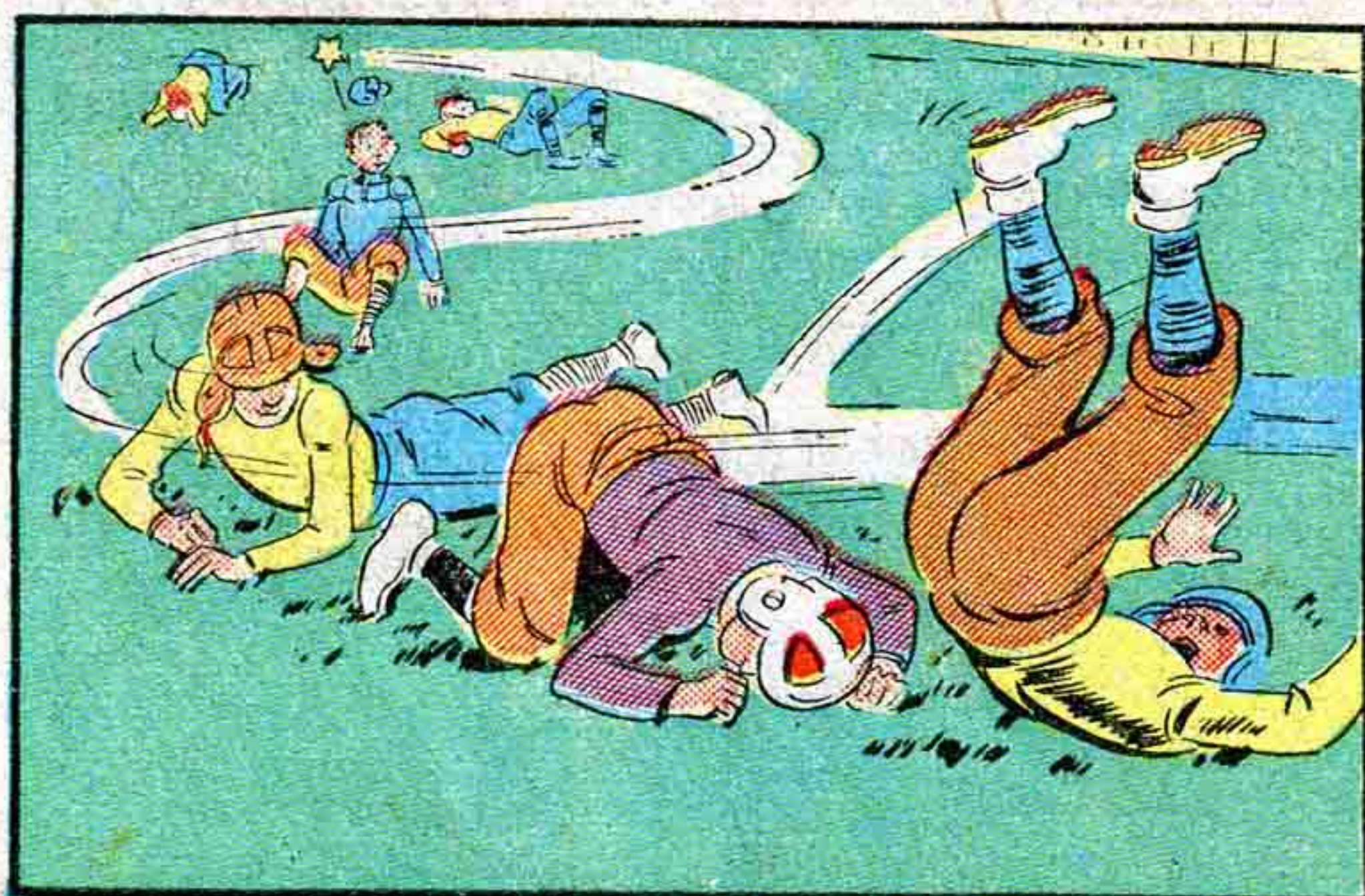
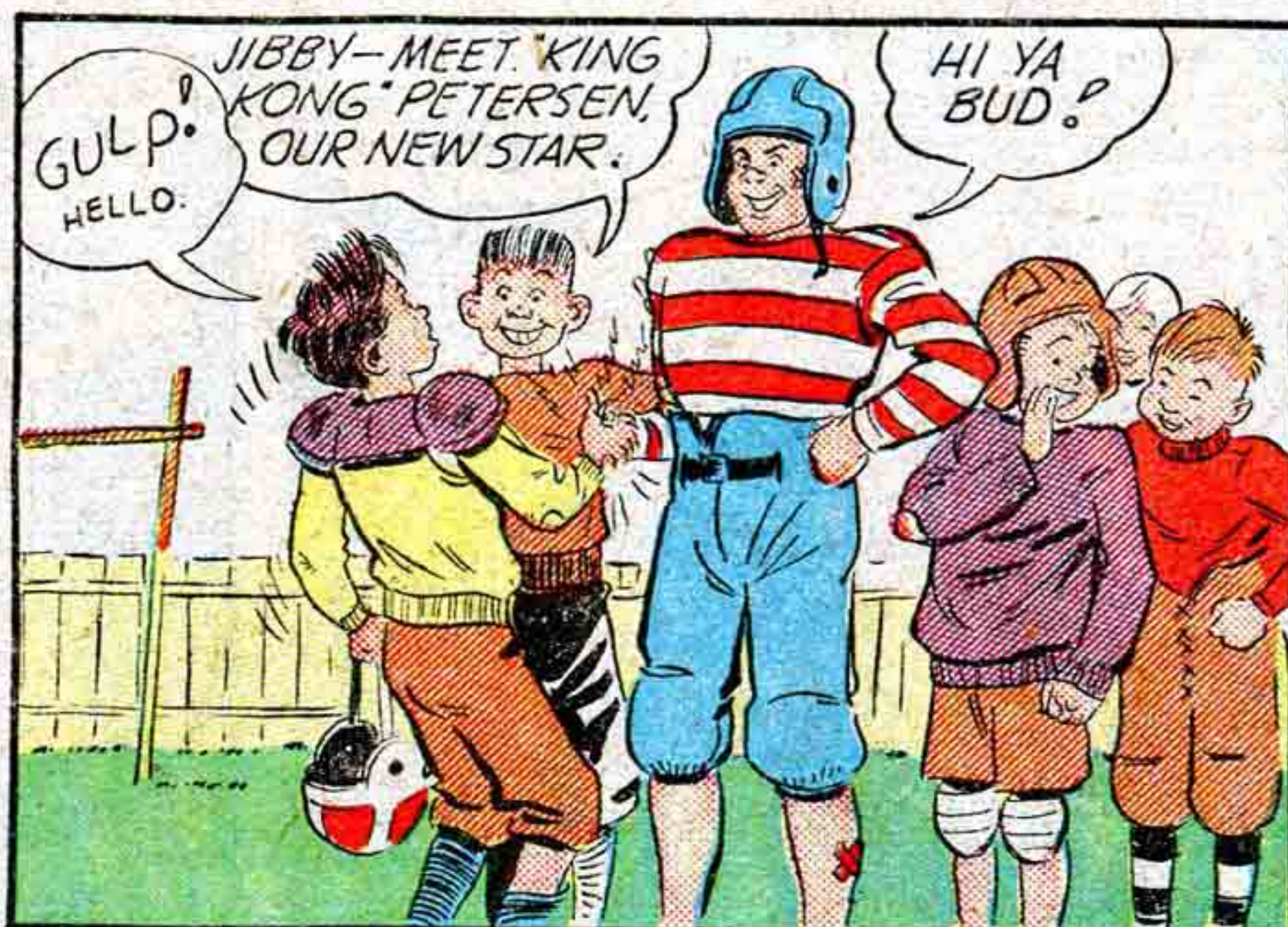
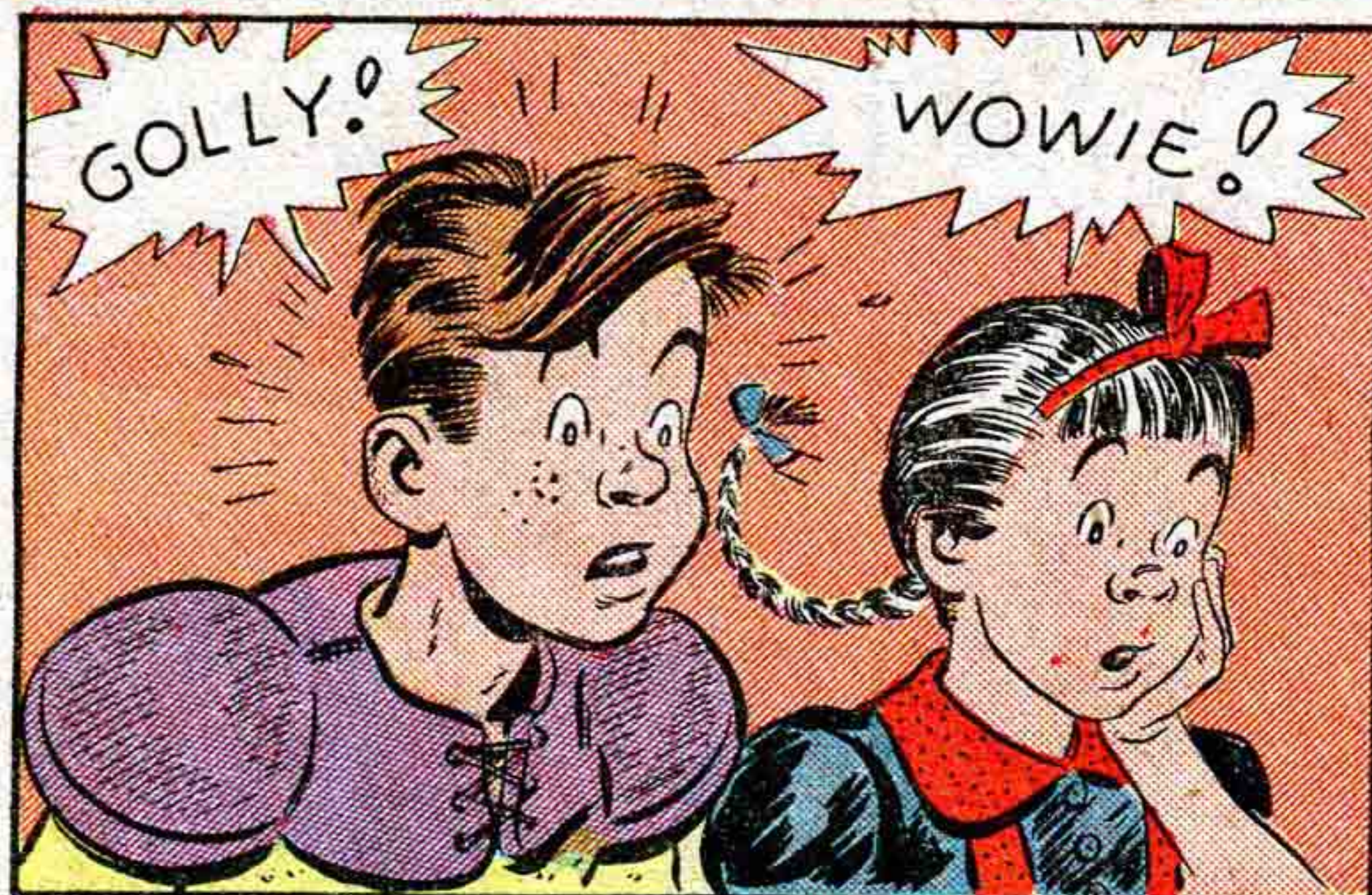


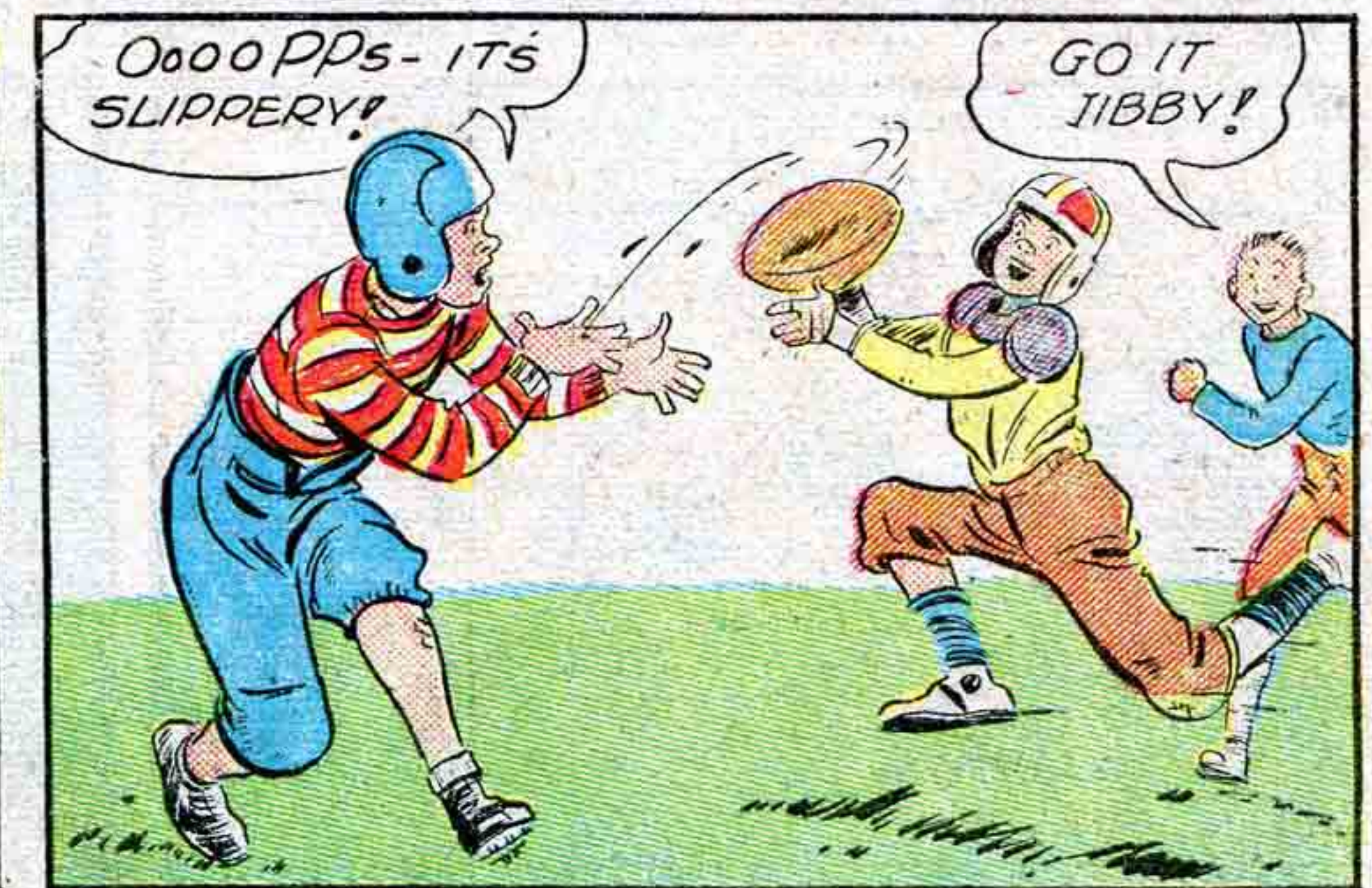
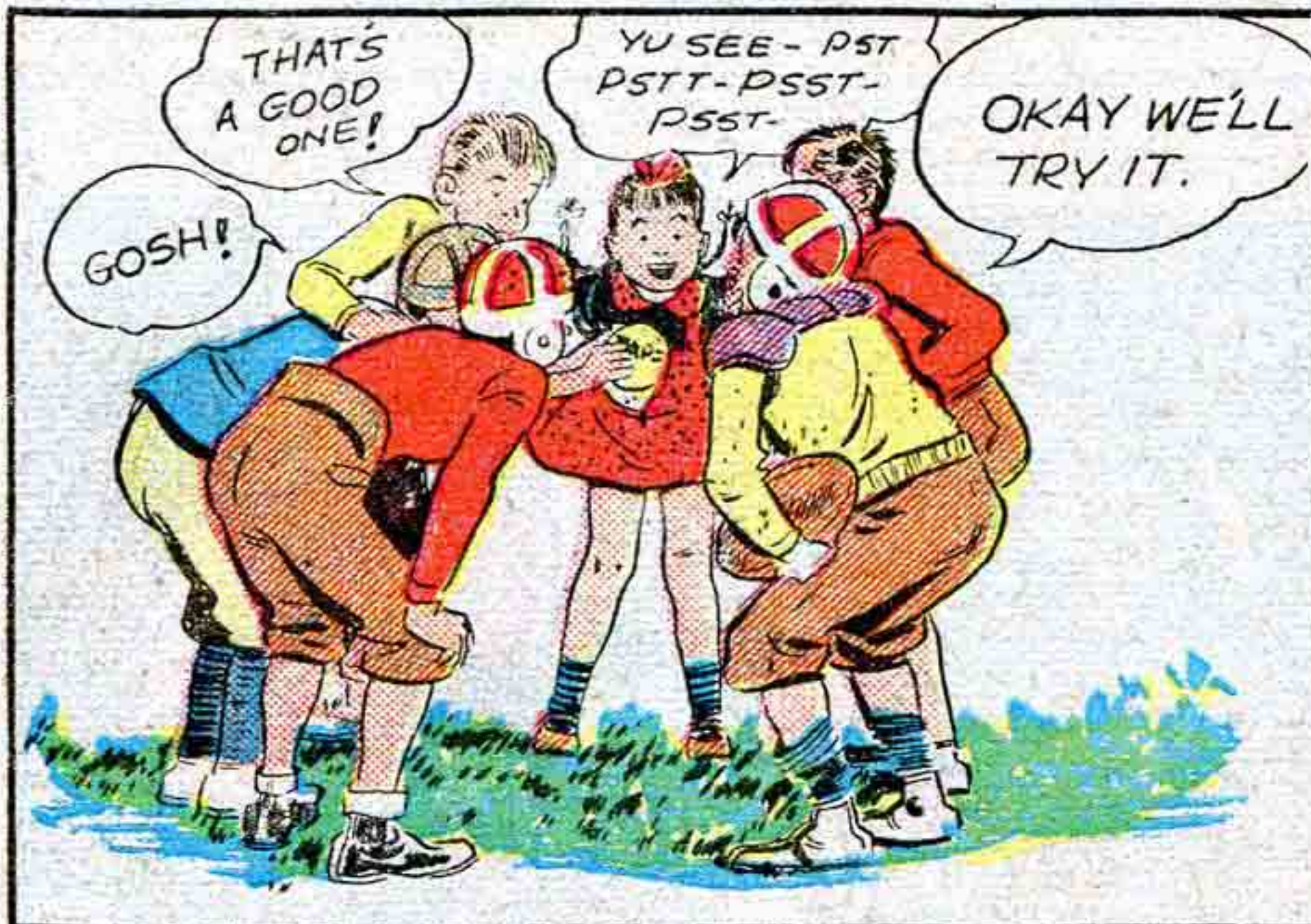
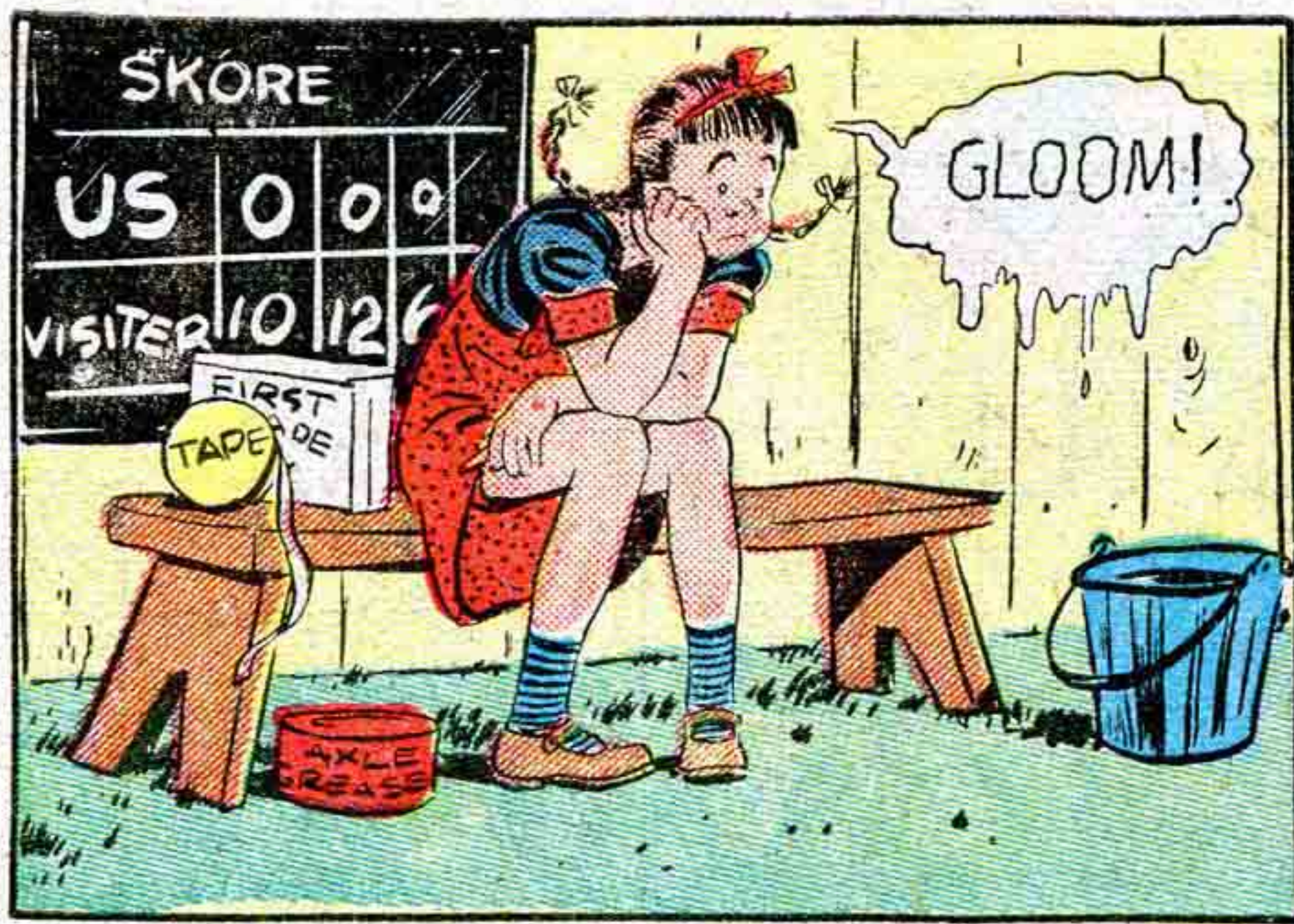




Read **CHARLIE CHAN'S** adventures and startling solutions to crime in every issue !

JIBBY JONES



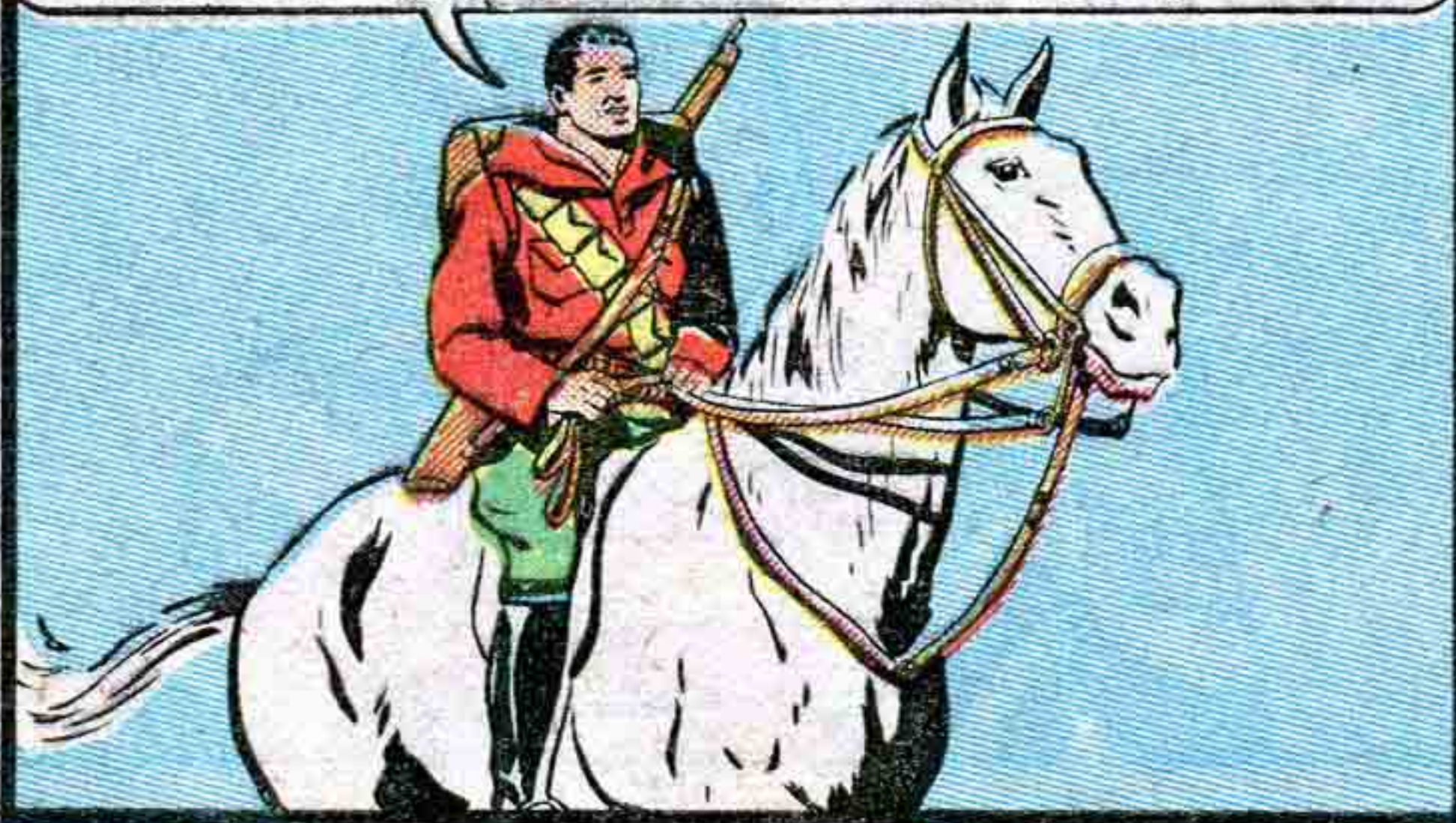


JIBBY JONES, the typical American boy, will entertain you in every issue of BIG SHOT COMICS!

ROCKY RYAN

SETTING OFF ALONE FROM SINGALI, AFTER HE HAD SAVED A MAHARAJAH'S KINGDOM SINGLE-HANDED, ROCKY TRAVERSES HIGH MOUNTAINS AND LONELY VALLEYS, SEEKING A HIDDEN VALLEY OF THE MOON-

THE MAHARAJAH SAID IF I STOPPED THE THREAT OF THE HILL TRIBES LED BY A "MOON-MISTRESS" — HED GIVE ME AN UNUSUAL REWARD!



I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE MONEY ANGLE— BUT ADVENTURE—WELL, THAT'S MY DISH!



NEXT DAY SAVAGE EYES WATCH THE LONE TRAVELLER---

A STRANGE WHITE!

TAKE HIM — TO THE MOON-MISTRESS!



MONGOL BANDITS!

AIE! AIE!



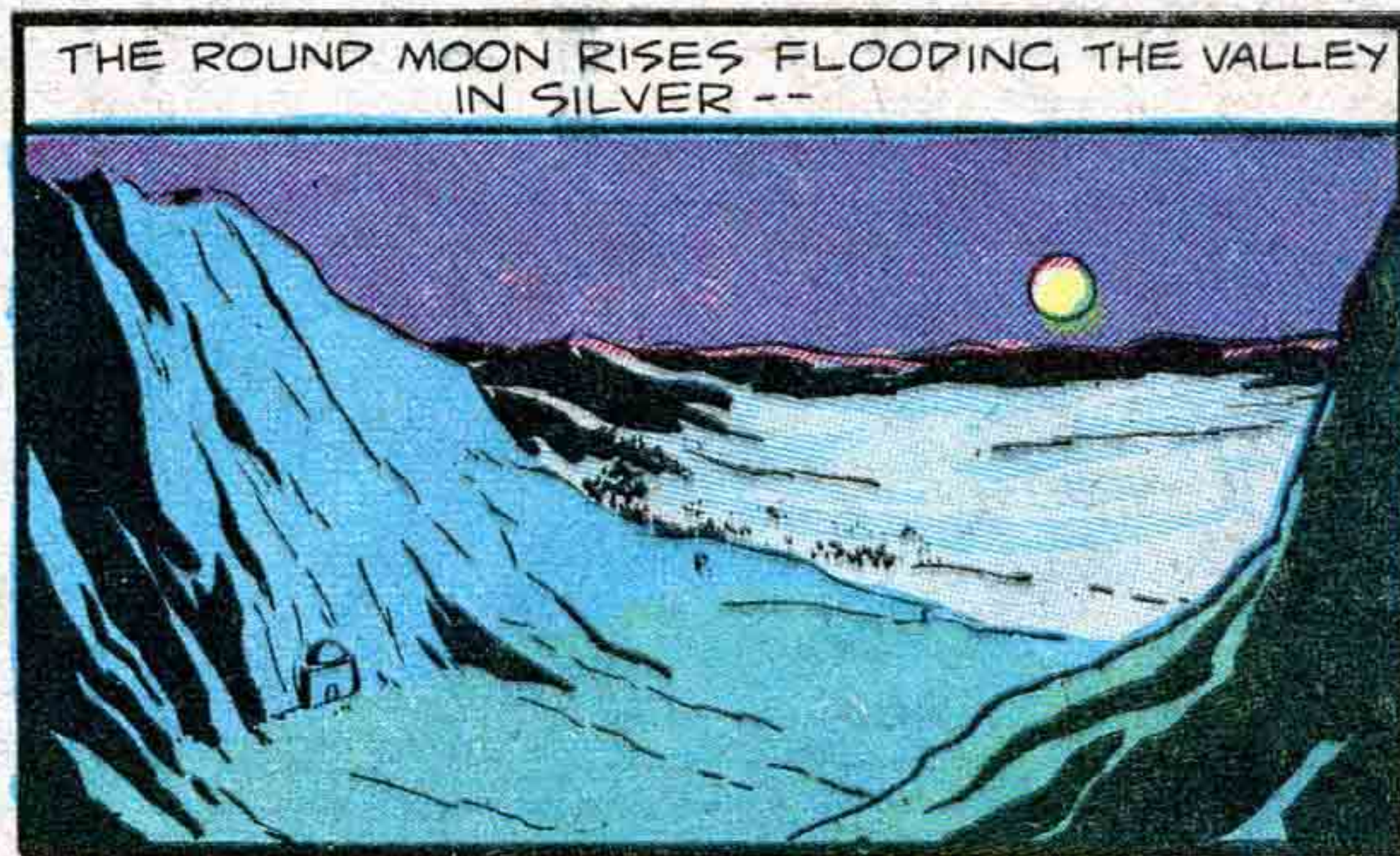
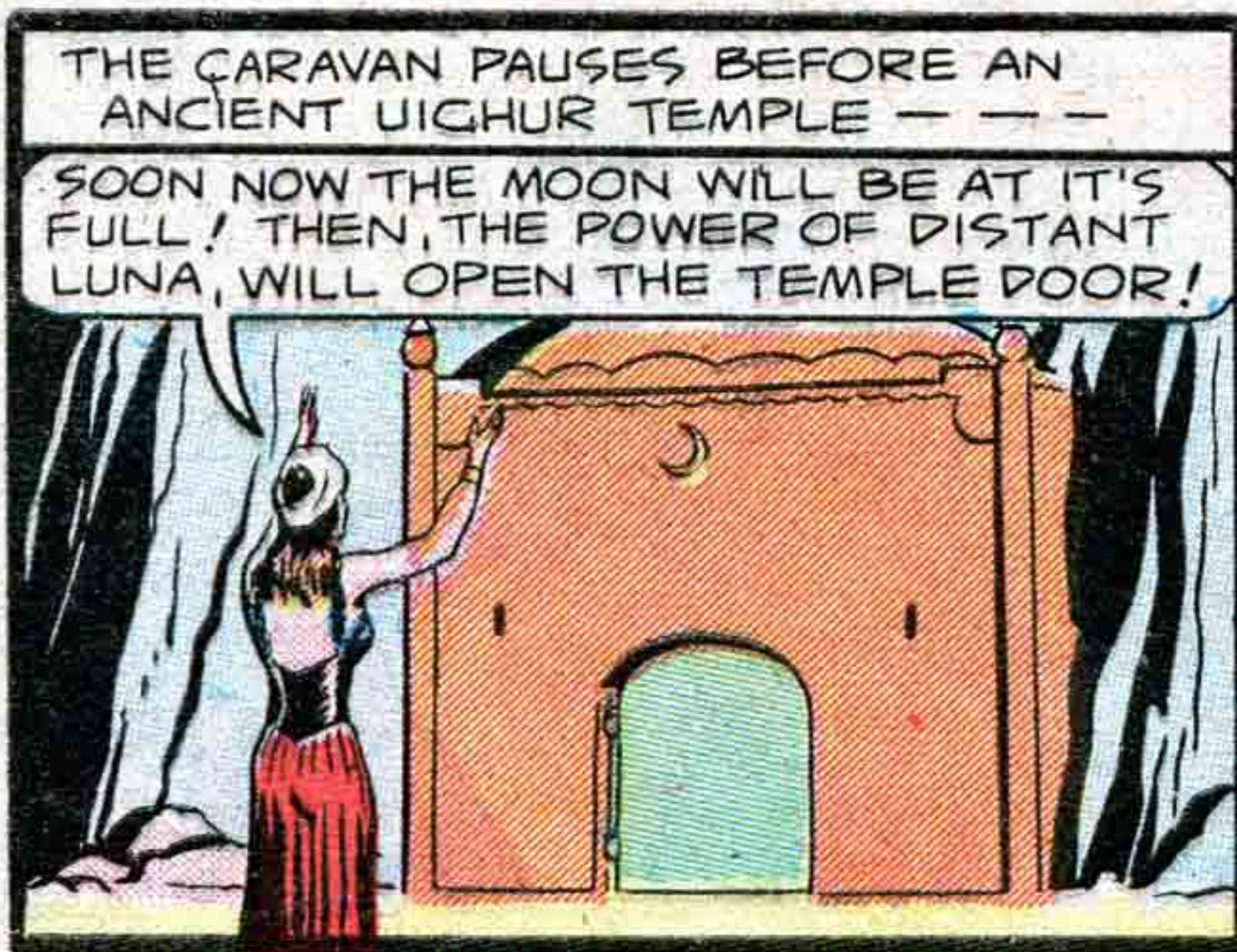
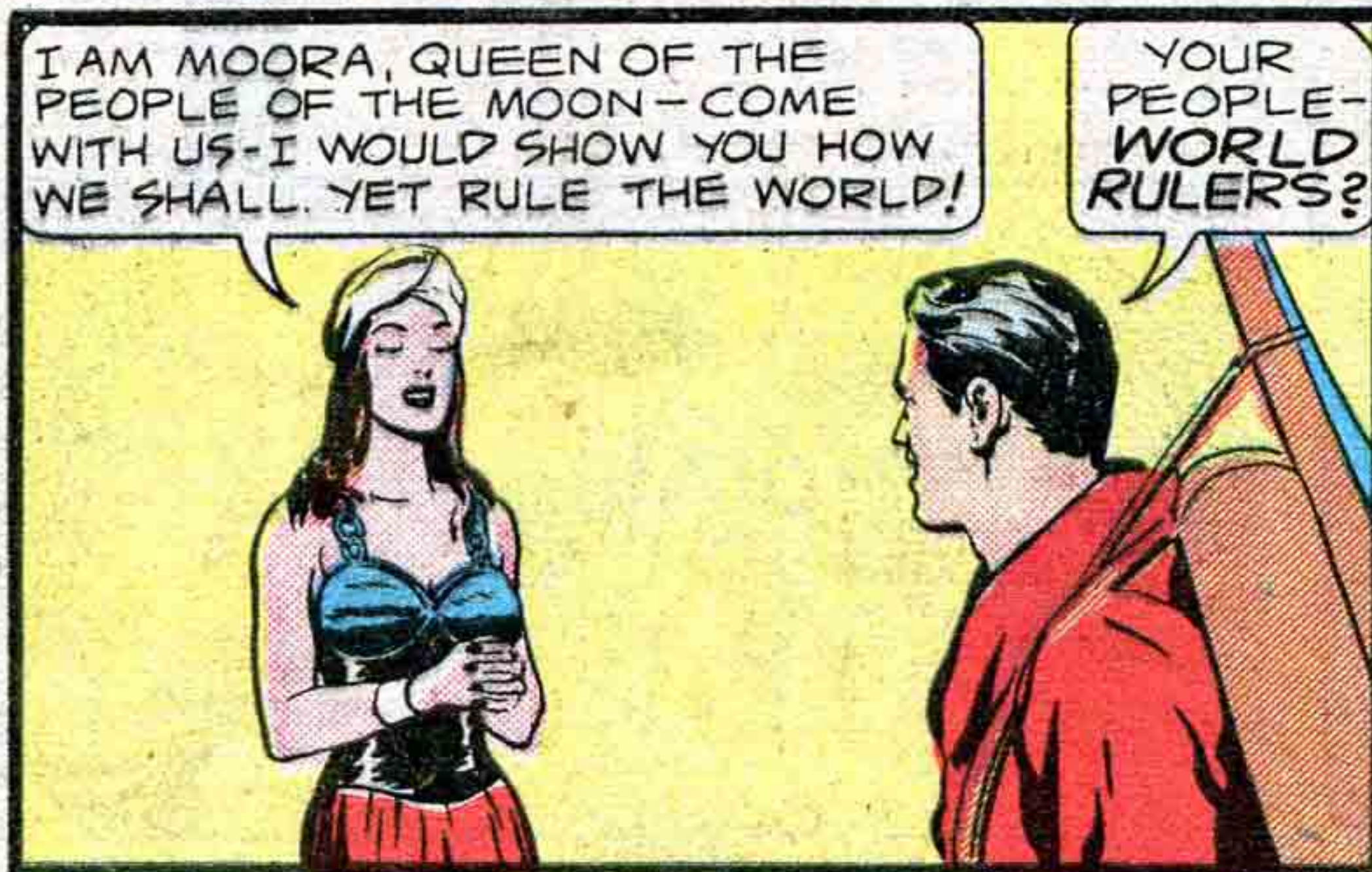
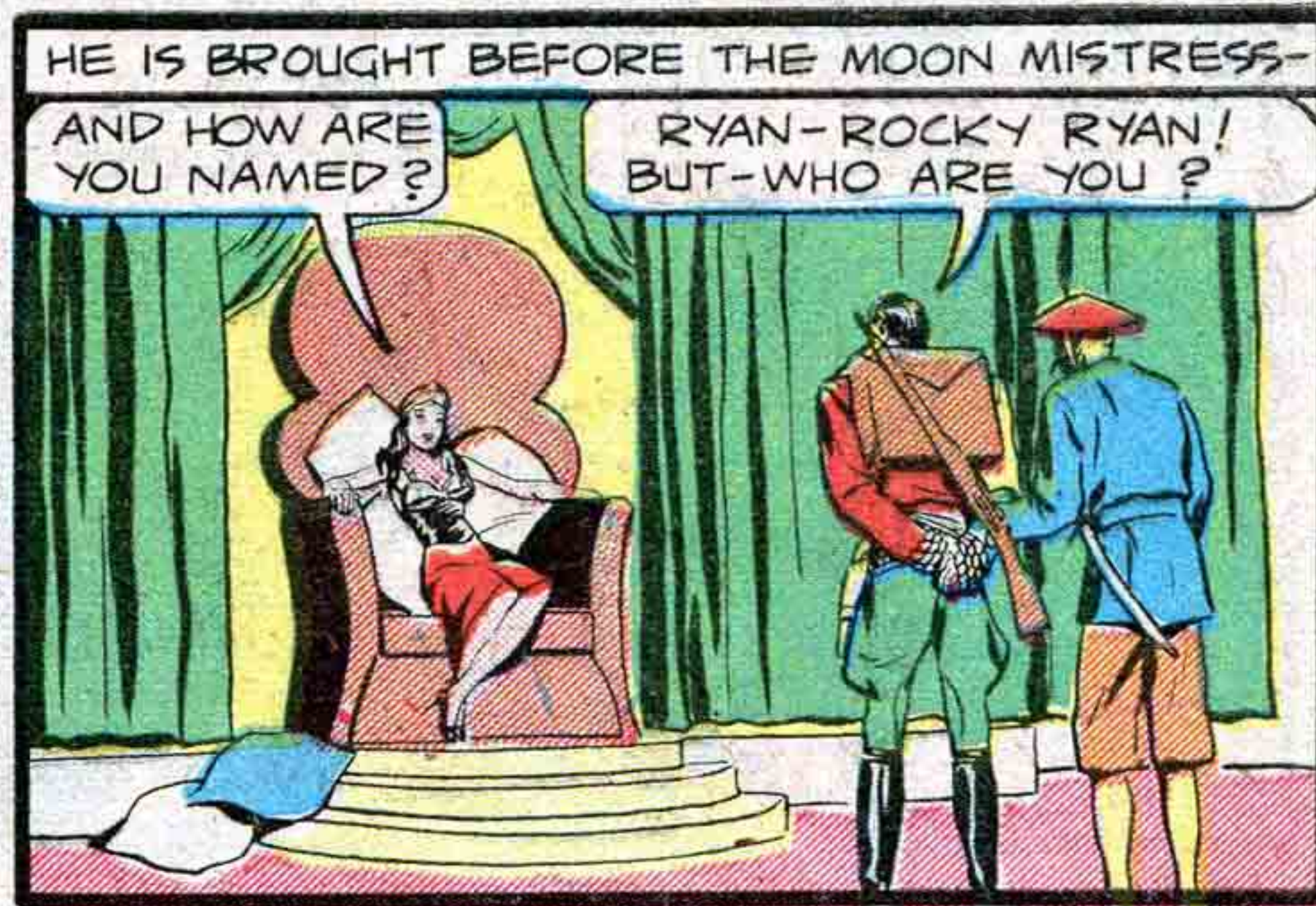
THEY'RE TOUGH CUSTOMERS, ALL RIGHT!

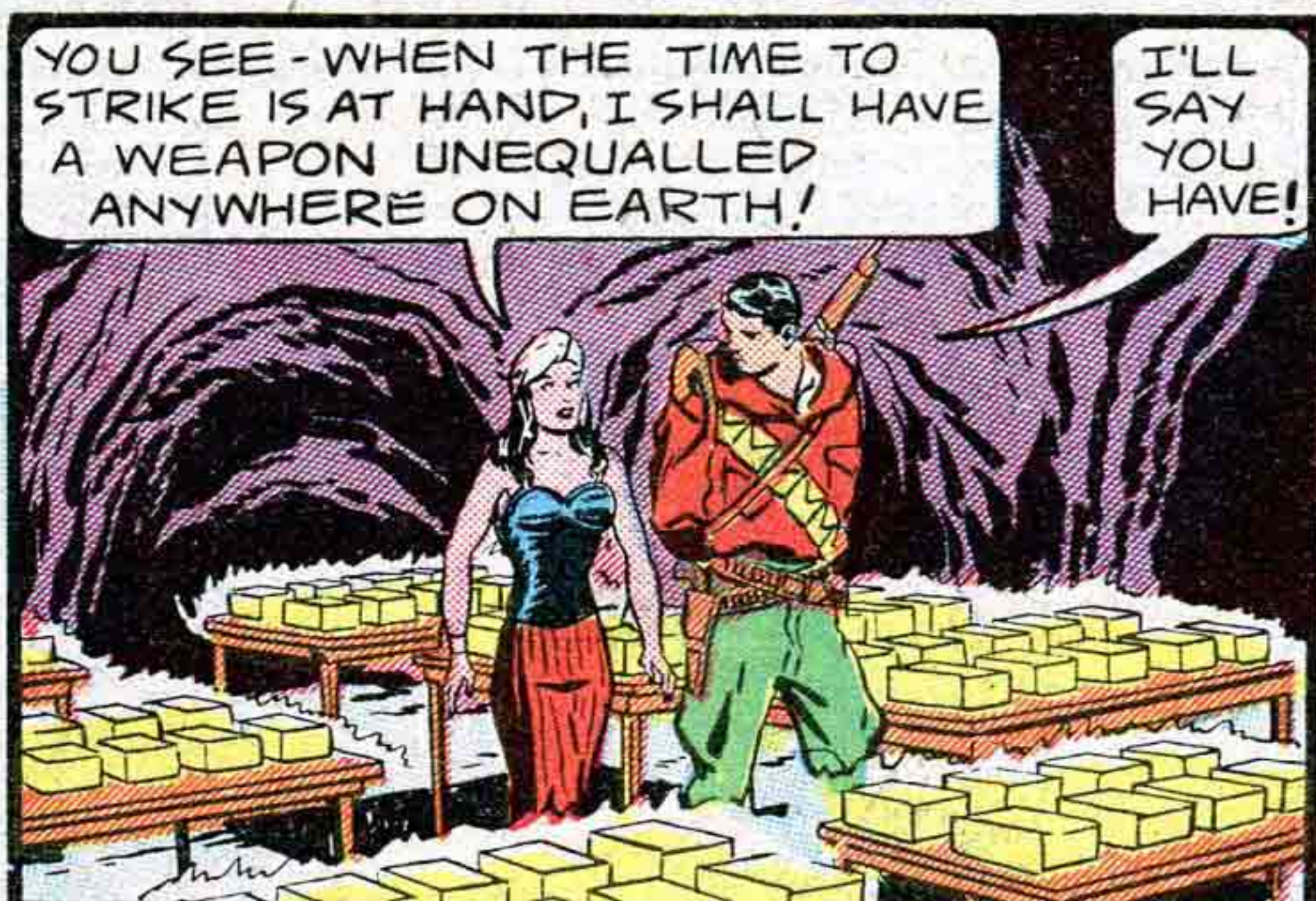
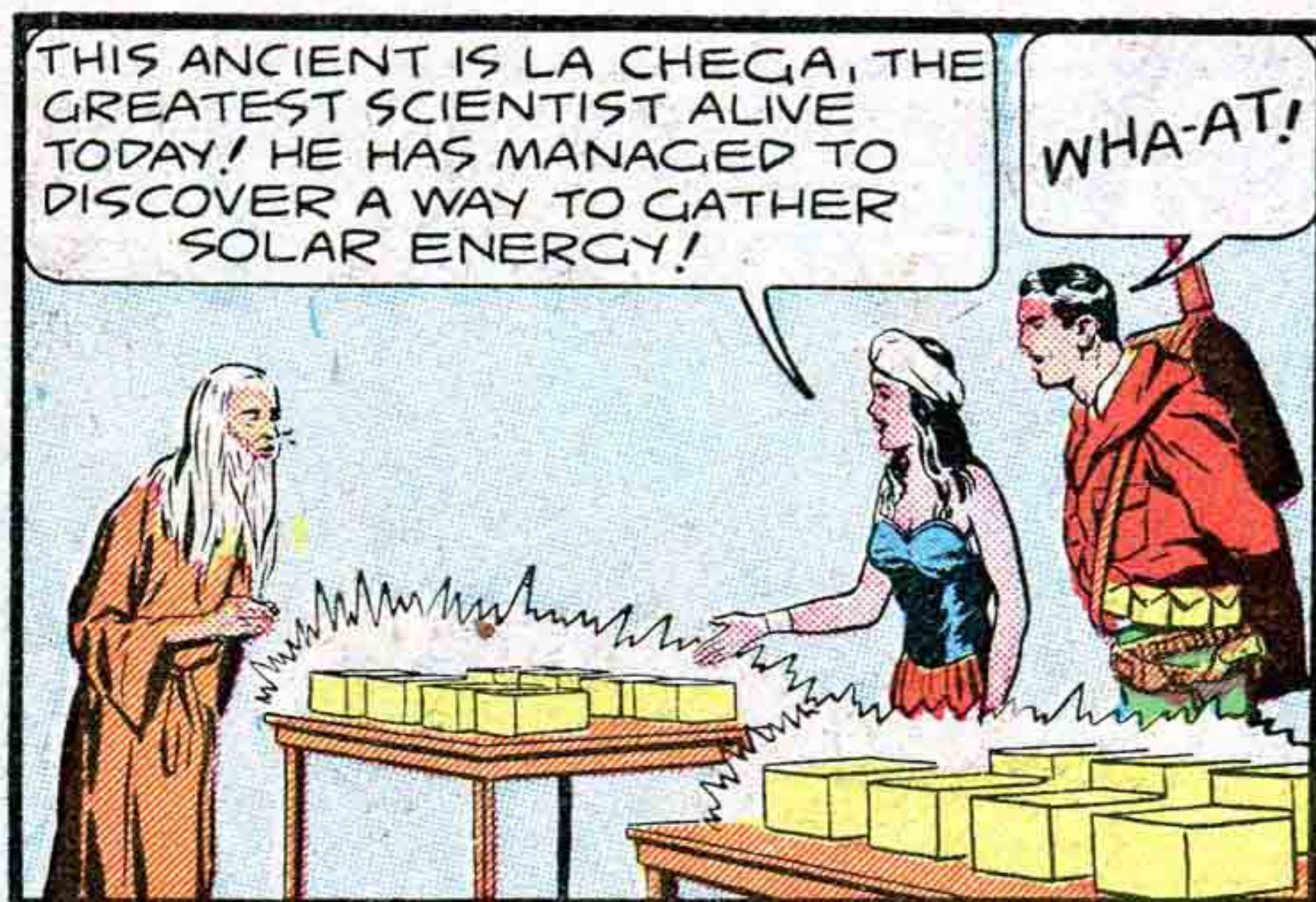


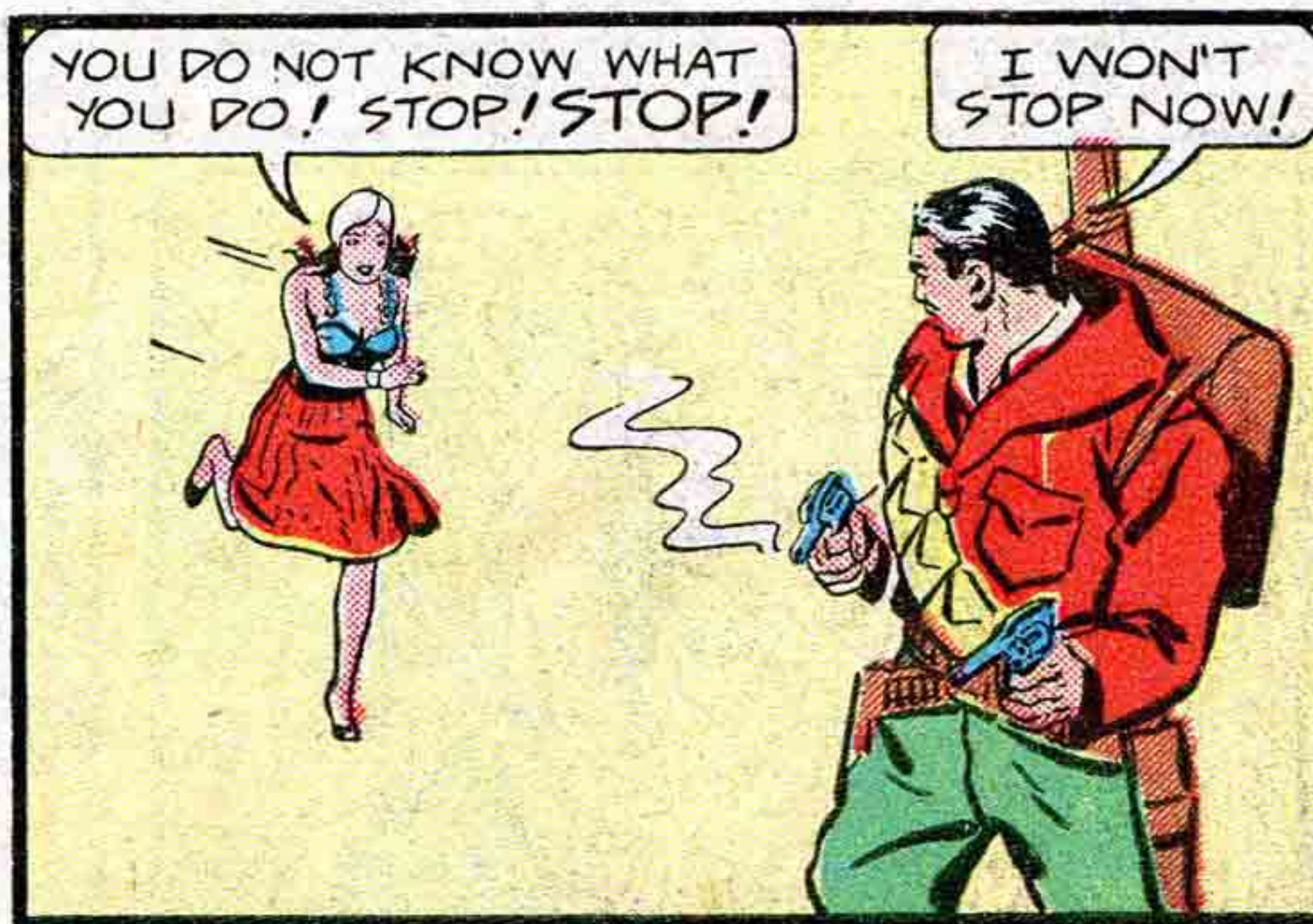
THE FLAT OF A "BAN" (A SHORT SWORD) KNOCKS ROCKY OUT —

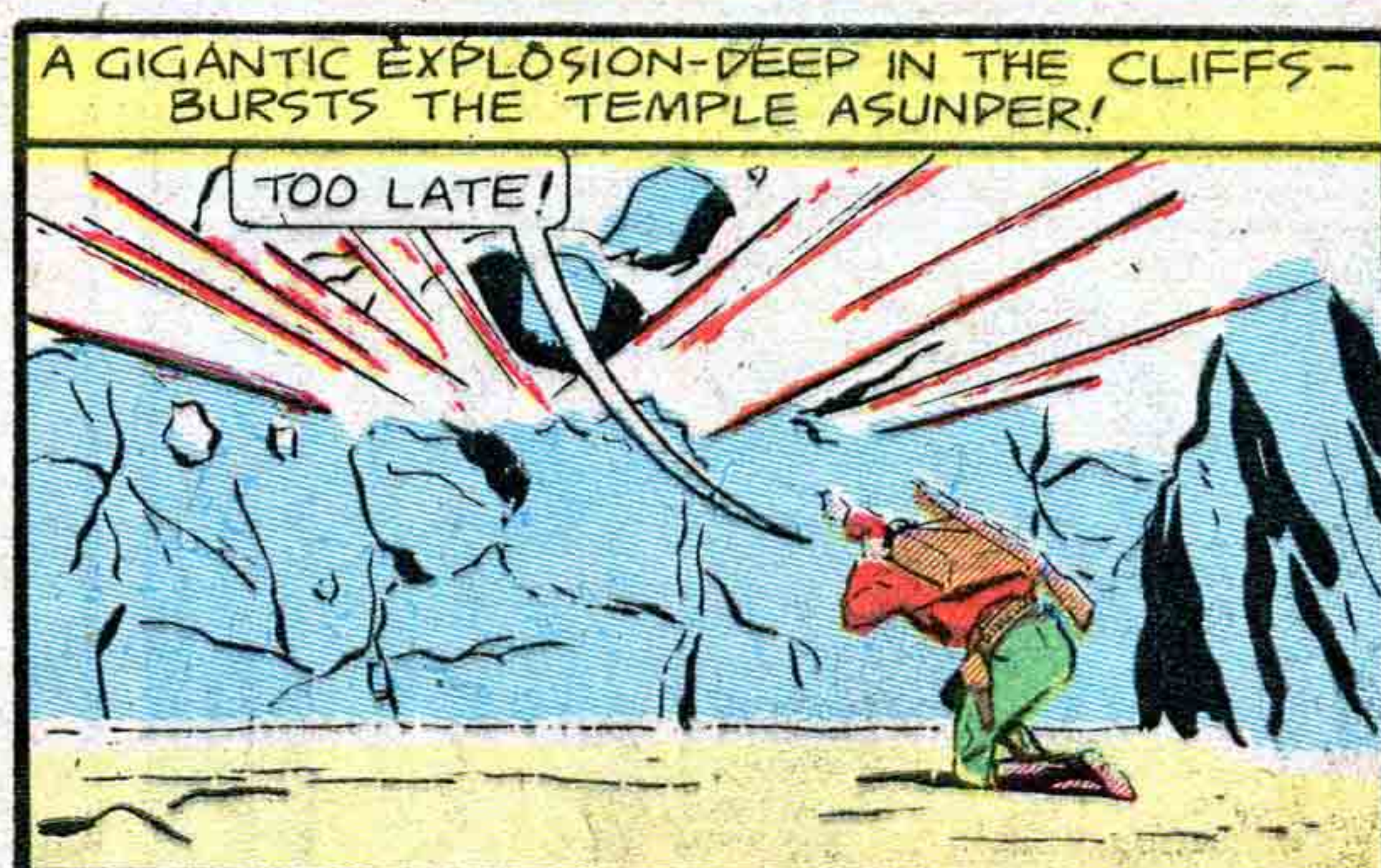
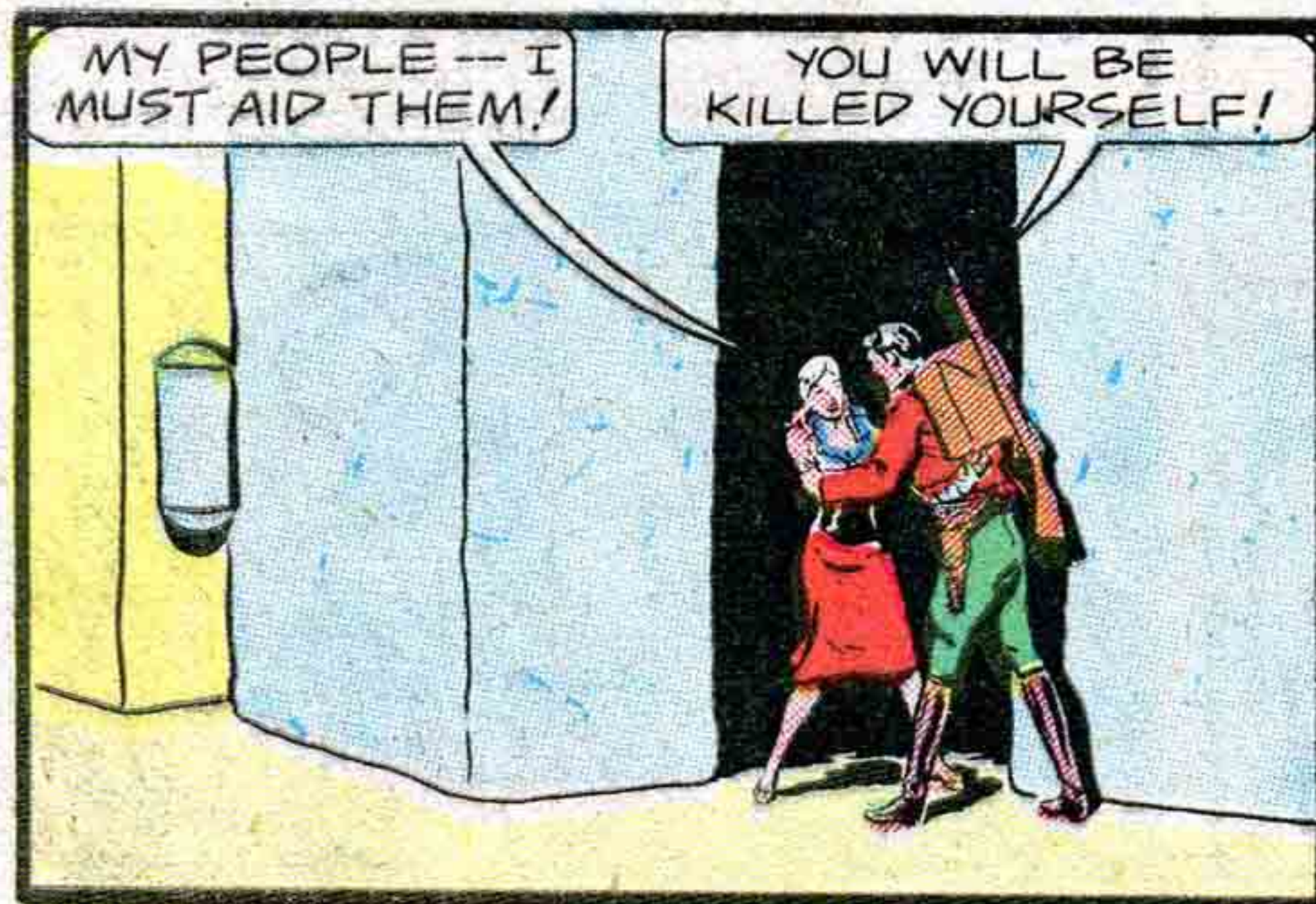
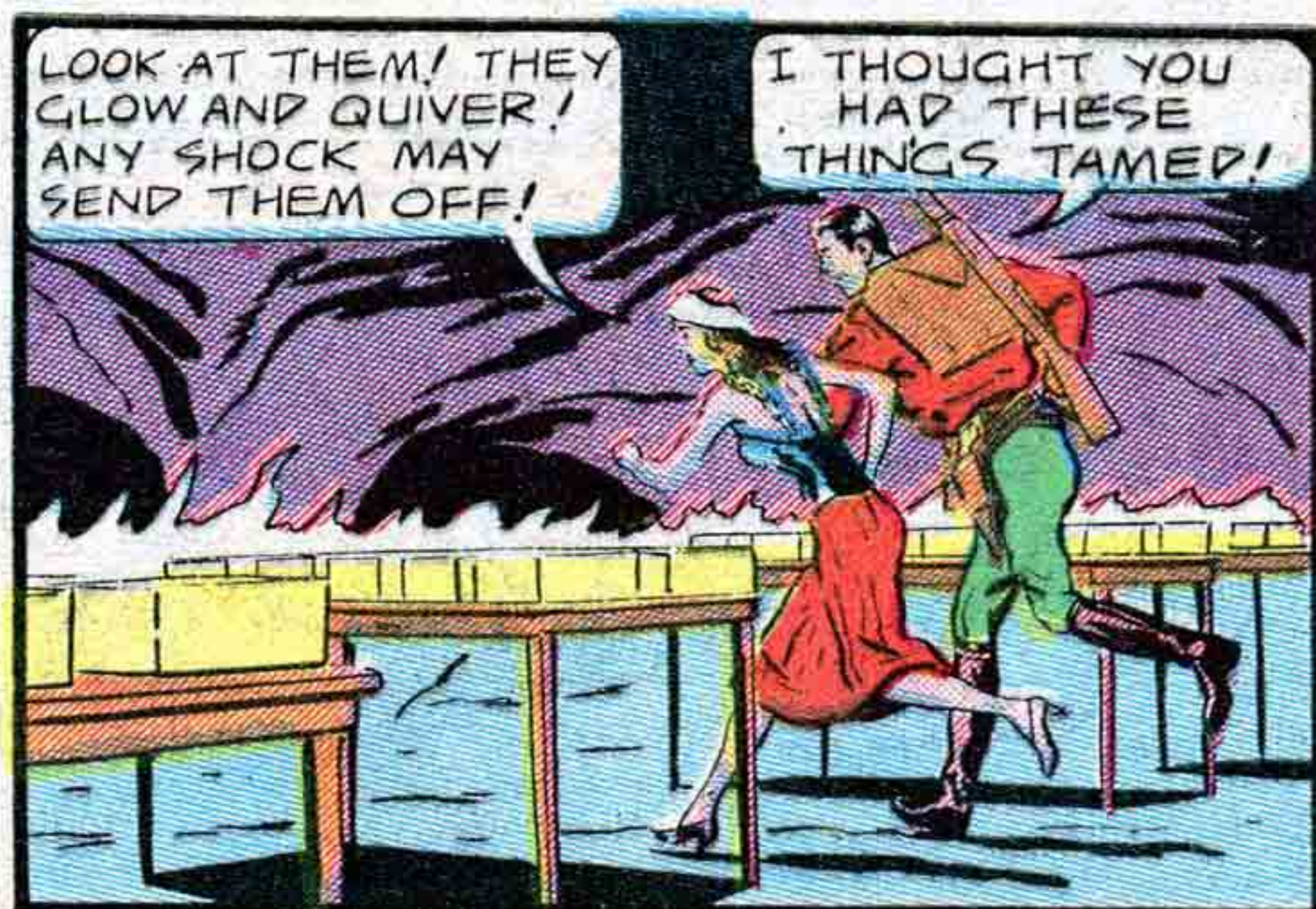
ONE AGAINST TWO ISN'T SO BAD---











STUNNED, HE LIES UNCONSCIOUS — UNDER THE BLAZING SUN!



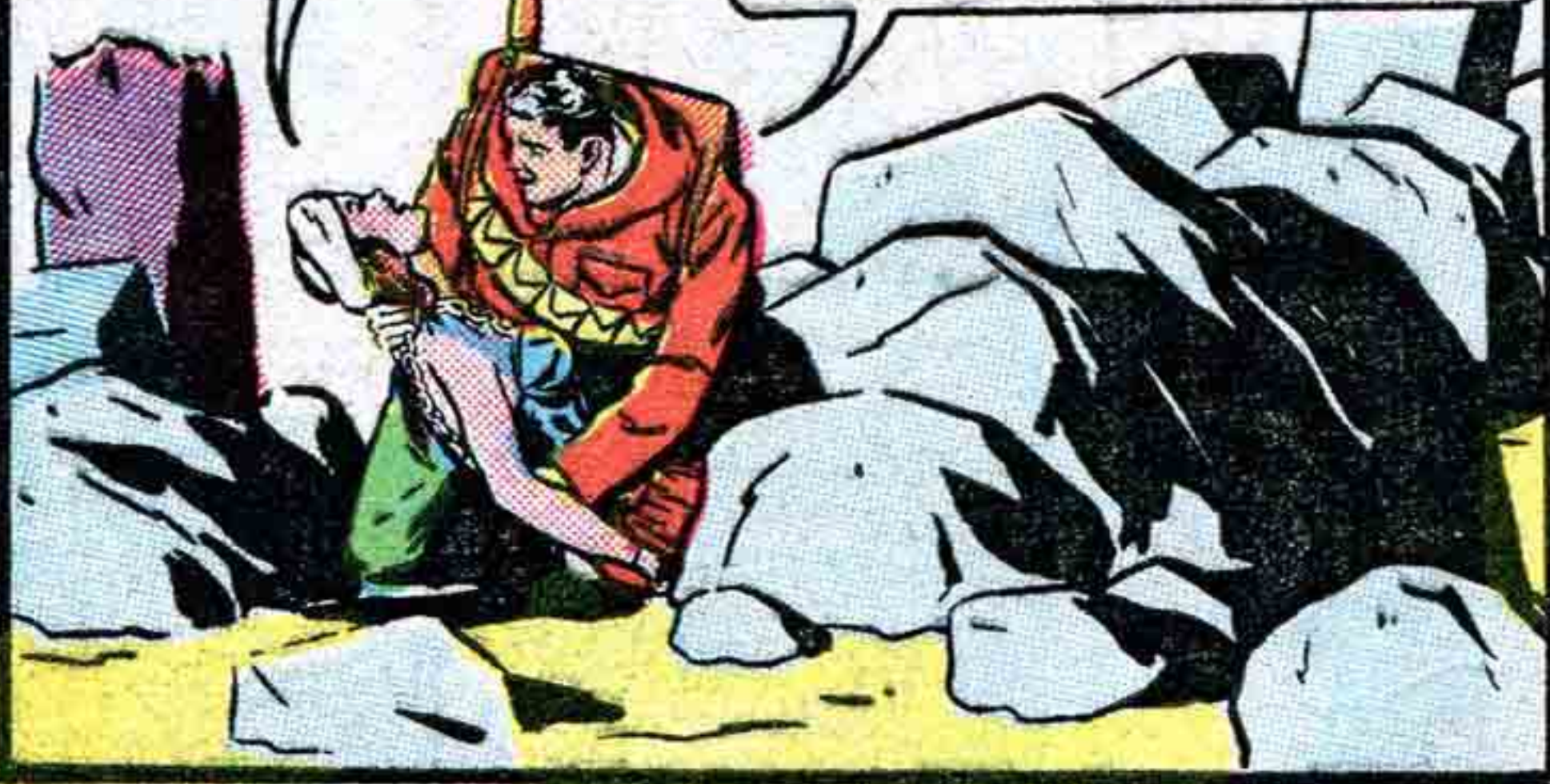
TOWARD EVENING—ROCKY REVIVES---

I'VE GOT TO SEE IF ANYBODY IS ALIVE!



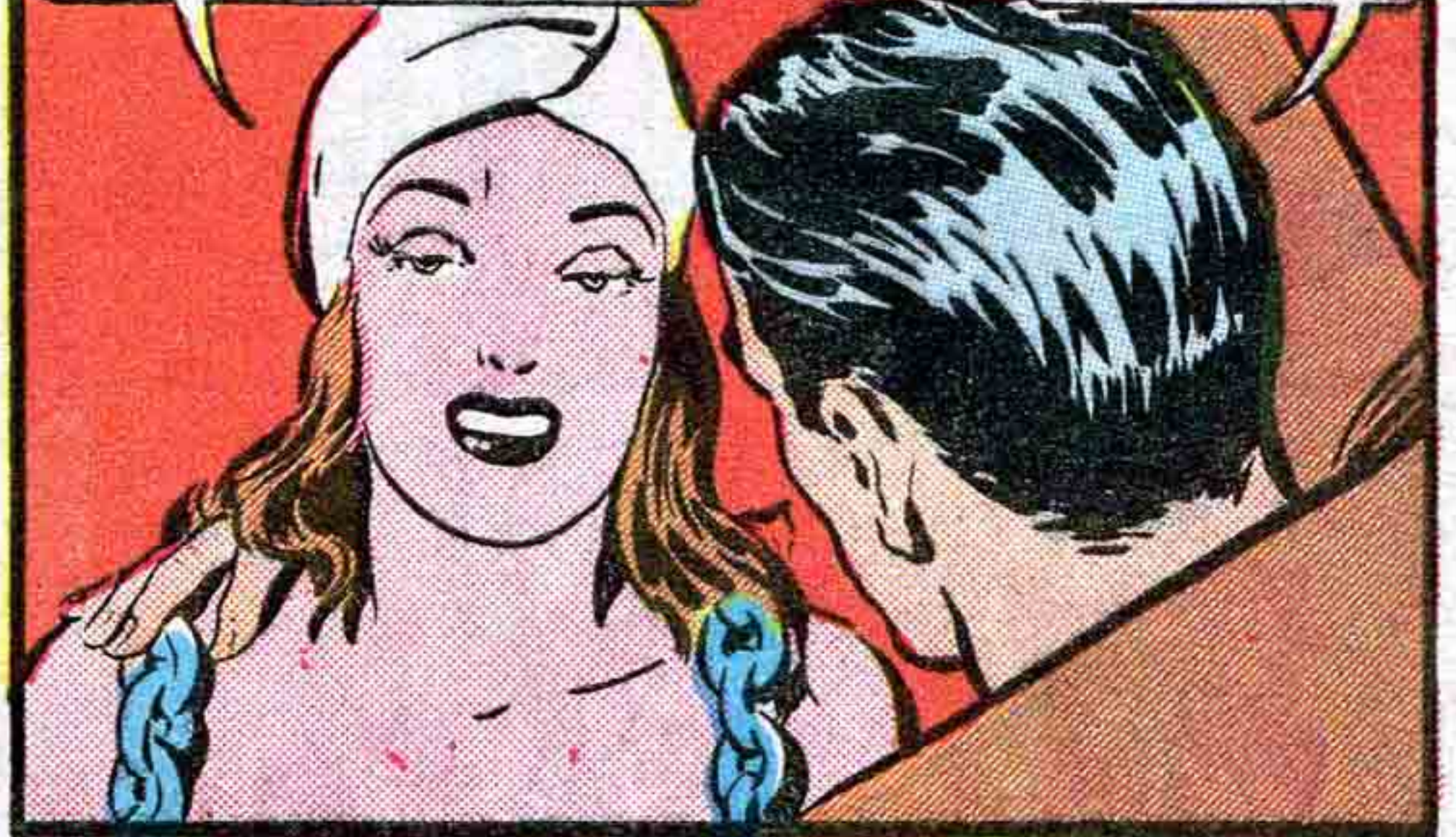
WHITE MAN—YOU BEAT ALL OUR POWER WITH A FEW BULLETS!

YOU WEREN'T MEANT TO CONQUER THE WORLD! HUMANITY IS TOO MUCH FOR A FEW PEOPLE TO RULE!

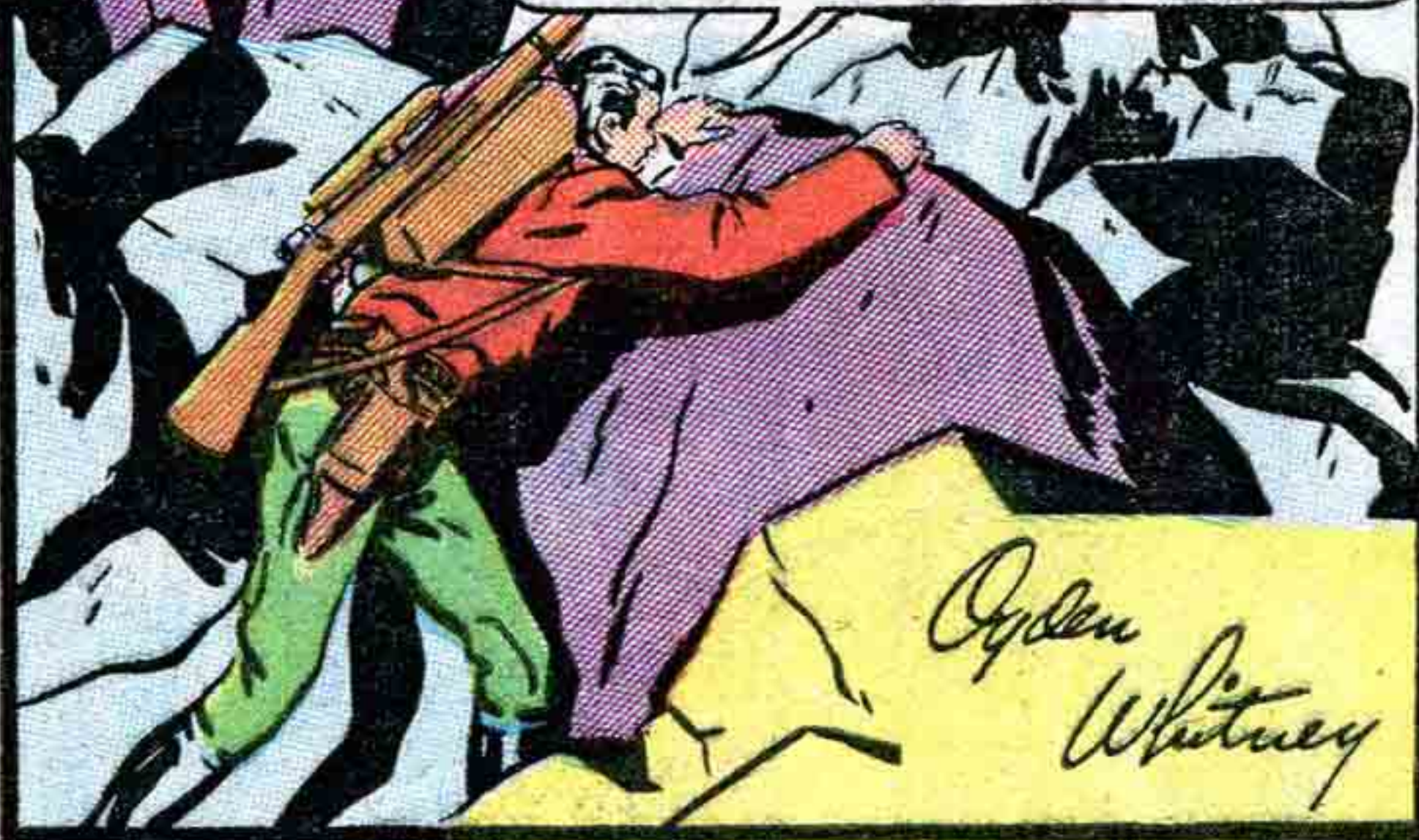


IT IS GETTING DARK —I'M DYING!

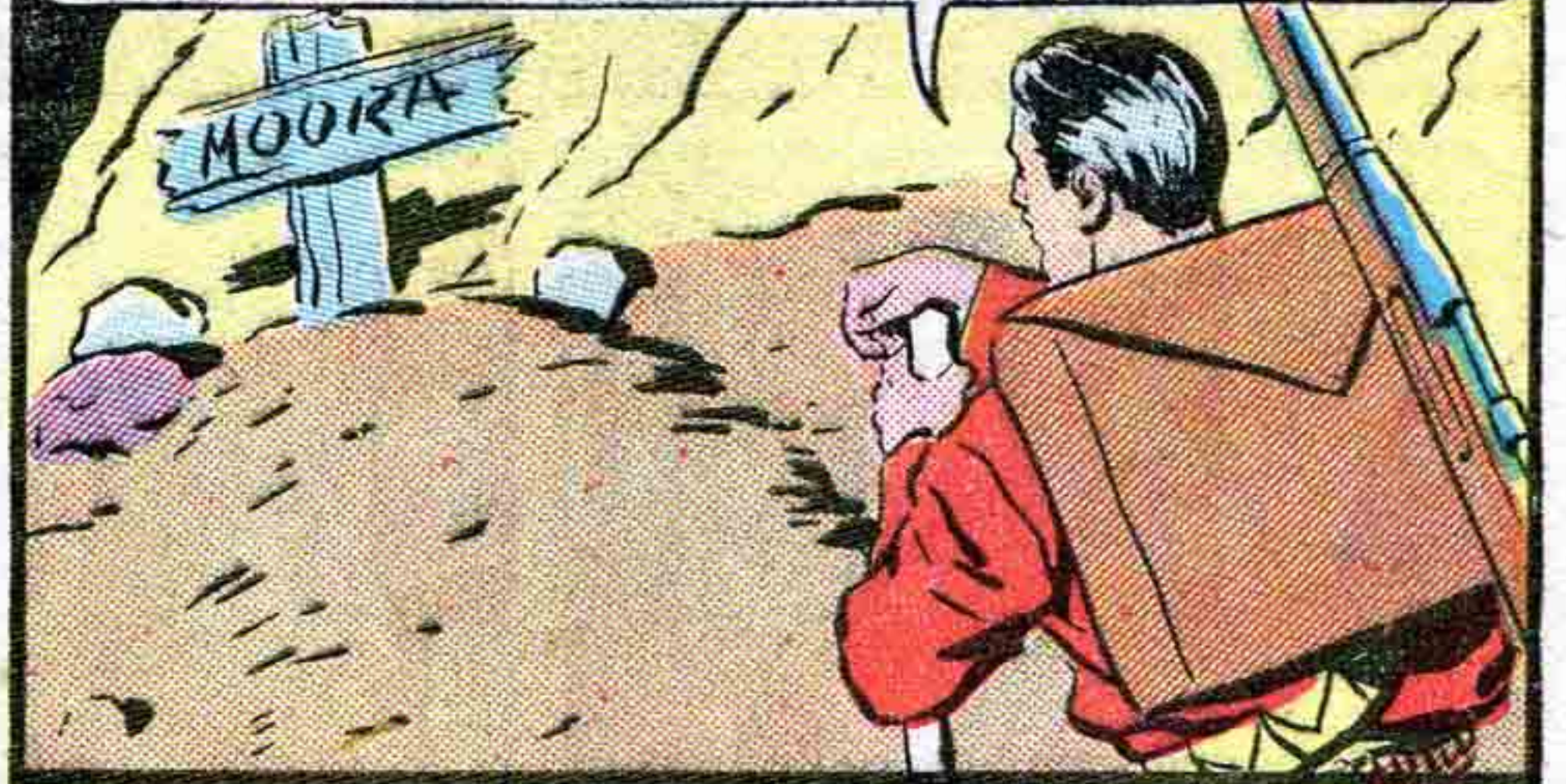
EASY—! EASY—



IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE ALL DEAD INSIDE!



SO ENDS ANOTHER WOULD-BE CONQUEROR—ALEXANDER, CAESAR, NAPOLEON! NONE OF THEM SUCCEEDED! WHY SHOULD MOORA?



—AND SHE HAD THE STRONGEST WEAPON OF ALL—TRUE SOLAR ENERGY—THUS ENDS ANOTHER CHAPTER OF THE WORLD'S UNWRITTEN HISTORY!



HERE IS WHERE THIS ADVENTURE BEGAN—AND HERE IS WHERE IT ENDS! GOOD-BYE, MOORA!



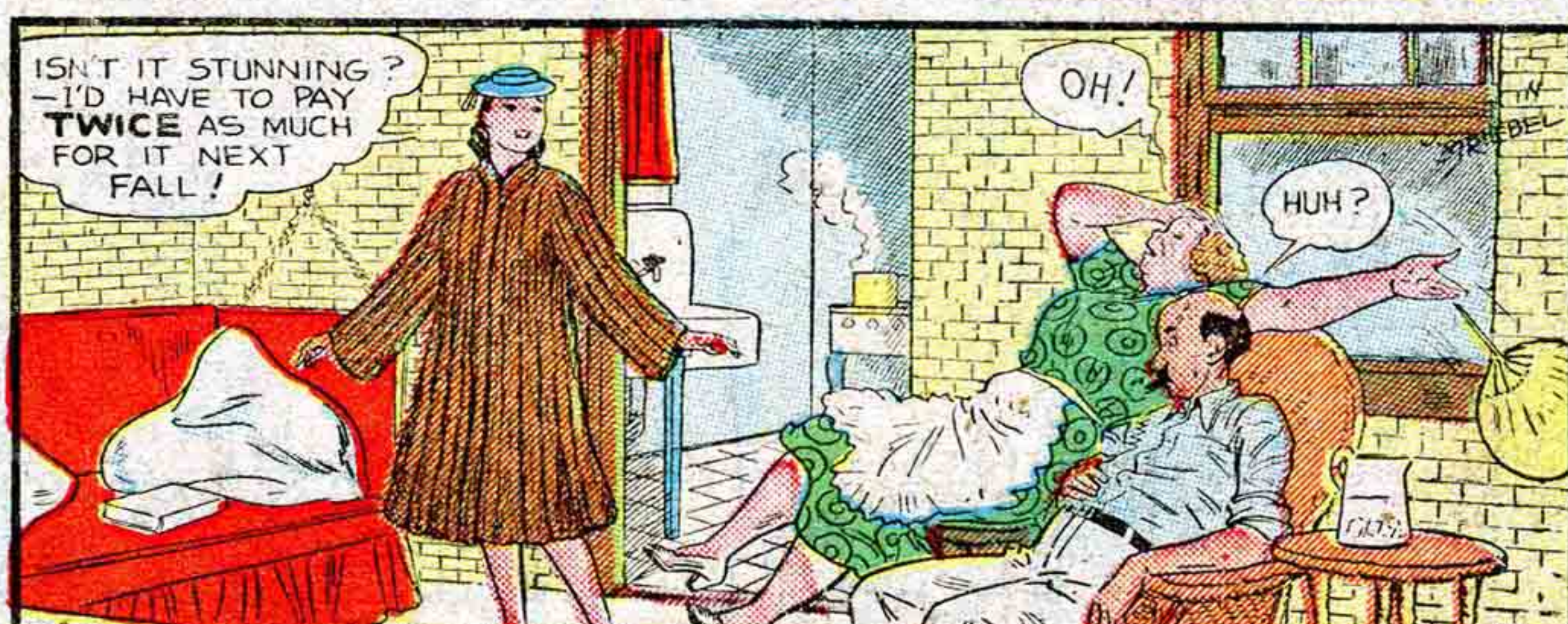
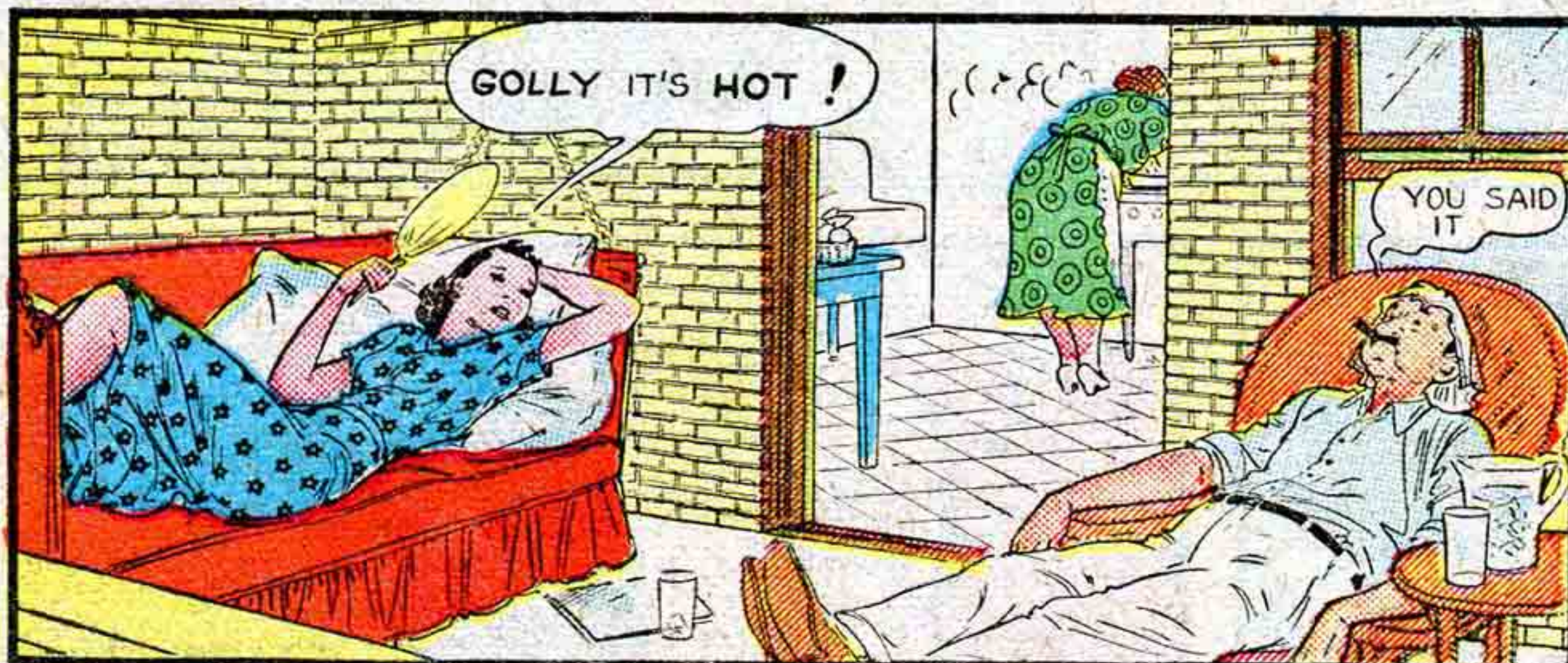
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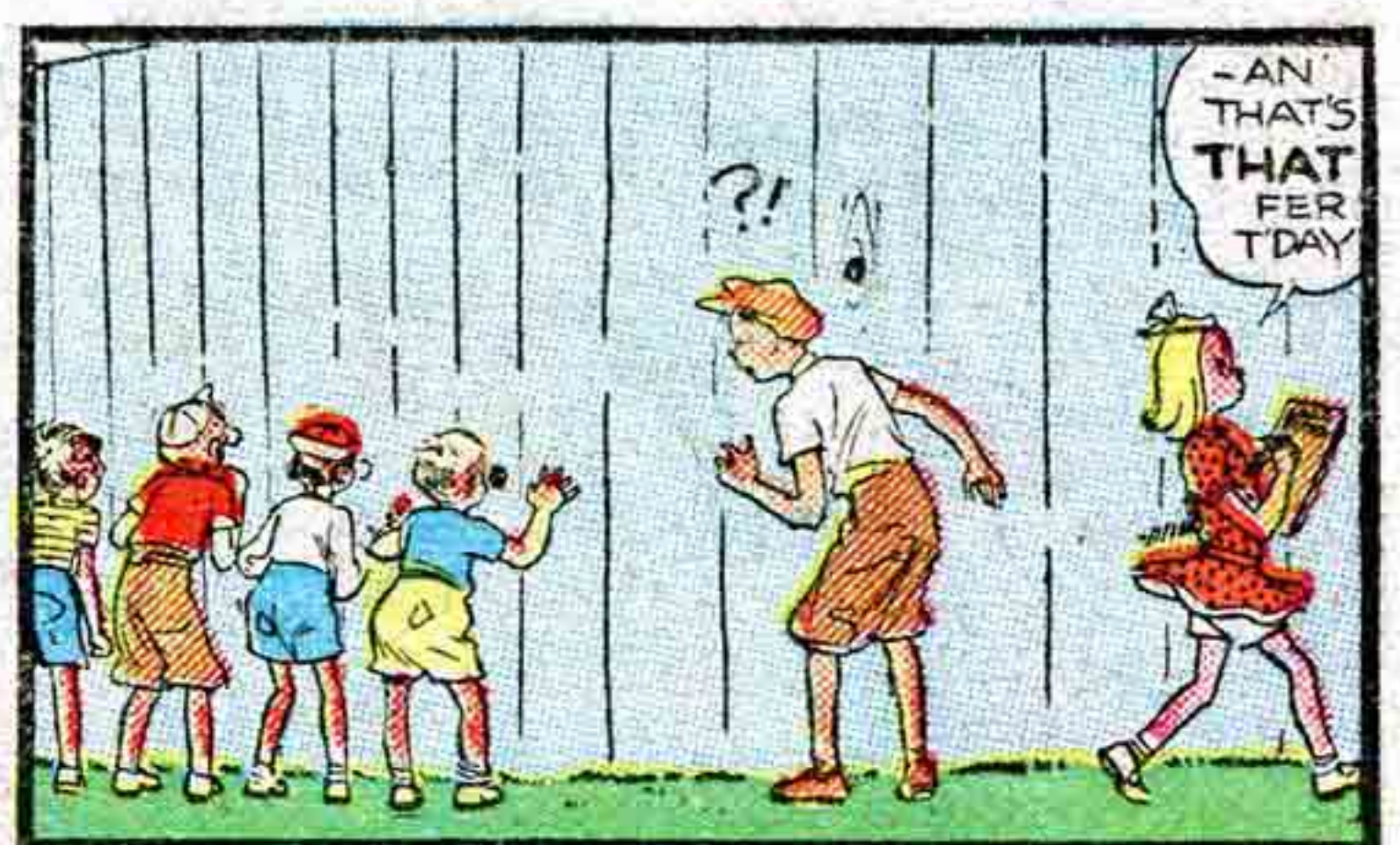
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DIXIE DUGAN

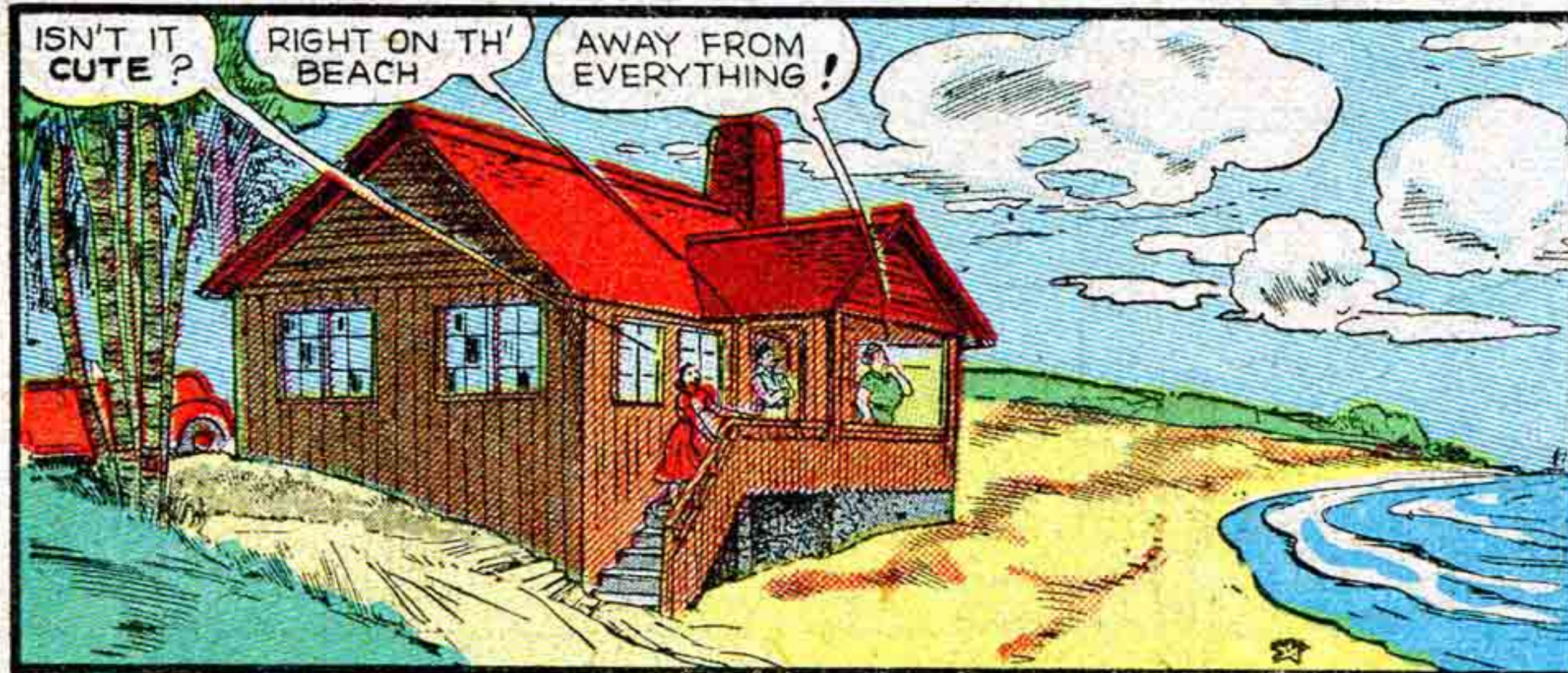
By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL





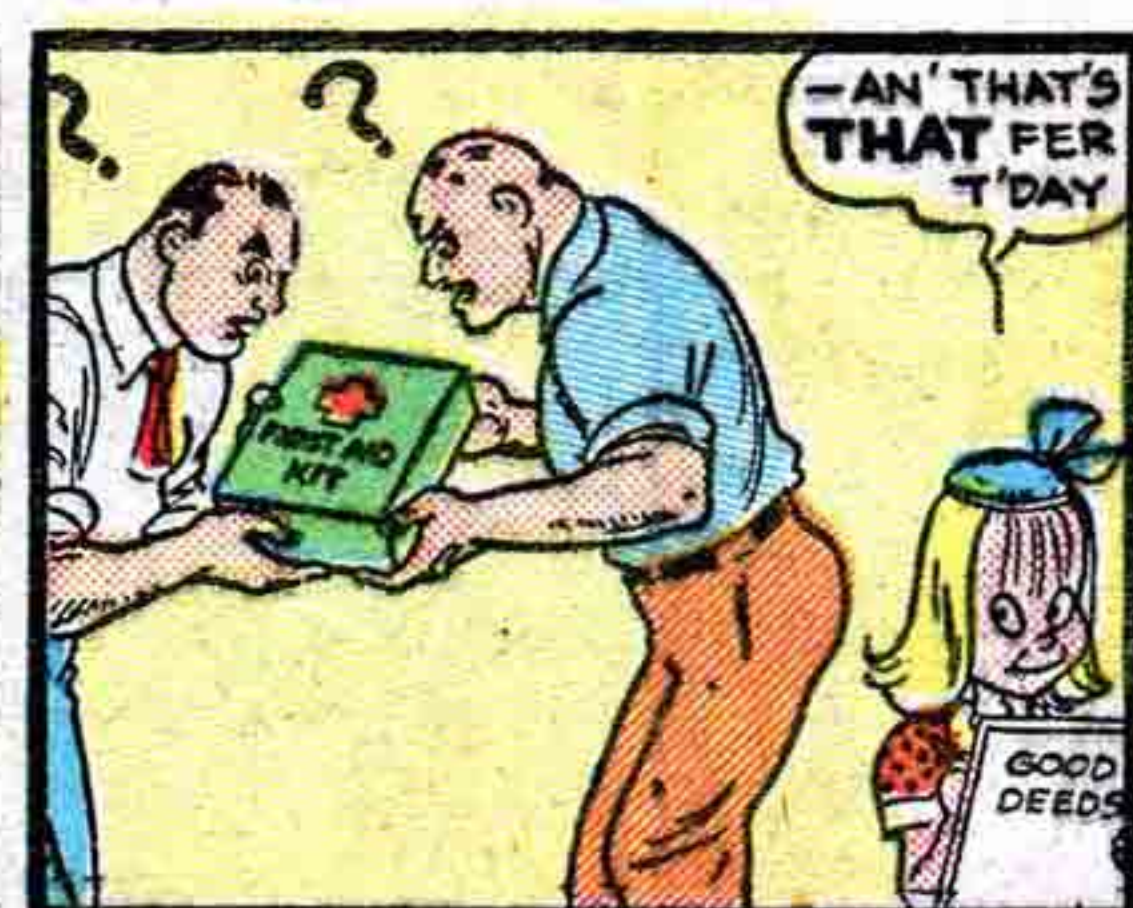
DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



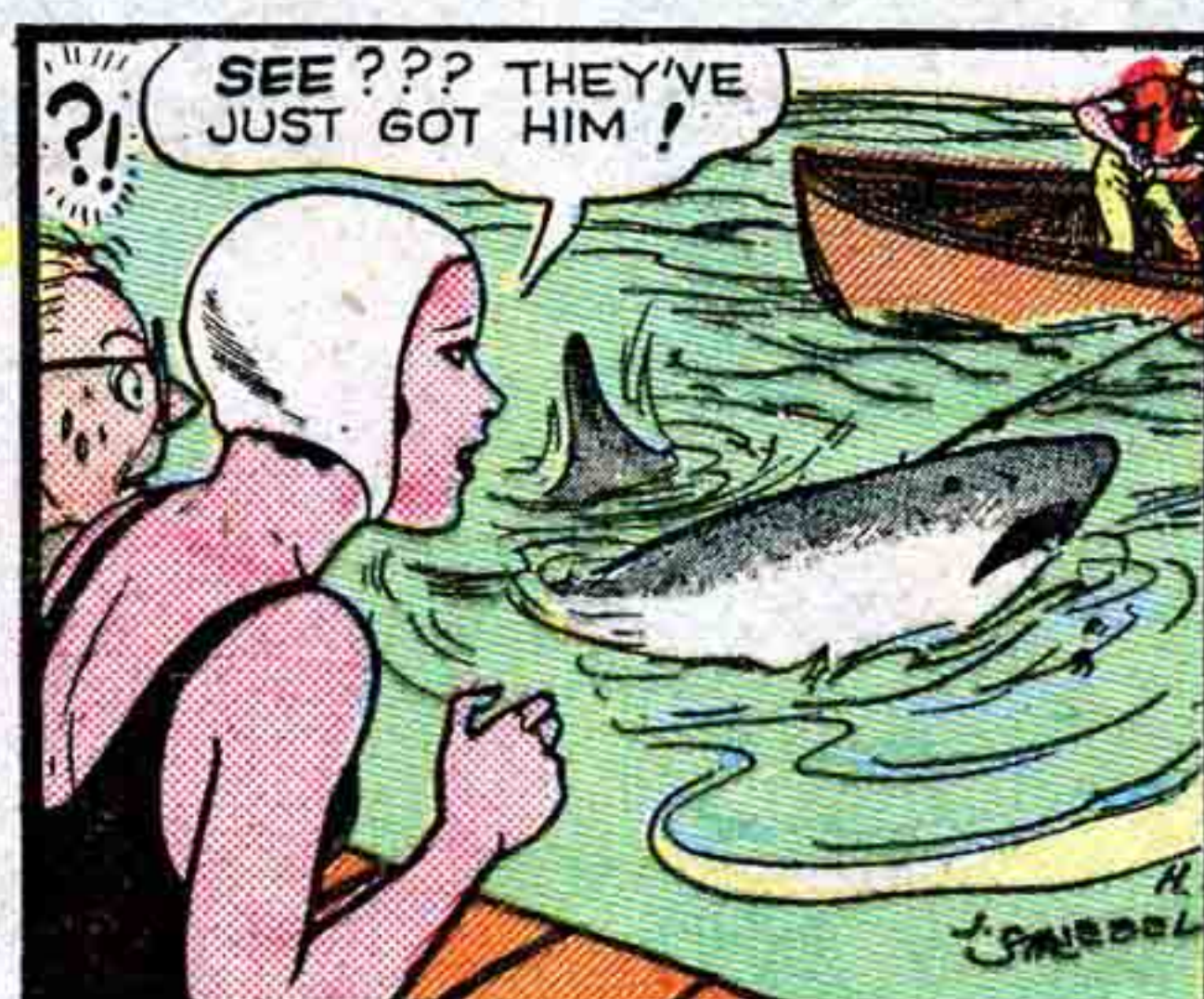
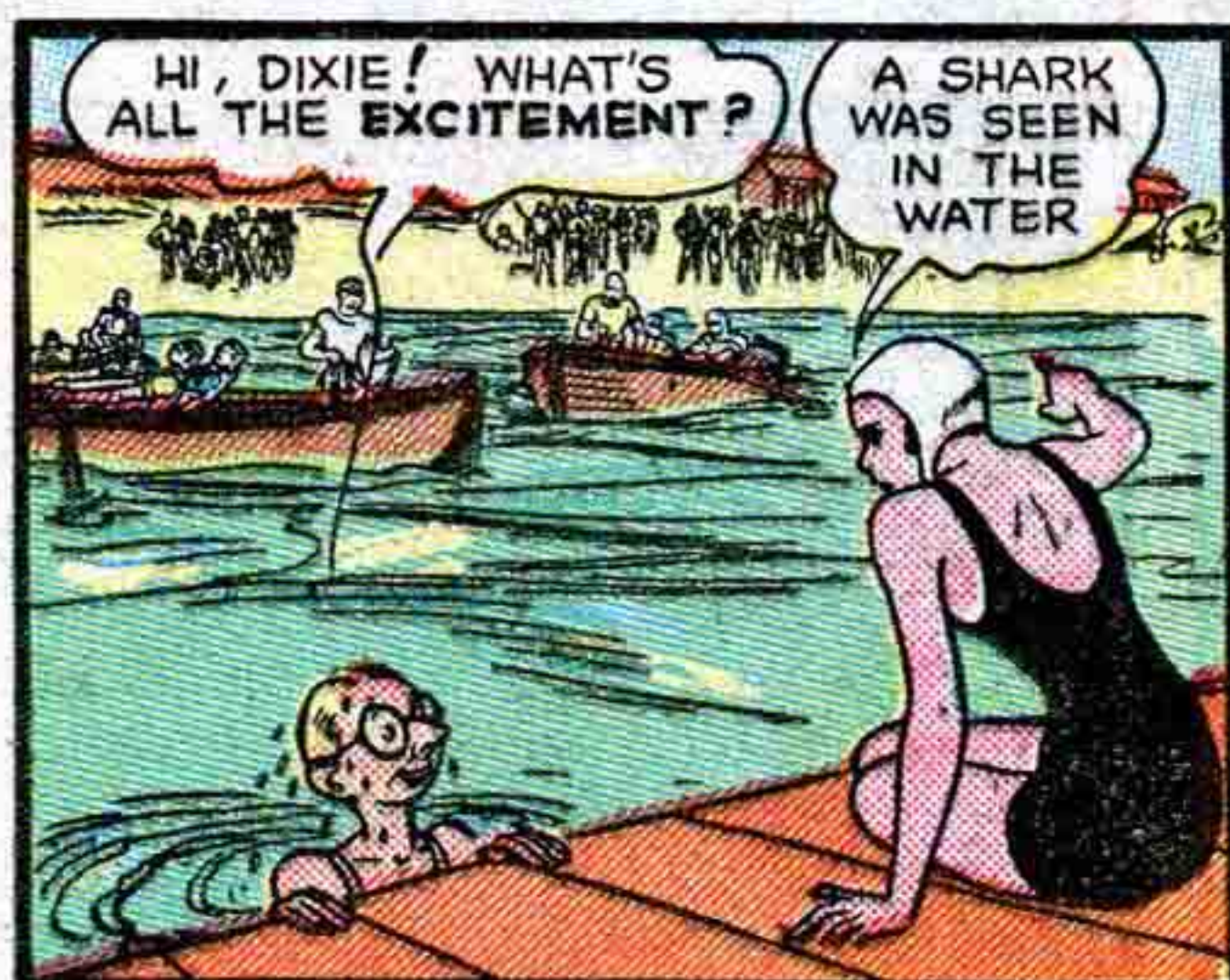
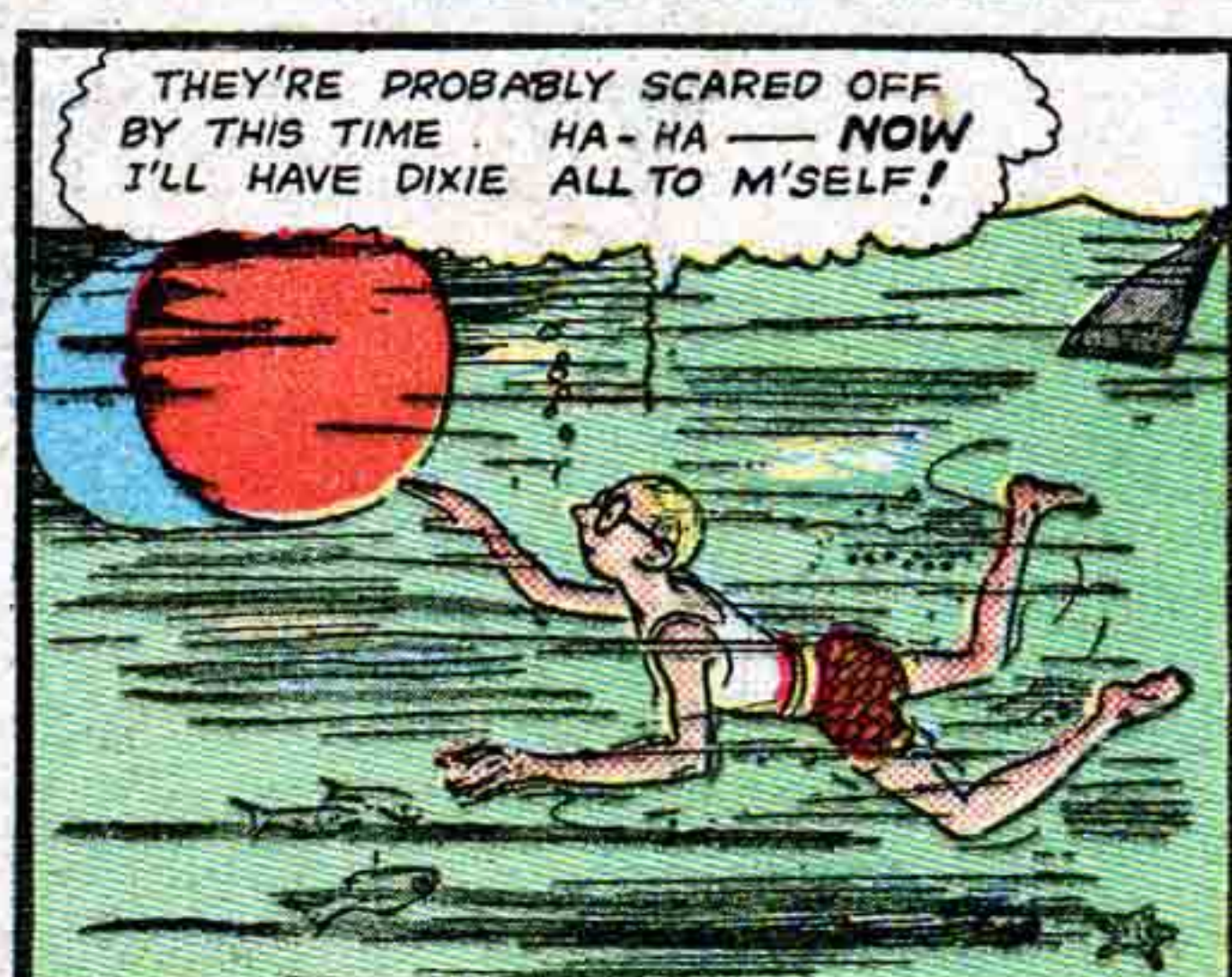
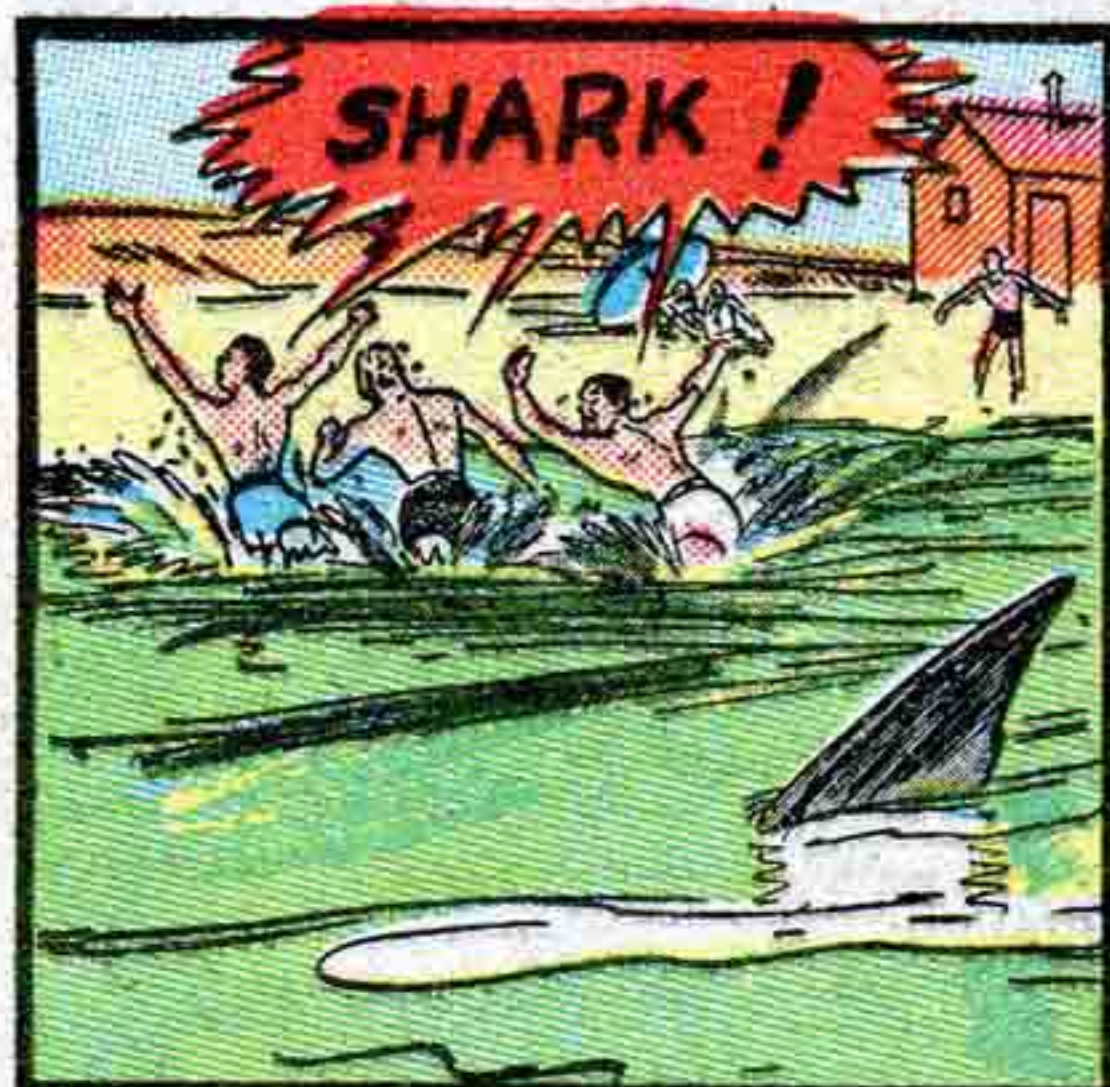
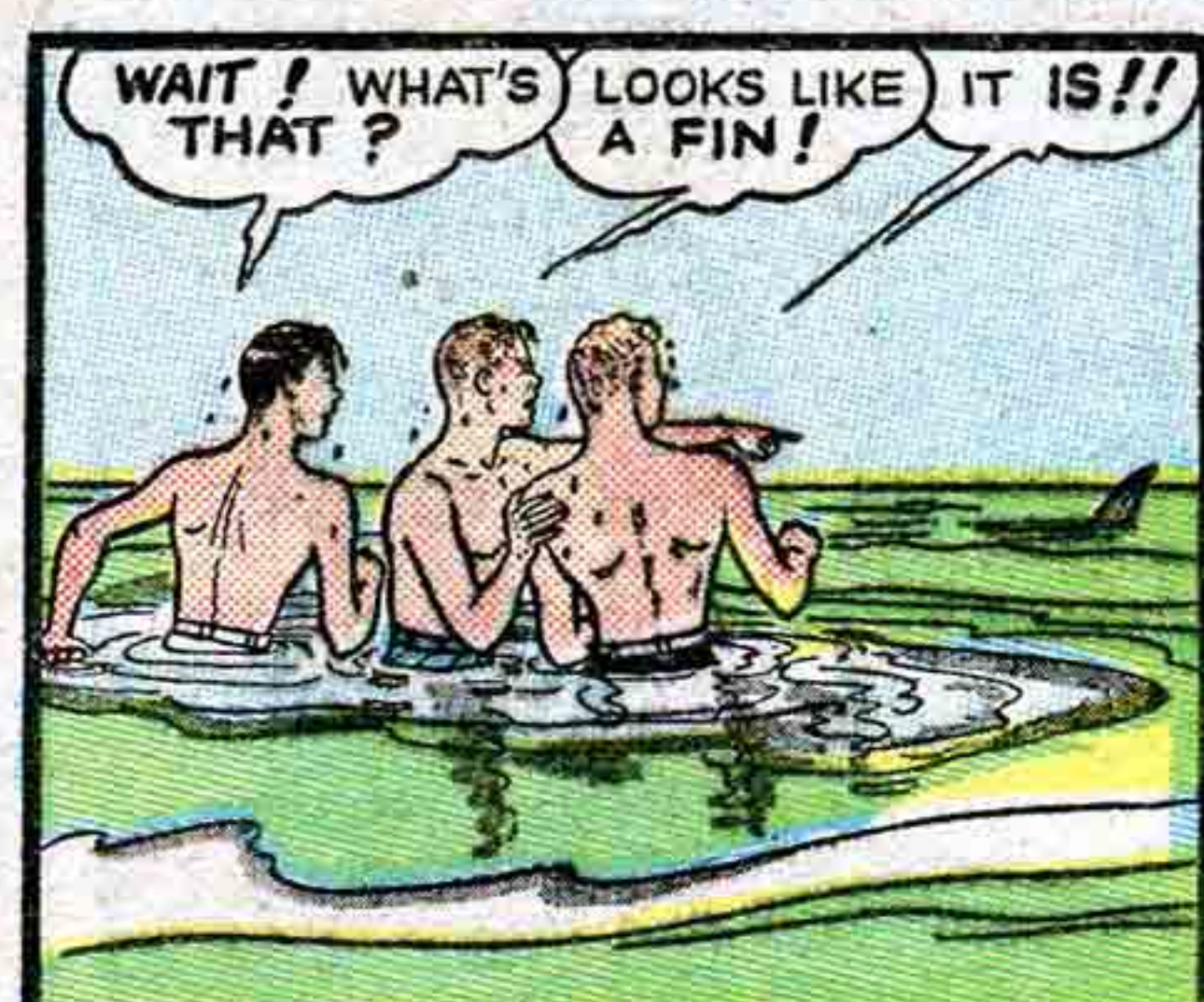
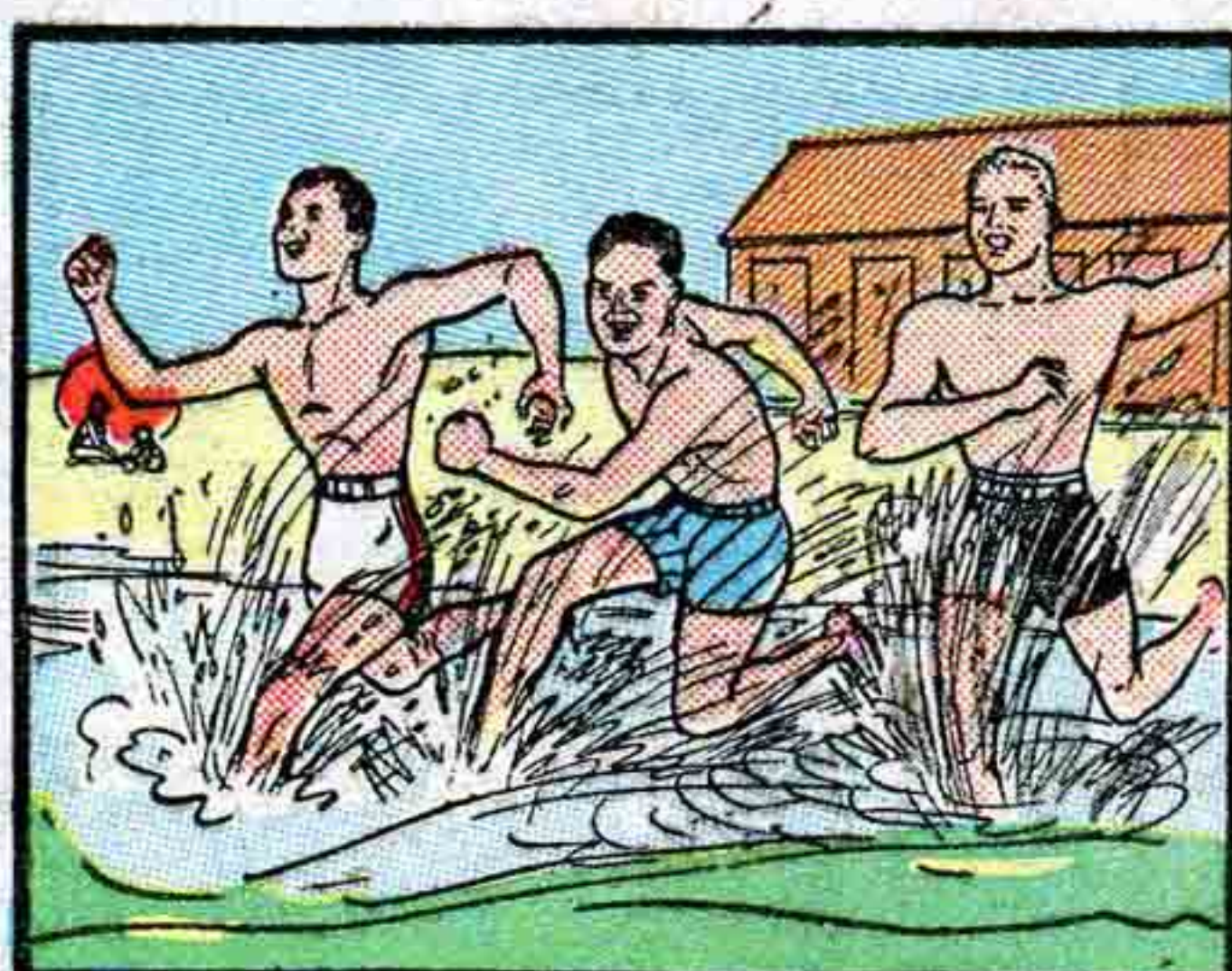
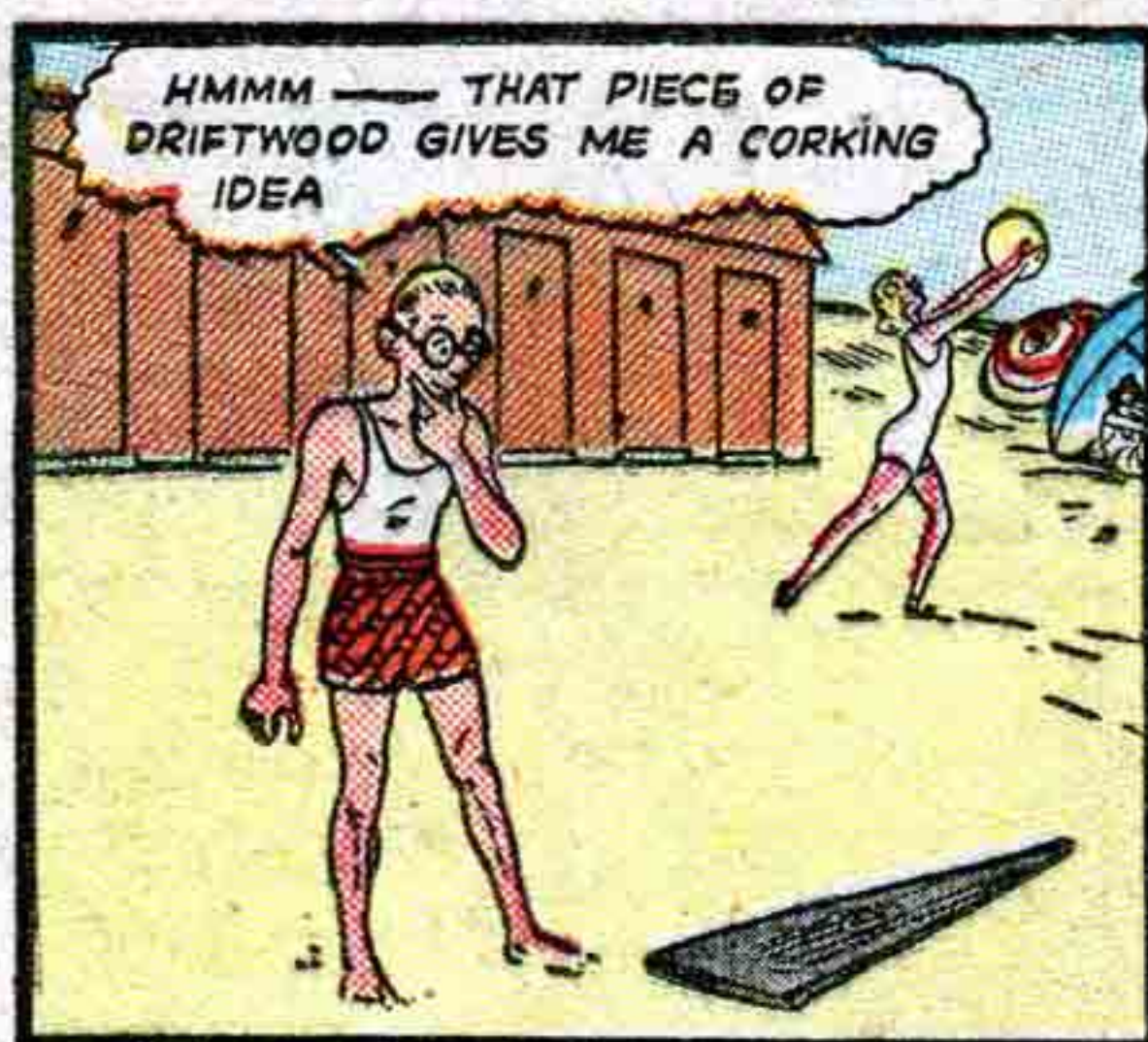
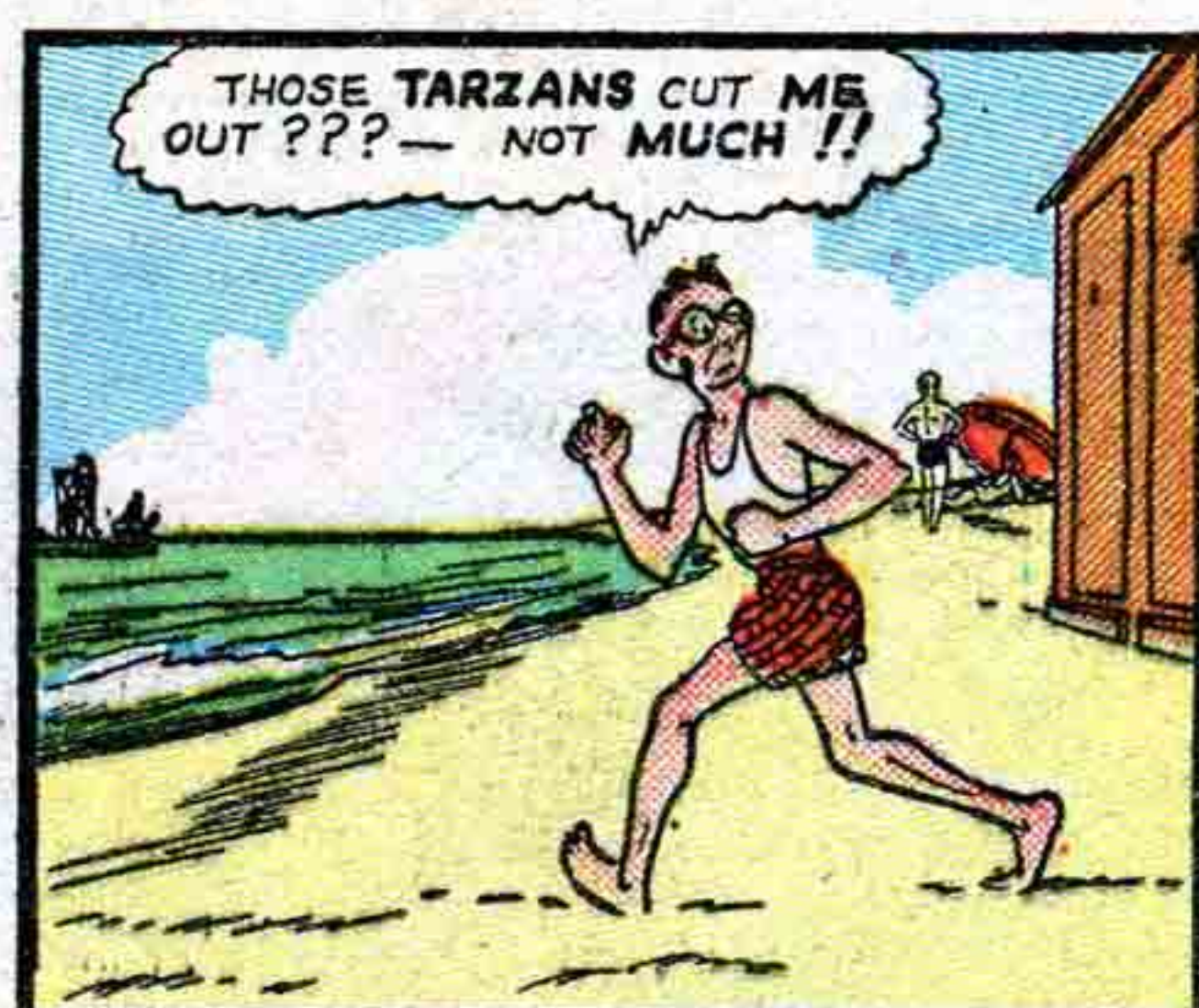
EVENING





DIXIE DUGAN

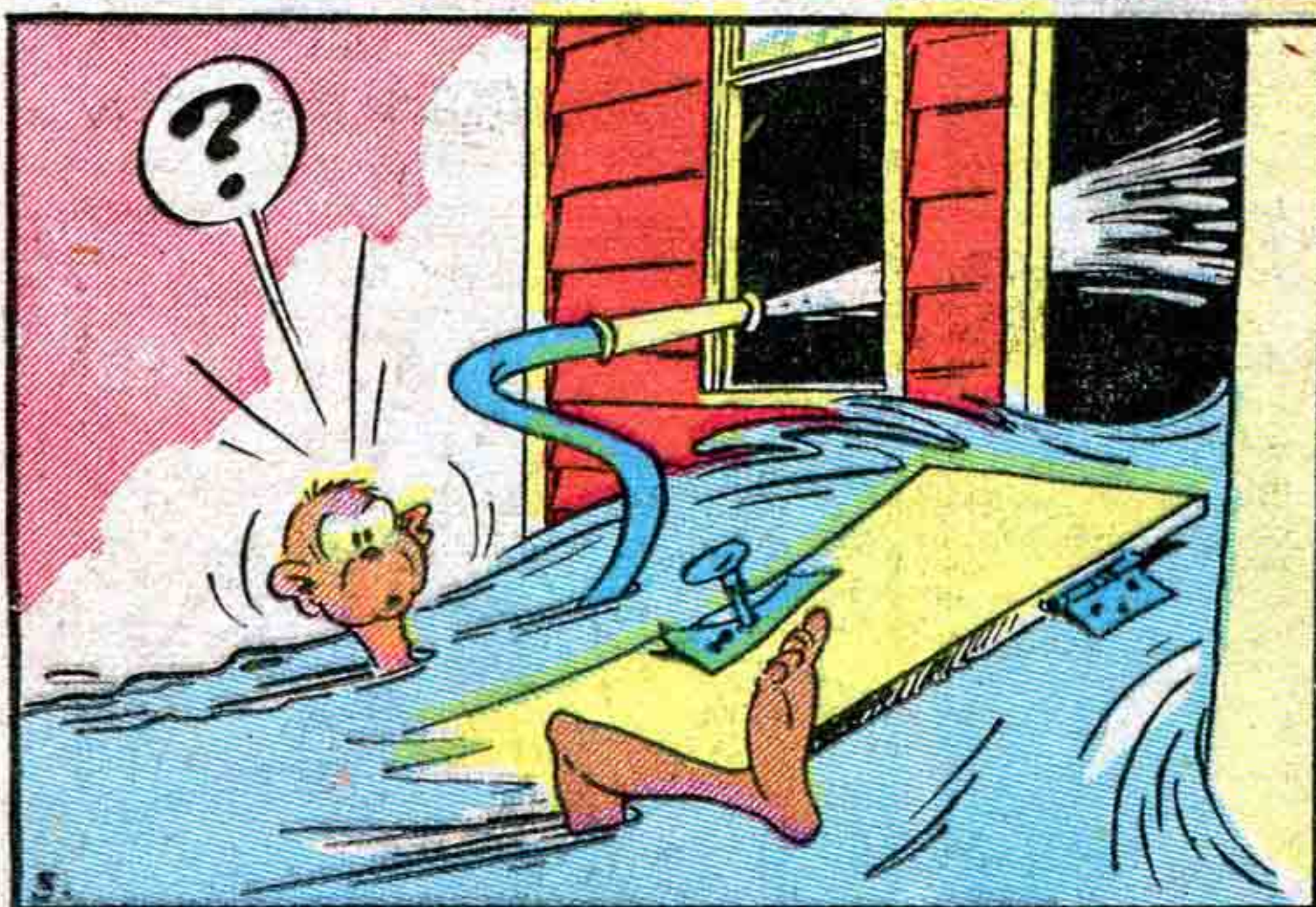
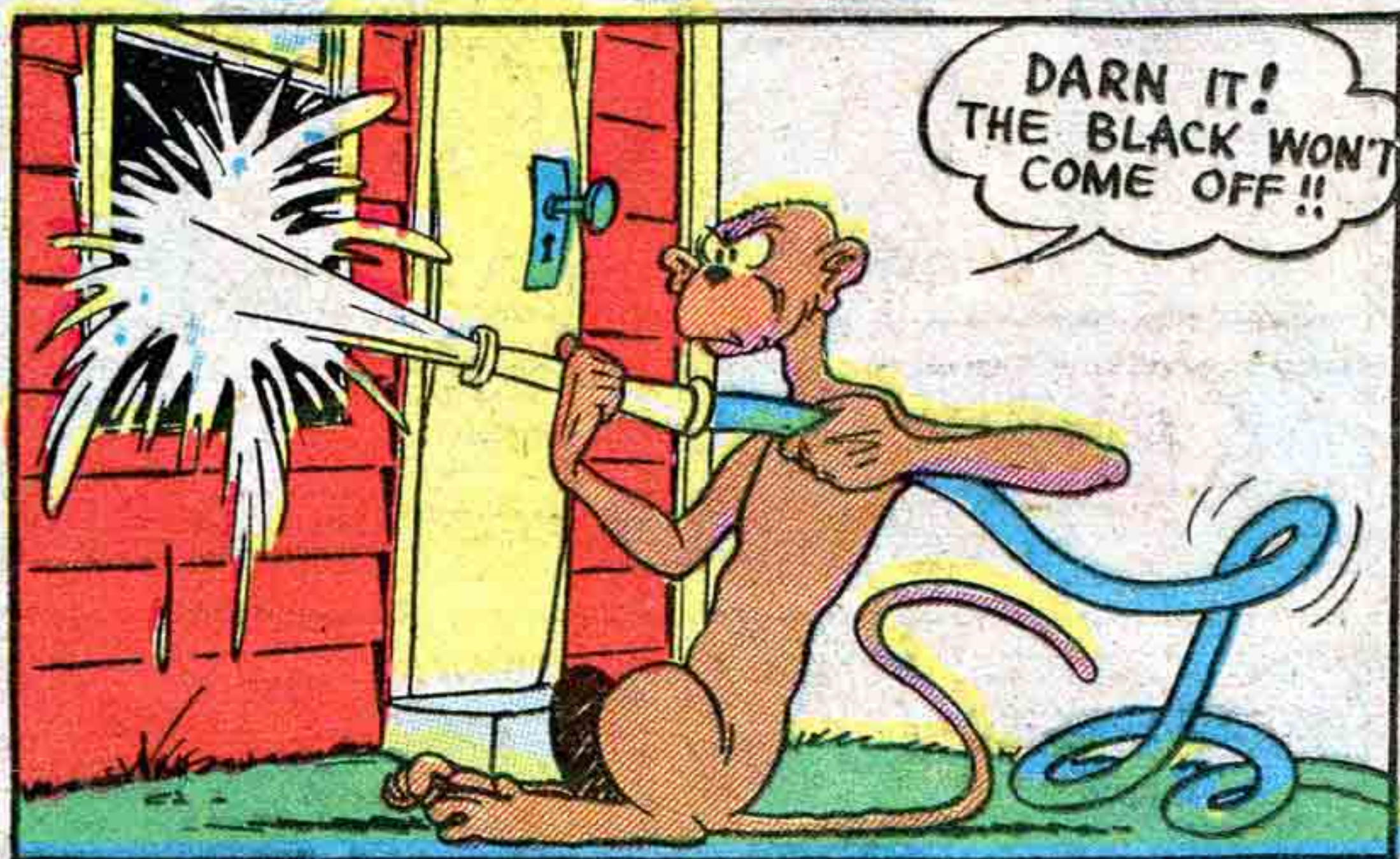
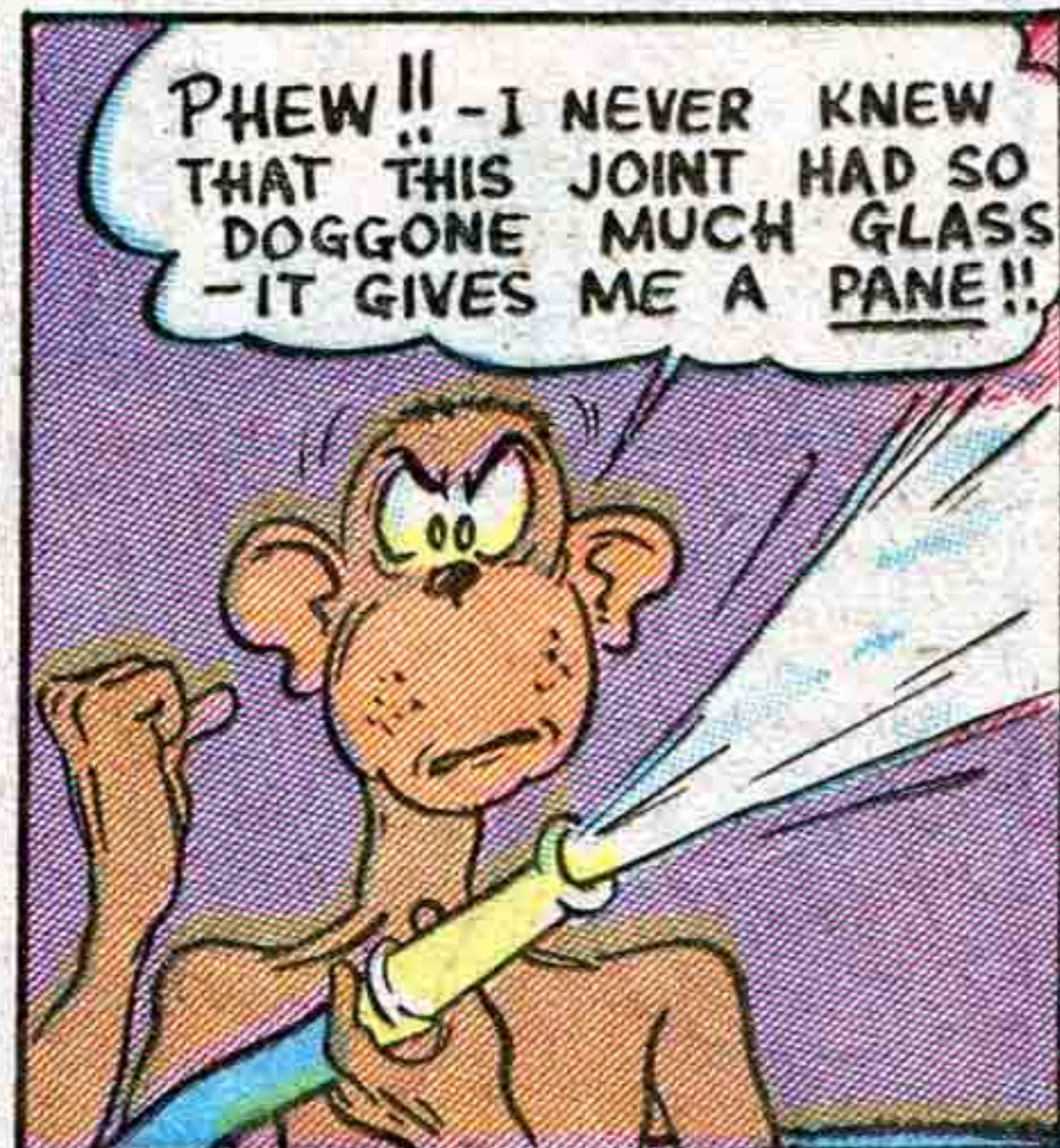
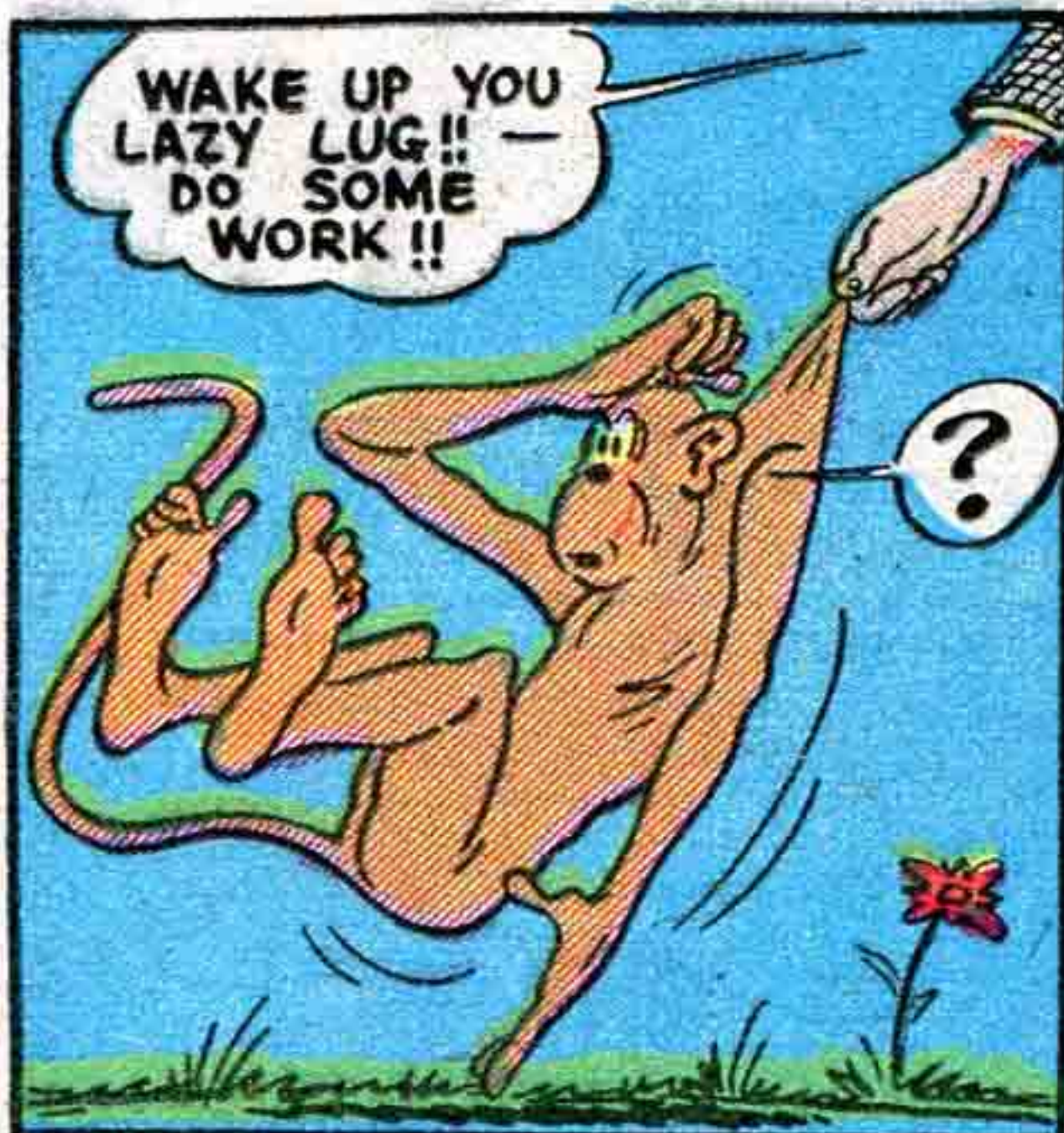
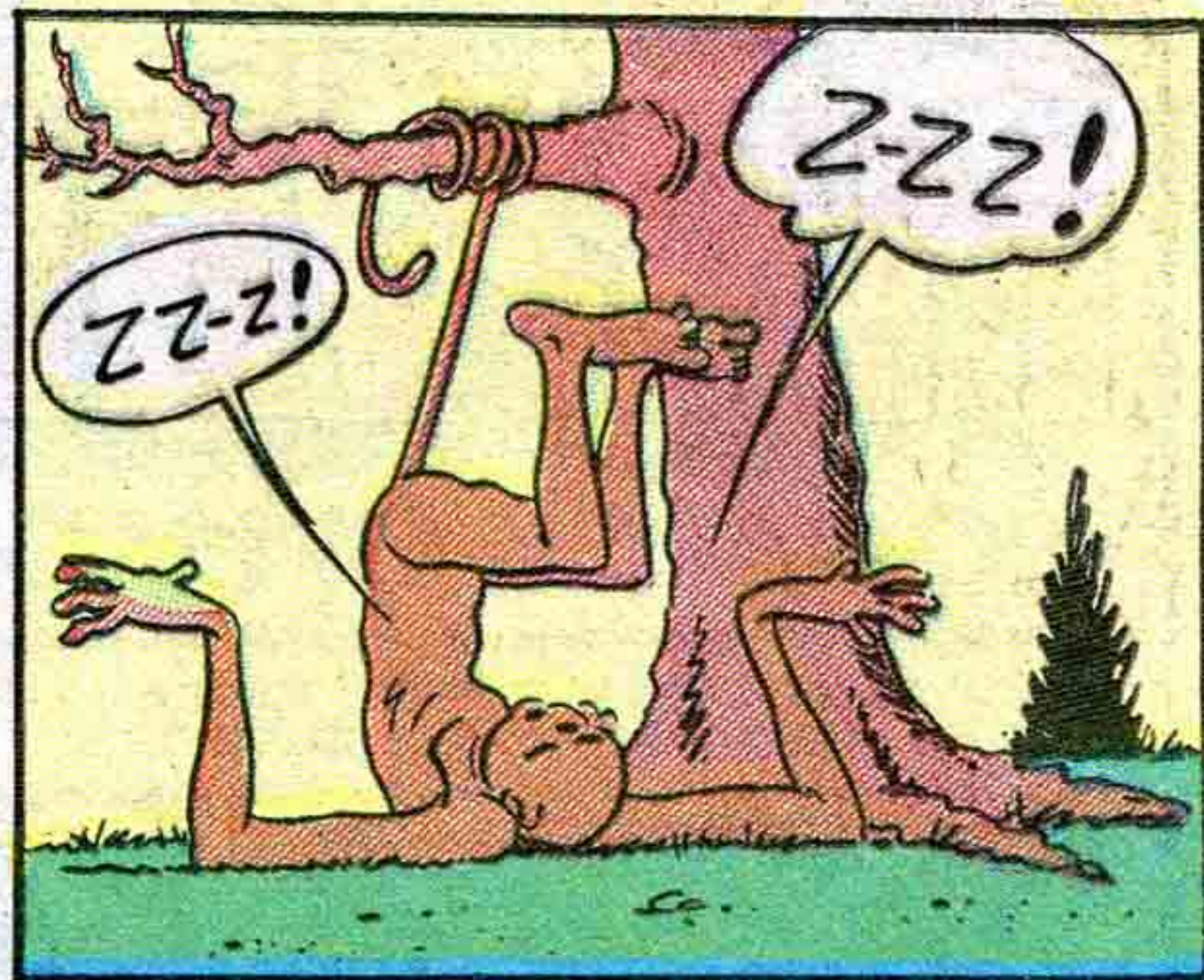
By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



The humorous adventures of DIXIE DUGAN appear each and every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

MORTIMER

THE MONK ...

MARVELO

MONARCH OF MAGICIANS

MARVELO HAS BEEN AIDING THE POLICE OF M-LATE IN SOLVING SOME BAFFLING CRIMES. HAVING BEEN CALLED TO THE MIDDLE WEST TO ASSIST IN UNEARTH-ING SOME DARING COUNTERFEITERS WE FIND THE MAGICIAN IN THE OFFICE OF THE LOCAL CHIEF OF POLICE...

SEE THIS QUARTER, MARVELO? IT'S AL-
MOST AN EXACT
DUPLICATE OF THE
COINS BEING USED
BY OUR GOVERN-
MENT!

THAT MAKES IT
DIFFICULT TO
DETECT!

BY FRED GUARDINEER

EXACTLY! THEY
ARE USING A ALLOY
COMPOSED OF TIN
AND BRASS - SO
MUCH LIKE TRUE
MONEY THAT
ONLY BANK
TELLERS CAN
DETECT
THEM!

THAT DE-
LAY LOSES
THE CON-
NECTING
THREAD
THAT
WOULD
LEAD BACK
TO THE COUNTER-
FEITERS!

I'LL SEE
WHAT I
CAN DO!

GOOD
LUCK!

AS HE WALKS DOWN THE STREET
A THUG TAKES AIM AT HIM -

THERE'S THAT COPPER OF
A MAGICIAN! I'LL GIVE HIM
WHAT HE'S NOT
LOOKIN' FOR!

AND HE FIRES!

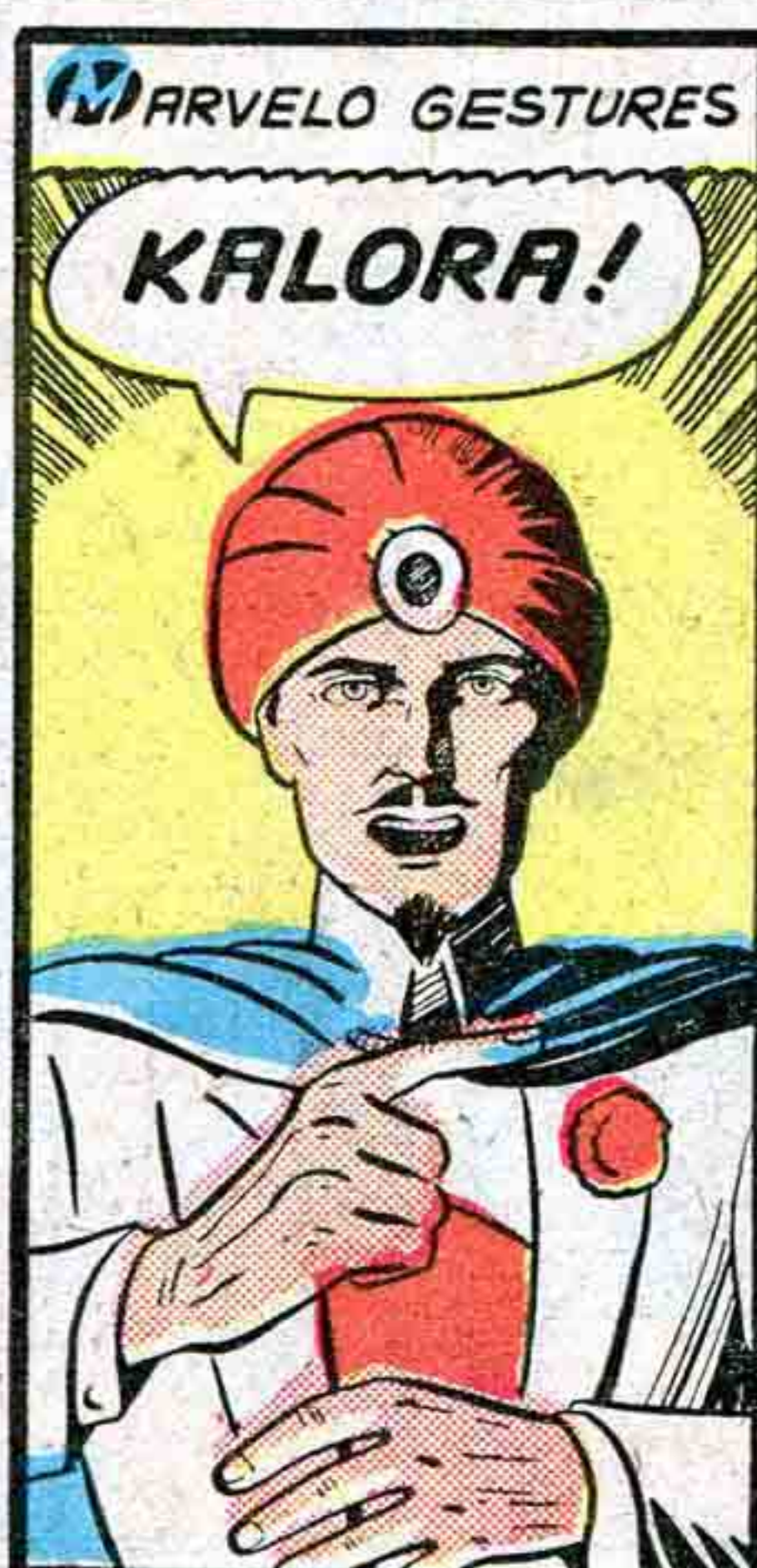
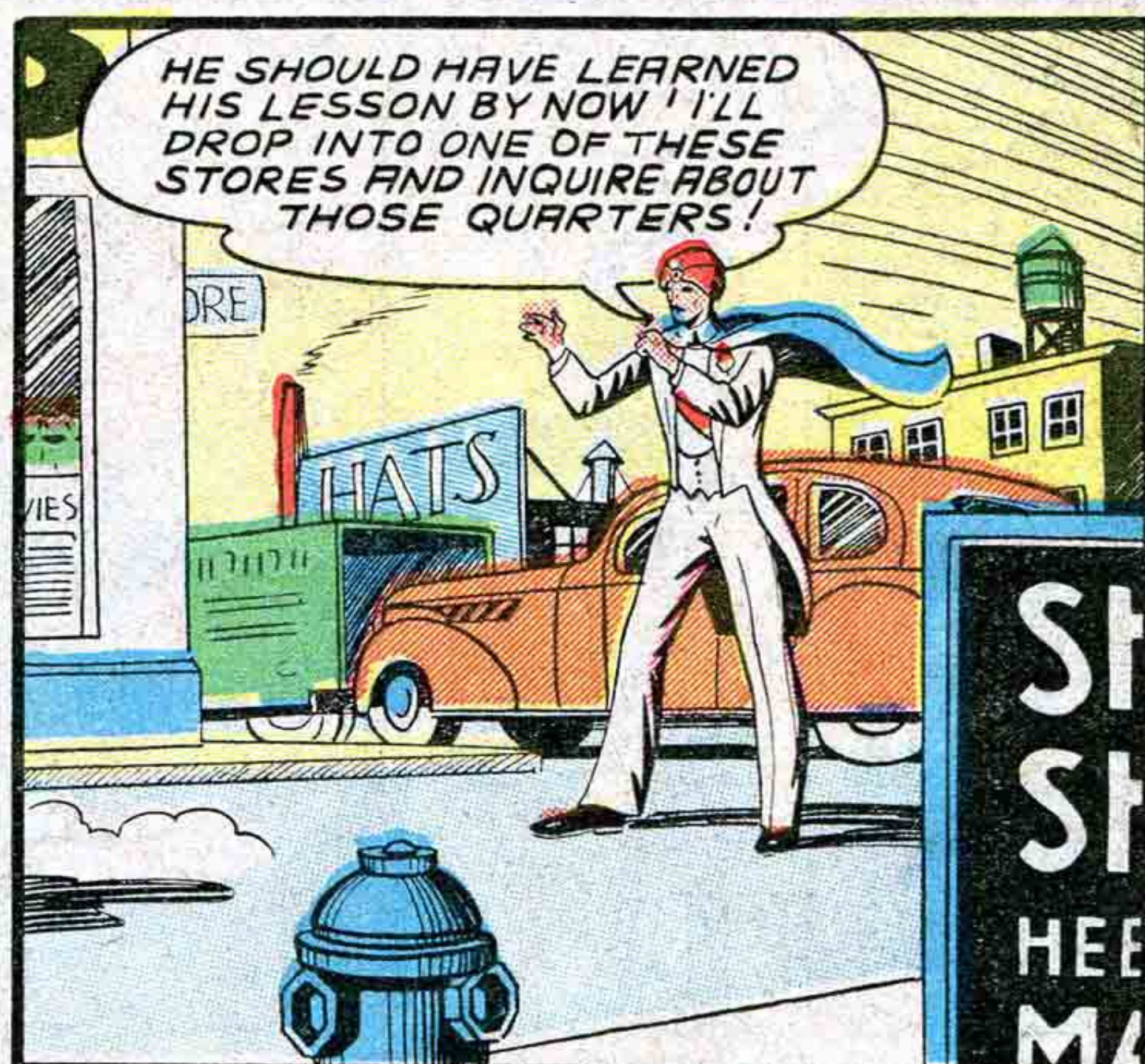
HEY! AM I SEEING
THINGS? OR DO MY
BULLETS PASS RIGHT
THROUGH THAT
GUY!

THE BULLETS RETURN TO SPEAK
TO HIM!

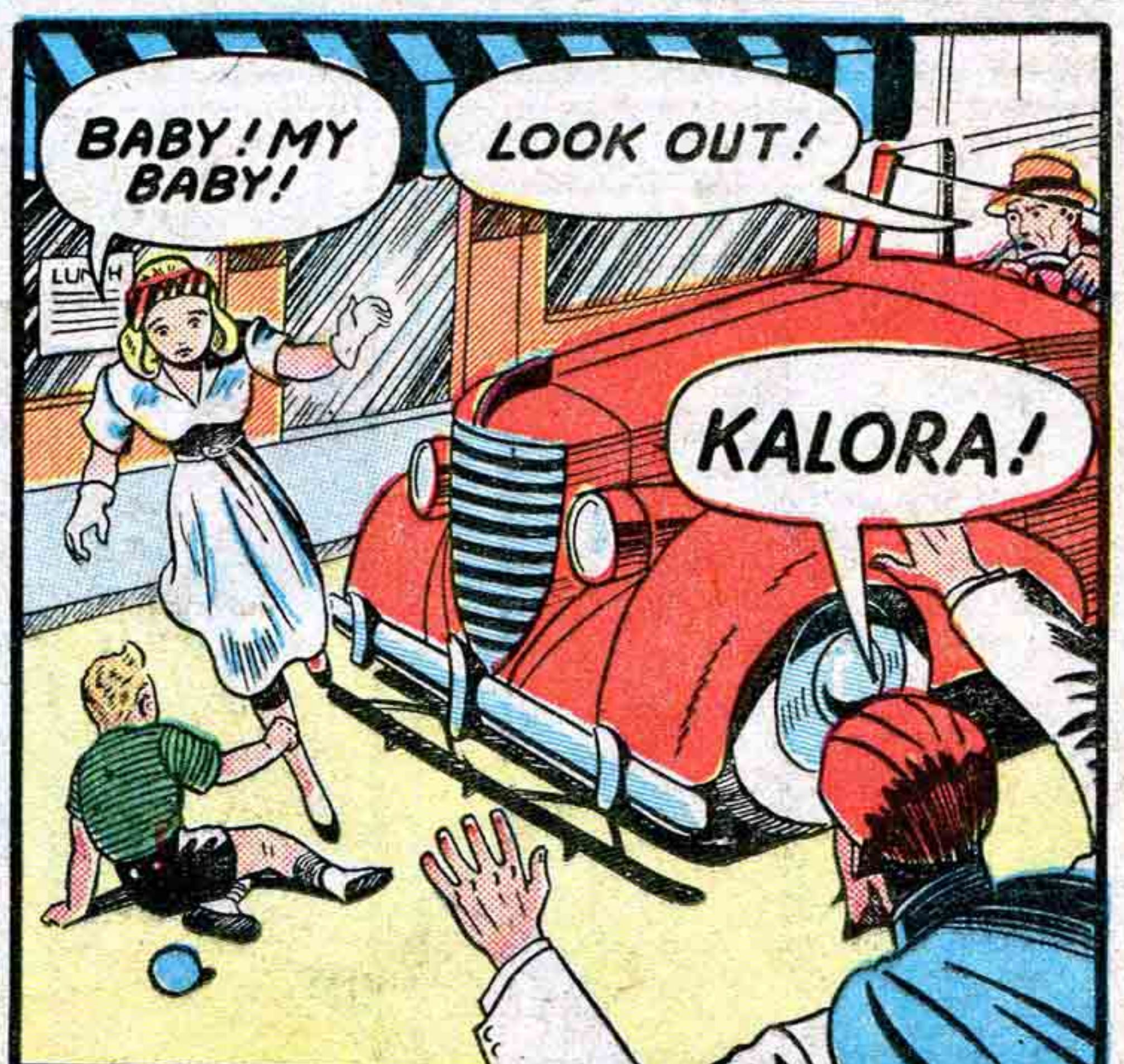
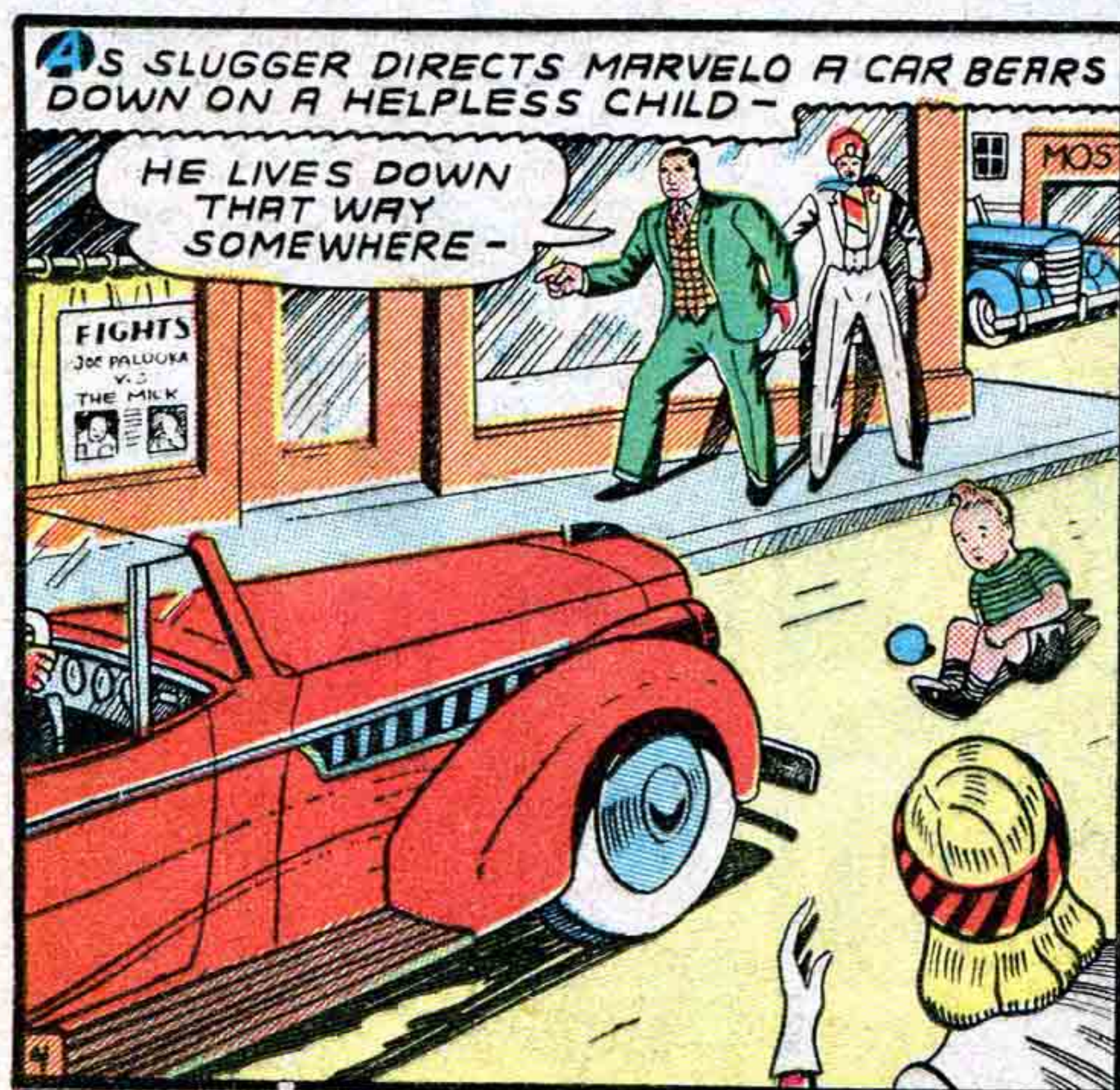
WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

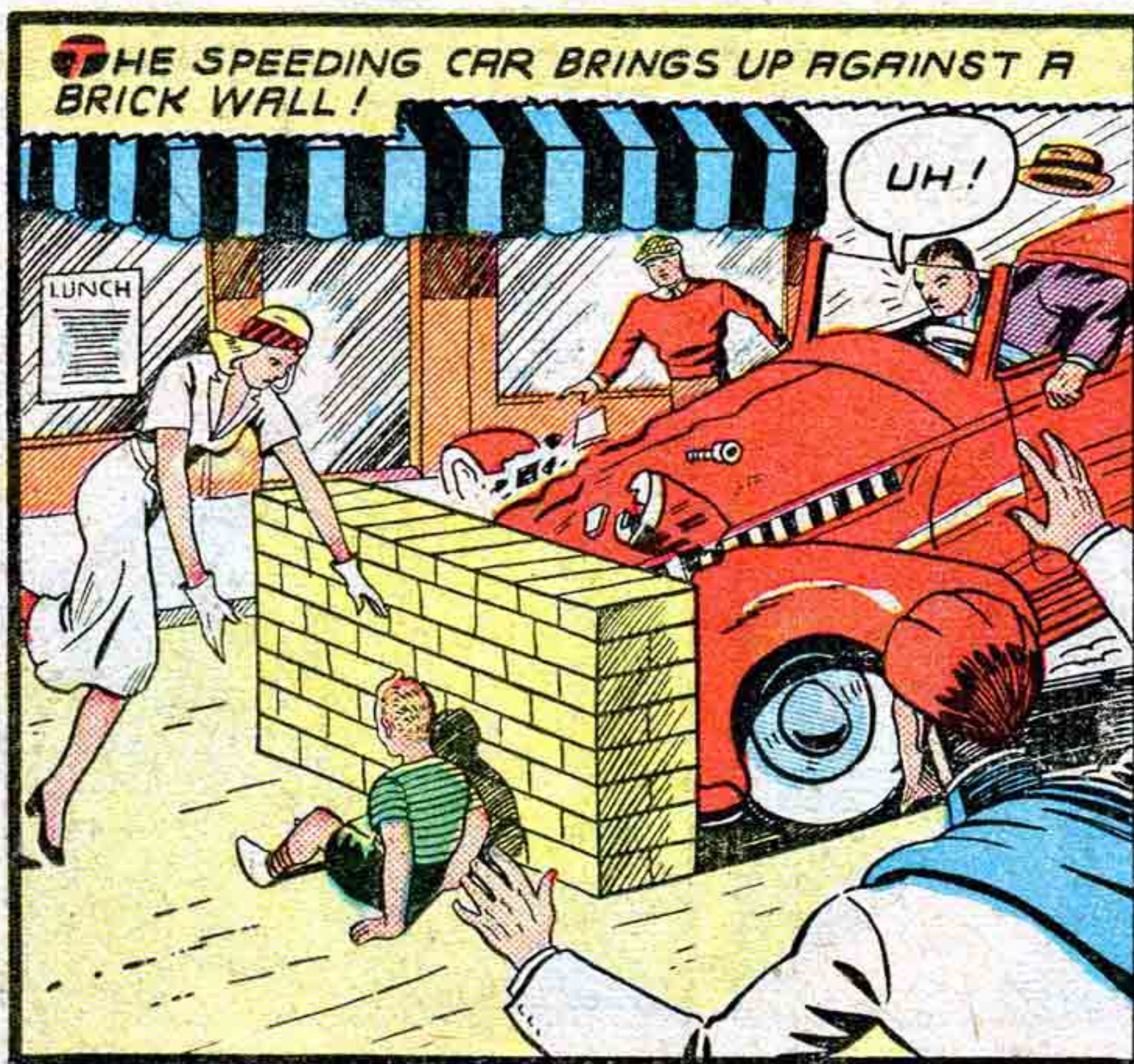
YOU SAW US
GO THROUGH
HIM, DIDN'T
YOU?

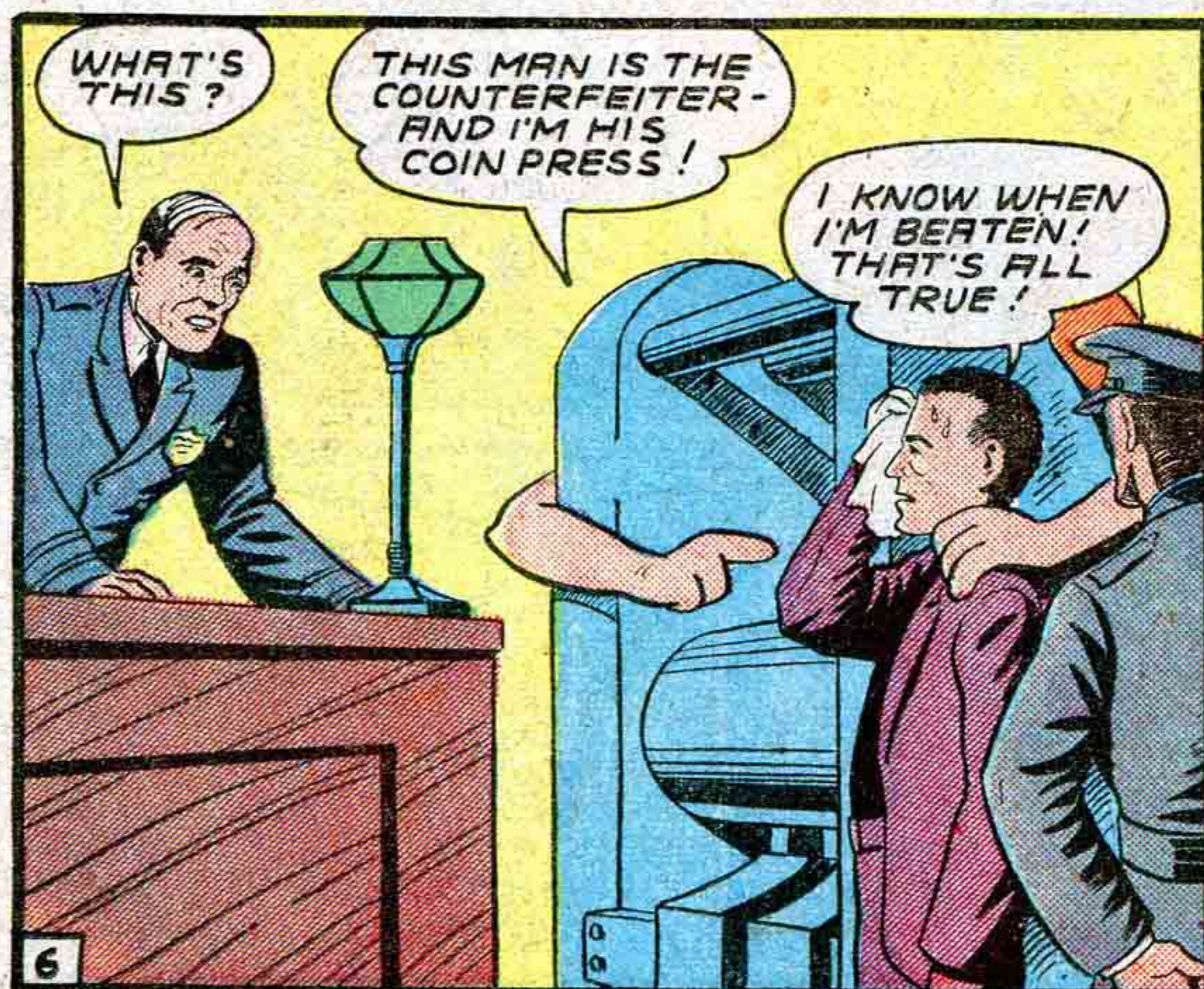
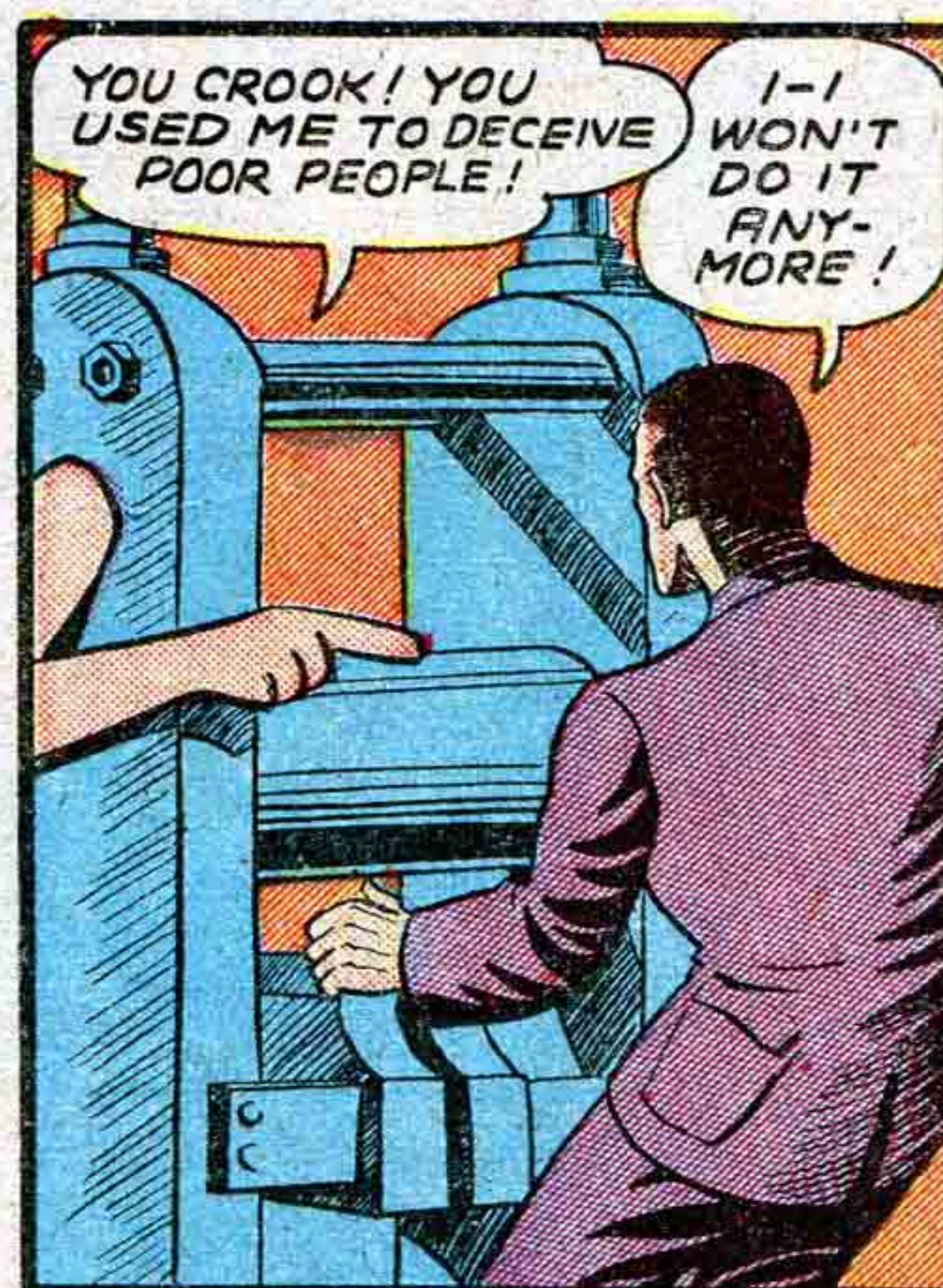
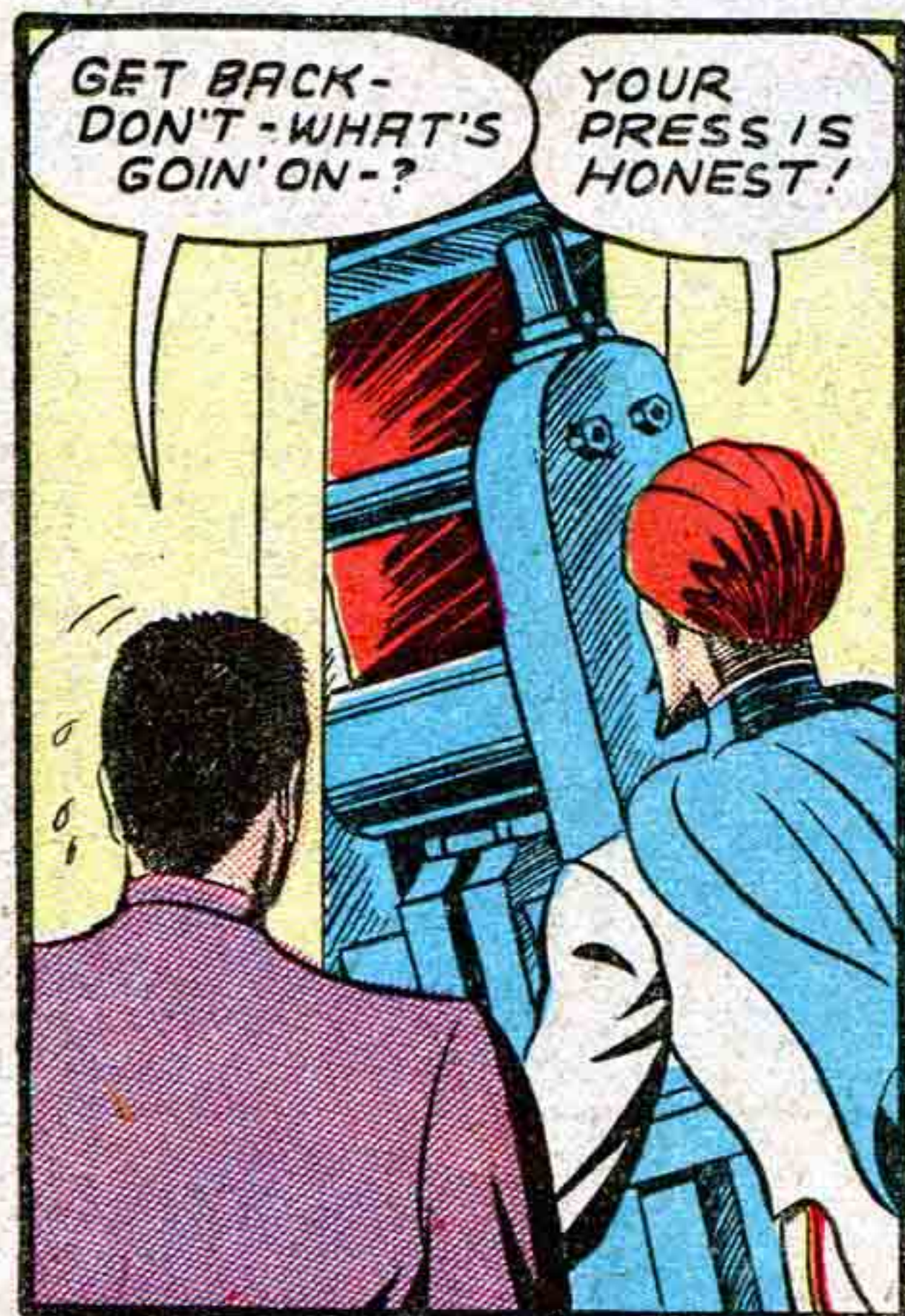
YAA-I'M
GOIN'
NUTS!











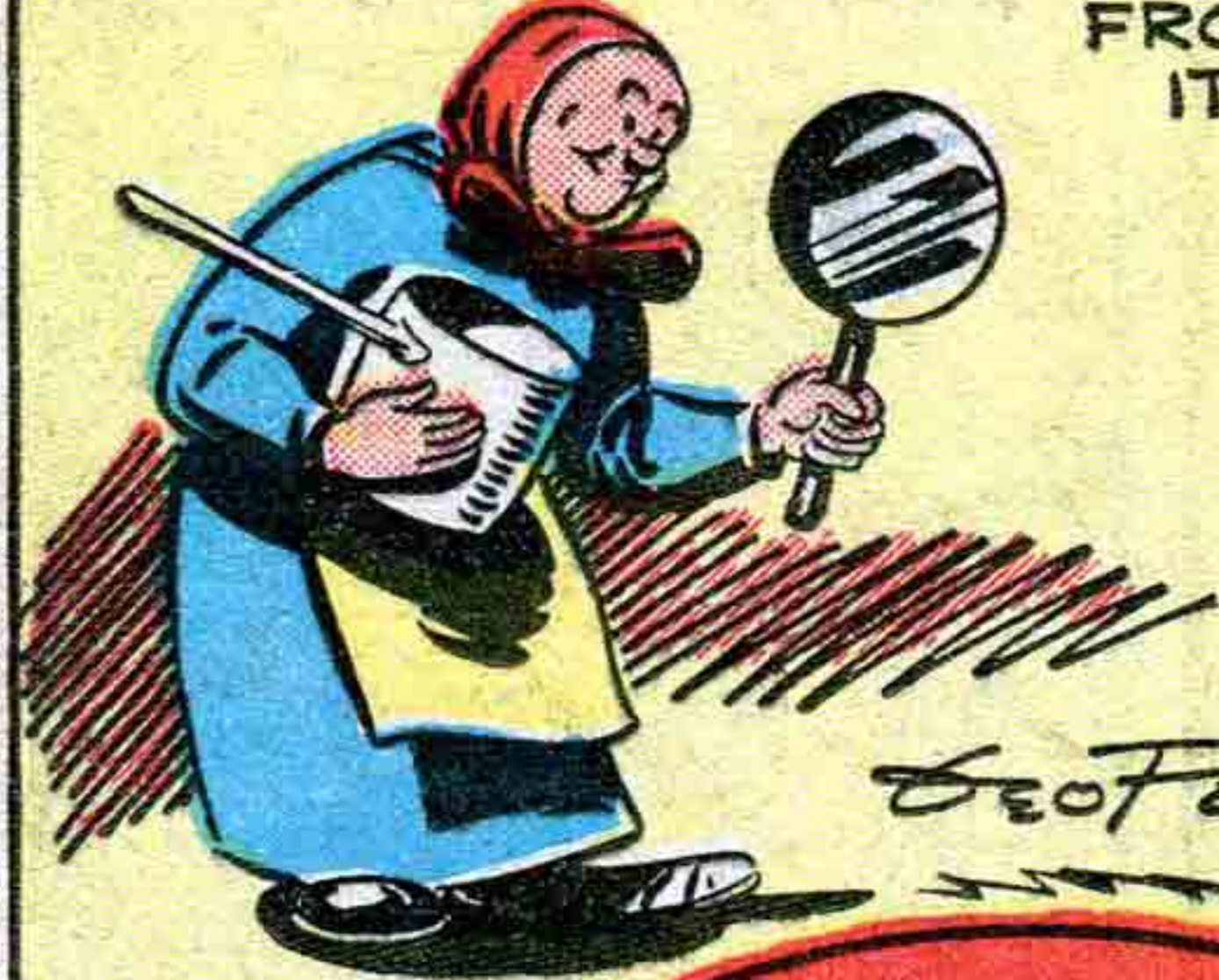
AMAZING FACTS



MAN WHO SIT
ON TACK IS
BETTER OFF..

THE NAME OF THE FAMOUS
PHILOSOPHER CONFUCIUS
IS NOT CHINESE, BUT THE
LATINIZED FORM OF
KUNG FU-TZE !!

HALF A CENTURY AGO
PLATINUM WAS CONSIDERED
SO CHEAP IN RUSSIA THAT
POTS AND PANS WERE MADE
FROM IT!

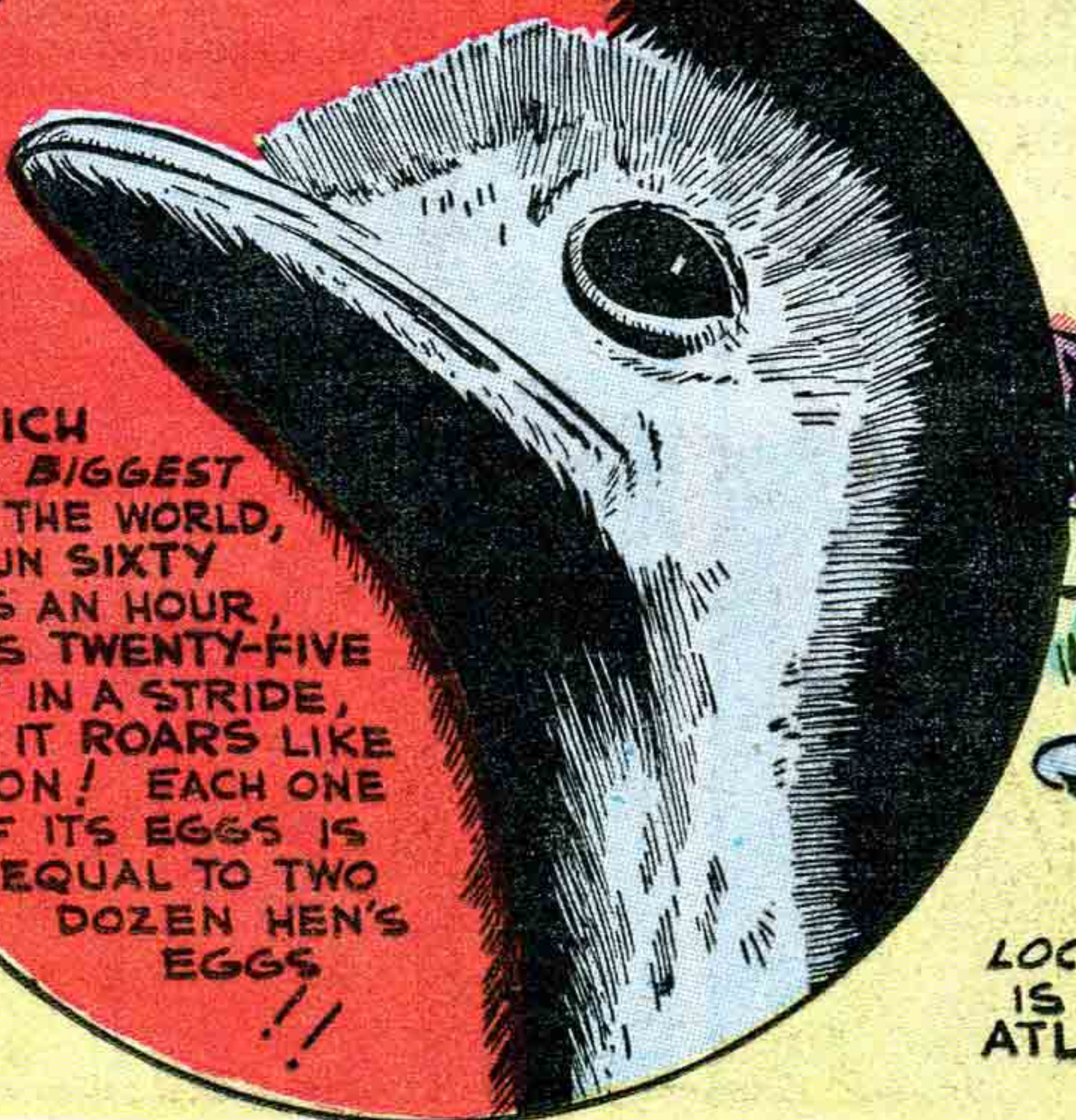


Geo Paff

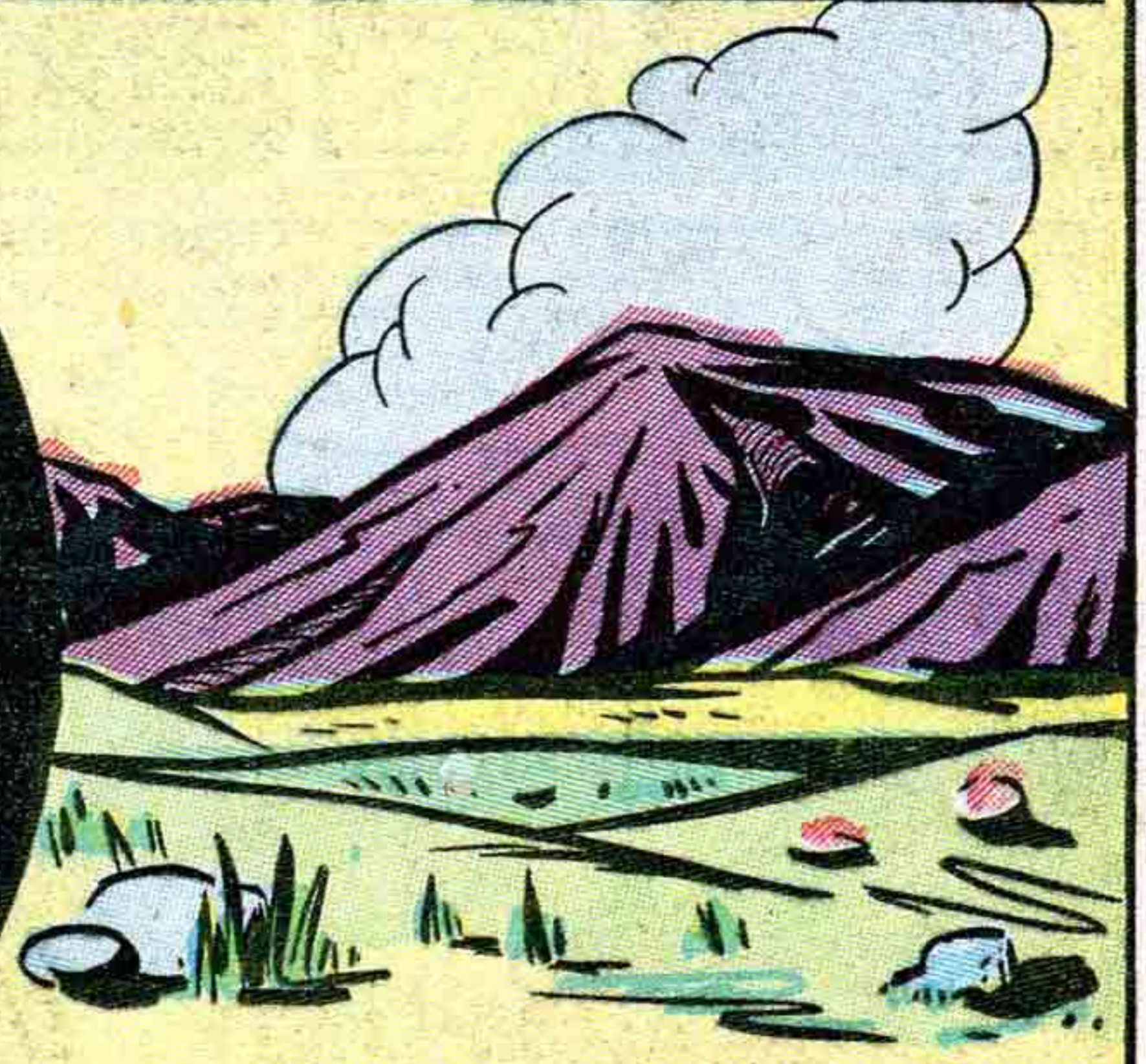


THE CLUMSY
GRIZZLY
BEAR
CAN RUN
AS FAST AS
A HORSE !!
EVEN WITH
A BULLET
IN ITS
HEART
IT CAN
RACE A
HUNDRED
YARDS
BEFORE DEATH
OVERTAKES IT

THE
OSTRICH
IS THE BIGGEST
BIRD IN THE WORLD,
CAN RUN SIXTY
MILES AN HOUR,
COVERS TWENTY-FIVE
FEET IN A STRIDE,
AND IT ROARS LIKE
A LION! EACH ONE
OF ITS EGGS IS
EQUAL TO TWO
DOZEN HEN'S
EGGS
!!



COYOTE MOUNTAIN,
LOCATED NEAR EL CENTRO, CAL.,
IS COMPOSED CHIEFLY OF
ATLANTIC OCEAN CORAL, YET IS
ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE !!



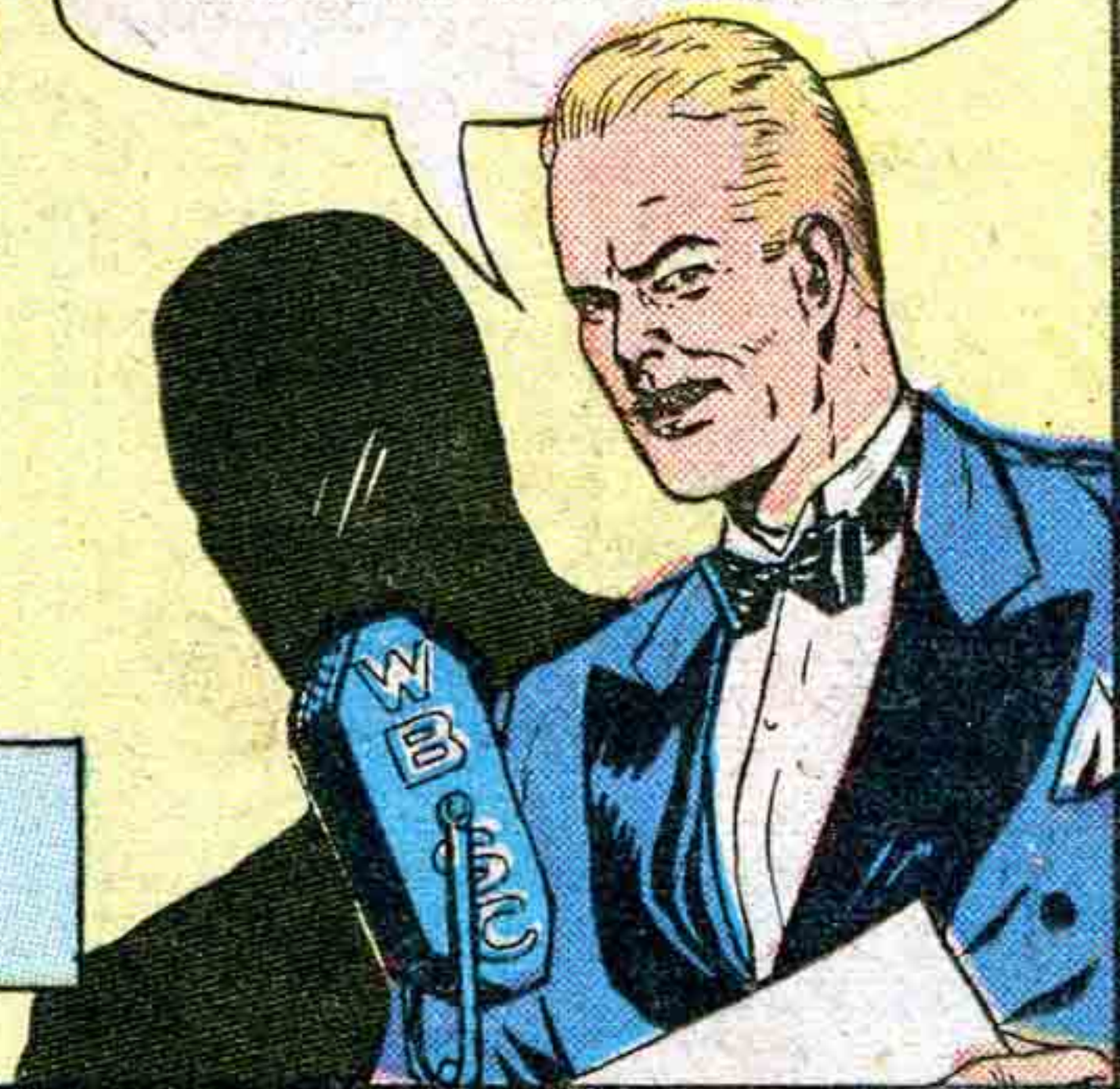
The FACE



by MICHAEL BLAKE

TONY TRENT, RADIO COMMENTATOR OF STATION WBSC, BROADCASTS AN INTERESTING TALE ONE EVENING...

OUR FEATURE STORY TO-NIGHT GOES BACK THIRTY YEARS AND INTO THE HOUSE OF THE WEALTHY VAN DOORNS...



COME ON, YOU BRAT — YOU MEAN DOLLARS TO ME!



BABY JOHN! HE'S GONE! STOLEN!



THE RANSOM NOTE ASKS FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND — OR MY BABY WILL BE KILLED!



BUT TWO DAYS LATER —

THEY'VE KILLED HIM! KILLED HIM!

MY BABY!



NEW YORK CITY—1940—IN A SLUM SECTION, THIRTY YEARS LATER...

MY BIRTHDAY, AND I'M GOING TO SPEND ALL MY MONEY I'VE SAVED UP TO ENJOY IT!



TAXI! TAKE ME TO THE NECTAR NITE CLUB!

UPTOWN IN THE FLASHY FORTIES...



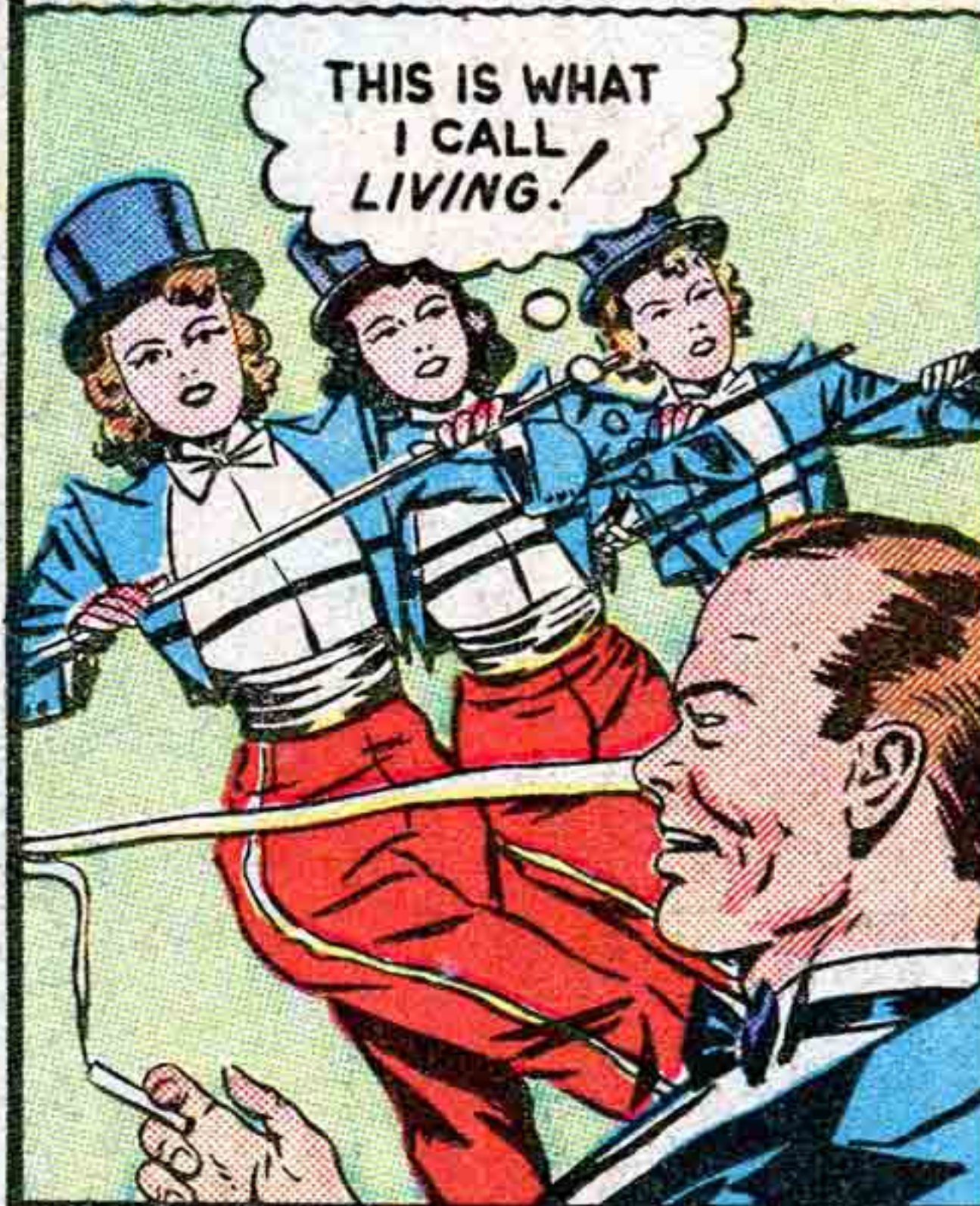
THE WAITER NOTICES A STAR-SHAPED BIRTHMARK ON THE YOUNG MAN'S WRIST...



ON HIS WAY, HE SPEAKS TO ANOTHER DINER...



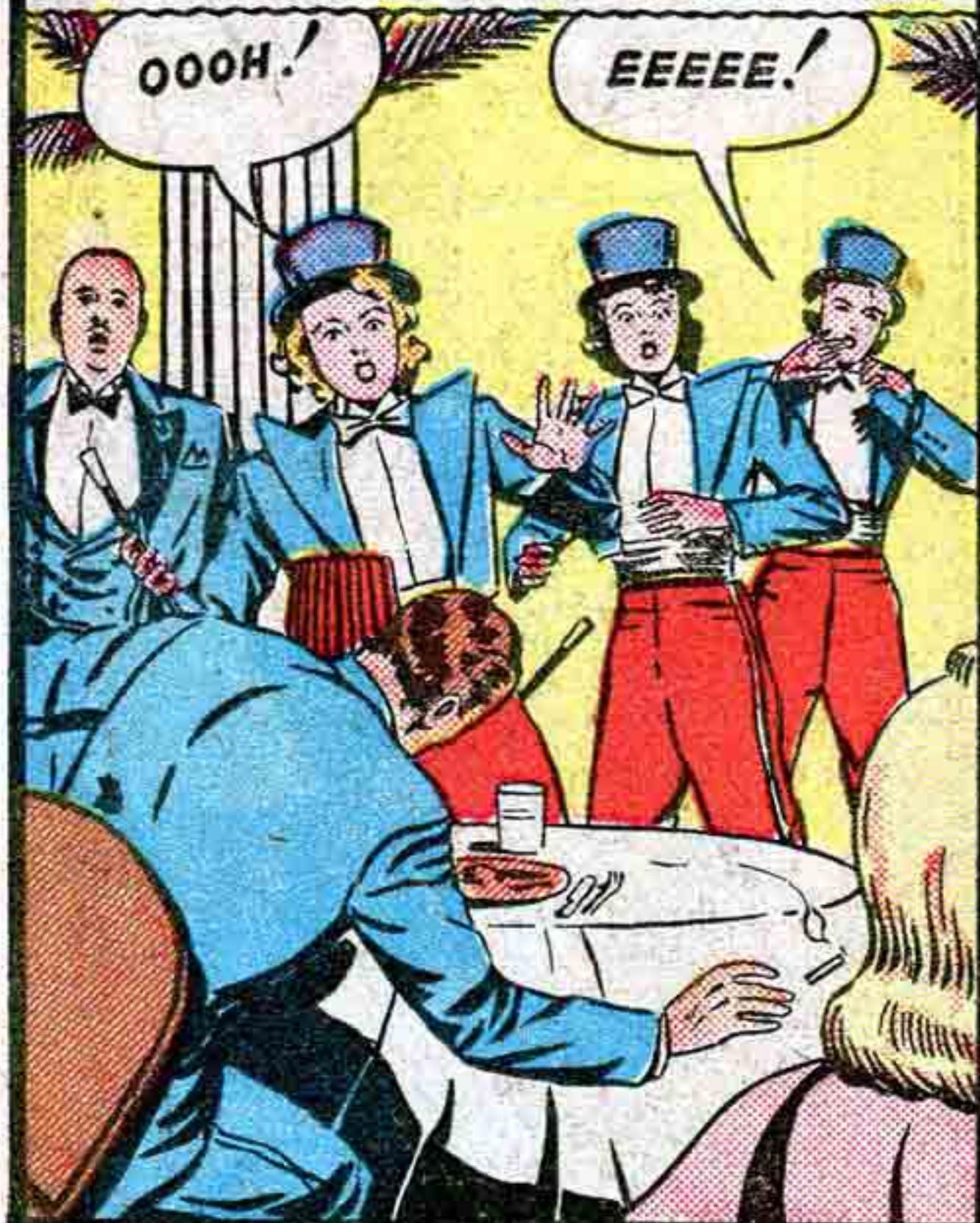
THE SHOW GOES ON, AND THE POOR YOUNG MAN IS SMILING HAPPILY...



A GUN IS AIMED AT HIS DEFENSELESS BACK...



MURDER IN FRONT OF THE FLOOR SHOW!



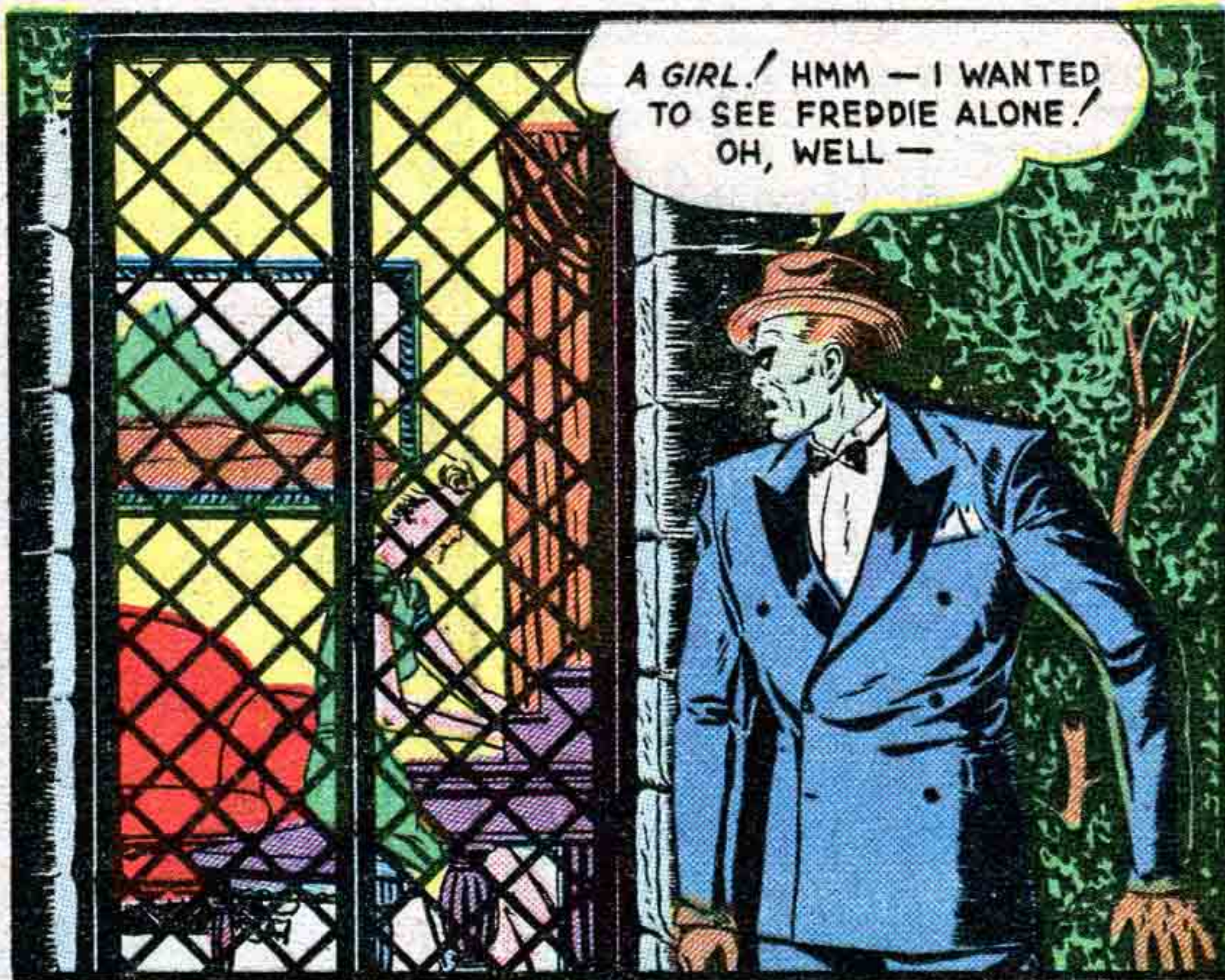
TONY TRENT ENTERS THE NITE CLUB...



MEESTER TONEE! MURDER! EEN MY NIGHT CLUB! TERRIBLE! HORRIBLE!









STICK 'EM UP,
YOU CHEAP
CROOK!

HELLO,
FREDDIE!



YOU — OH, LORD
— YOUR FACE
— IT'S HORRIBLE!

THANK YOUR STARS
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO WEAR IT, THEN.
AND TALKING
OF STARS —



FRANTIC WITH TERROR, FREDDIE LASHES
OUT WILDLY!

YOU'RE A DETECTIVE!
I KNOW! I HATE
DETECTIVES!



VAN DOORN DESTROYS A TELEGRAM!

YOU WON'T
FIND THIS,
ANYHOW!



THEN GOES DOWNSTAIRS ...

MARCIA!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

OH! A MAN —
WITH A TERRIBLE
FACE — CAME IN
AND SCARED ME!



WE GOT TO GET OUT OF
TOWN FOR A WHILE! I
— I THINK THE MAN
WITH THE FACE THINKS
I — KILLED THAT
MAN TO-NIGHT!

HOW
SILLY!



WE'LL HOP INTO MY
YACHT AND SAIL FOR
THE SOUTH SEAS!

OH,
WONDERFUL!



UPSTAIRS IN THE MANSION ...

HE SURE CAUGHT ME
OFF GUARD! HE SEEMED
SO FRIGHTENED, TOO!

